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M. Pope.

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Mr POPE's

Literary Correſpondence

For Thirty Years; from 1704 to 1734.

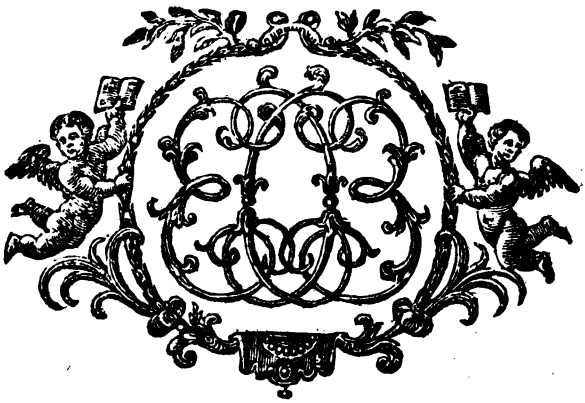
BEING,

A COLLECTION of LETTERS,

Which paſſed between him and

Several Eminent Perſons.

VOLUME the Firſt.



LONDON:

Printed for E. CURLL, in *Roſe-ſtreet, Covent Garden.*

M. DCC. XXXV.

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The Right Hon.ble Algernon Capell, Earl of Essex, Viscount Maldon, and Baron Capell of Hadham: J.T.C.

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PREFACE.

WE presume we want no Apology to the Reader for this Publication, but some may be thought needful to Mr Pope: *However he cannot think our Offence so great as Theirs, who first separately published what we have here but collected in a better Form and Order. As for the Letters we have procured to be added, they serve but to compleat, explain, and sometimes set in a true light, those others, which it was not in the Writer's or Our power to recall.*

This Collection hath been owing to several Cabinets; some drawn from thence by Accidents, and others (even of those to Ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that Sex we are beholden for the whole Correspondence with H. C. *Esq; which Letters being lent her by that Gentleman, she took the Liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we shall give at length, both as it is something curious, and as it may serve for an Apology for our selves.*

To HENRY CROMWELL, *Esq;*

June 27, 1727.

AFTER so long a silence, as the many and great oppressions I have sigh'd under has occasion'd, one is at a Loss how

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to begin a letter to ſo kind a friend as your ſelf. But as it was always my reſolution, if I muſt ſink, to do it as decently [that is as ſilently] as I cou'd: ſo when I found my ſelf plung'd into unforeſeen, and unavoidable ruin, I retreated from the world, and in a manner buried my ſelf in a diſmal place, where I knew none, nor none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a lingring death, [for life it cannot be call'd] ever ſince you ſaw me, ſequeſter'd from company, depriv'd of my books, and nothing left to converſe with but the Letters of my dead, or abſent, friends, amongſt which latter I always plac'd your's, and Mr *Pope*'s, in the firſt rank. I lent ſome of them indeed to an ingenious perſon, who was ſo delighted with the ſpecimen, that he importuned me for a ſight of the reſt, which having obtained, he convey'd them to the Preſs, I muſt not ſay altogether with my conſent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be loſt in oblivion, and had no cauſe to apprehend the diſobliging of any. The publick, *viz.* all perſons of taſte and judgment, wou'd be pleas'd with ſo agreeable an amuſement; Mr *Cromwell* cou'd not be angry, ſince it was but juſtice to his merit, to publiſh the ſolemn, and private profeſſions of Love, Gratitude, and Veneration, made

made him by so celebrated an Author; and surely Mr *Pope* ought not to resent the publication, since the early pregnancy of his Genius was no dishonour to his character. And yet had either of you been ask'd, common modesty wou'd have oblig'd you to refuse, what you wou'd not be displeas'd with, if done without your knowledge: And besides to end all dispute, you had been pleas'd to make me a free gift of them, to do what I pleas'd with them: and every one knows that the person to whom a Letter is address'd, has the same right to dispose of it, as he has of goods purchas'd with his money. I doubt not but your generosity and honour will do me the right, of owning by a line, that I came honestly by them. I flatter my self, in a few months I shall again be visible to the world, and whenever thro' good providence that Turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your oblig'd Servant, than, *Sir*,

Your faithful, and
most humble Servant,
E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs *Thomas*, to be left at my house, will be safely transmitted to her, by

Yours, &c.
E. CURLL.

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To Mr POPE.

Epſom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN theſe Letters were firſt printed, I wond'red how *Curll* cou'd come by 'em, and cou'd not but laugh at the pompous title; ſince whatever you wrote to me was humour, and familiar Raillery. As ſoon as I came from *Epſom*, I heard you had been to ſee me, and I writ you a ſhort letter from *Will*'s, that I long'd to ſee you. Mr *D*——*s*, about that time, charg'd me, with giving 'em to a Miſtreſs, which I poſitively denied; not in the leaſt, at that time, thinking of it: but ſome time after, finding in the news-papers Letters from Lady *Packington*, Lady *Chudleigh*, and Mr *Norris*, to the ſame *Sapho* or *E. T.* I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never ſeen theſe Letters of *Curll*'s, nor wou'd go to his ſhop about them; I have not ſeen this *Sapho*, alias *E. T.* theſe ſeven years; —— her writing, *That I gave her 'em, to do what ſhe wou'd with 'em*, is ſtraining the point too far: I thought not of it; nor do I think ſhe did then: But ſevere Neceſſity, which catches hold of a Twig, has produced all this; which has lain hid, and forgot by me, ſo many years. *Curll* ſent me a Letter laſt week, deſiring a poſitive anſwer about this matter, but finding

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ing I wou'd give him none, he went to *E. T.* and writ a Poſtſcript, in her long romantic Letter, to direct my Anſwer to his houſe, but they not expecting an Anſwer, ſent a young man to me, whoſe name, it ſeems, is *Pattiſſon*: I told him, I ſhou'd not write any thing, but I believ'd it might be ſo, as ſhe writ in her Letter. I am extremely concern'd, that my former Indiſcretion in putting 'em into the hands of this *Pretieuſe*, ſhou'd have given you ſo much diſturbance; for the laſt thing I ſhou'd do wou'd be to diſoblige you; for whom I have ever preſerv'd the greateſt eſteem, and ſhall ever be, *Sir*,

Your faithful Friend, and
moſt humble Servant,
HENRY CROMWELL.

To Mr POPE.

Auguſt 1, 1707.

THO' I writ my long Narrative from *Epſom* 'till I was tir'd, yet was I not ſatisfied; leſt any doubt ſhou'd reſt upon your mind. I cou'd not make proteſtations of my Innocence of a grievous crime; but I was impatient 'till I came to Town, that I might ſend you thoſe Letters, as a clear evidence, that I was a perfect ſtranger to

all

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all their proceeding: Shou'd I have proteſted againſt it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an attempt to decry his purchaſe; and as the little exception you have taken, has ſerv'd him to play his game upon us, for theſe two years; a new incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more:— The great value ſhe expreſſes for all you write, and her paſſion for having 'em, I believe, was what prevail'd upon me to let her keep 'em. By the interval of twelve years at leaſt, from her poſſeſſion, to the time of printing 'em, 'tis manifeſt, that I had not the leaſt ground to apprehend ſuch a deſign: But as People in great ſtraits, bring forth their hoards of old Gold, and moſt valued Jewels, ſo *Sapho* had recourſe to her hid treaſure of Letters, and play'd off, not only your's to me, but all thoſe to herſelf (as the Lady's laſt-ſtake) into the preſs. — As for me, I hope, when you ſhall cooly conſider the many thouſand inſtances of our being deluded by the females, ſince that great Original of *Adam* by *Eve*, you will have a more favourable thought of the undeſigning error of

Your faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

Now, ſhould our Apology for this Publication be as ill receiv'd, as the Lady's ſeems to have been by the Gentlemen concerned; we ſhall at leaſt have Her Comfort *of being Thank'd by the reſt of the world. Nor has Mr.* P. *himſelf any great cauſe to think it much Offence to his Modeſty, or Reflexion on his Judgment; when we take care to inform the Public, that there are few Letters of his in this Collection which were not written under Twenty years of Age: On the other hand, we doubt not the Reader will be much more ſurpriz'd to find, at that early period, ſo much variety of Style, Affecting Sentiment, and Juſtneſs of Criticiſm, in pieces which muſt have been writ in haſte, very few perhaps ever re-view'd, and none intended for the Eye of the Public.*

LETTERS

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LETTERS

OF

Mr. *Wycherley* and Mr. *Pope*,

From the Year 1704 to 1710.

* *Mr.* POPE *to Mr.* WYCHERLEY.

Decemb. 26. 1704.

IT was certainly a great Satisfaction to me to see and converse with a Man, whom in his Writings I had so long known with Pleasure: But it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend Mr. *Dryden*. I was not so happy as to know him; *Virgilium tantum vidi*---- Had I been born early enough, I must have known and lov'd him: For I have been assur'd, not only by your self, but by Mr.

* *The Author's Age then Sixteen.*

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Congreve and Sir *William Trumbul*, that his perſonal Qualities were as amiable as his Poetical, notwithſtanding the many libellous Miſrepreſentations of them, (againſt which the former of theſe Gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him *.) I ſuppoſe thoſe Injuries were begun by the Violence of Party, but 'tis no doubt they were continu'd by Envy at his ſucceſs and fame: And thoſe Scriblers who attack'd him in his latter times, were only like Gnats in a Summer's Evening, which are never very troubleſome but in the fineſt and moſt glorious Seaſon; (for his Fire, like the Sun's, ſhin'd cleareſt towards its ſetting.)

You muſt not therefore imagine, that when you told me of my own Performances that they were above thoſe Criticks, I was ſo vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be ſo humble as to think my ſelf quite below their Notice. For Critics, as they are Birds of Prey, have ever a natural Inclination to Carrion: And though ſuch poor Writers as I, are but Beggars, however no Beggar is ſo poor but he can keep a Cur, and no Author is ſo beggarly but he can keep a Critic. So I'm far from

* *He ſince did ſo, in his Dedication to the Duke of* Newcaſtle, *prefix'd to* Tonſon's Duodecimo *Edition of* Dryden's *Plays*, 1717.

think-

thinking the Attacks of ſuch people either any honour or diſhonour, even to me, much leſs to Mr. *Dryden*. I think with you, that whatever leſſer Wits have riſen ſince his Death, are but like Stars appearing when the Sun is ſet, that twinkle only in his Abſence, and with the Rays they have borrowed from him. Our Wit (as you call it) is but Reflection or Imitation, therefore ſcarce to be call'd ours. True Wit, I believe, may be defin'd a Juſtneſs of Thought, and a Facility of Expreſſion; or (in the Midwives Phraſe) a perfect Conception, with an eaſy Delivery. However this is far from a compleat Definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Jan. 25, 1704-5.

I HAVE been ſo buſy of late in correcting and tranſcribing ſome of my Madrigals, for a great Man or two who deſir'd to ſee them, that I have (with your Pardon) omitted to return you an Anſwer to your moſt ingenious Letter: So Scribblers to the Publick, like Bankers to the Publick, are profuſe in their voluntary Loans

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to it, whilſt they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more juſt Debts, to their beſt and neareſt Friends. However, I hope, you who have as much Good-Nature as Good Senſe, (ſince they generally are Companions) will have Patience with a Debtor, who you think has an Inclination to pay you his Obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time ſhould conſider when you have oblig'd me beyond my preſent Power of returning the Favour, that a Debtor may be an honeſt Man, if he but intends to be juſt when he is able, tho' late. But I ſhould be leſs juſt to you, the more I thought I could make a Return to ſo much Profuſeneſs of Wit and Humanity together; which though they ſeldom accompany each other, in other Men, are in you ſo equally met, I know not in which you moſt abound. But ſo much for my Opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equall'd by nothing but your Judgment, or Modeſty; which (though it be to pleaſe my ſelf) I muſt no more offend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will ſay no more now of them, than that your good Wit ne'er forfeited your good Judgment, but in your Partiality to me and mine; ſo that if it were

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were poſſible for a harden'd Scribler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited, than what I ſcribble my ſelf; yet I muſt confeſs I ought to be more humbled by your Praiſe than exalted; which commends my little Senſe with ſo much more of yours, that I am diſparag'd and diſhearten'd by your Commendations; who give me an Example of your Wit in the firſt Part of your Letter, and a Definition of it in the laſt: to make writing well (that is, like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and juſt your Example and Definition of Wit are, the leſs I am capable to follow them. Then the beſt way of ſhewing my Judgment, after having ſeen how you write, is to leave off writing; and the beſt way to ſhew my Friendſhip to you, is to put an end to your Trouble, and to conclude

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Anſwer.*

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foreſee a long Letter, and ought to beg your

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Patience beforehand; for if it proves the longeſt, it will be of courſe the worſt I have troubled you with. Yet to expreſs my Gratitude at large for your obliging Letter, is not more my Duty than my Intereſt; as ſome People will abundantly thank you for one Piece of Kindneſs, to put you in mind of beſtowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more diſtinctly I ſee my Faults; Spots and Blemiſhes, you know, are never ſo plainly diſcover'd as in the brighteſt Sunſhine. Thus I am mortified by thoſe Commendations which were deſign'd to encourage me: for Praiſe to a young Wit, is like Rain to a tender Flower; if it be moderately beſtow'd, it chears and revives; but if too laviſhly, overcharges and depreſſes him. Moſt Men in years, as they are generally diſcouragers of Youth, are like old Trees, that being paſt Bearing themſelves, will ſuffer no young Plants to flouriſh beneath them: But as if it were not enough to have out-done all your Coævals in Wit, you will excel them in Good-Nature too. As for my (*a*) green Eſſays, if you find any pleaſure in 'em, it muſt be ſuch as a Man naturally takes in obſerving the firſt Shoots and Buddings of a Tree which he

(*a*) His Paſtorals, *written at* 16 *Years of Age.*

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has rais'd himself: and 'tis impossible they should be esteem'd any otherwise, than as we value Fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the Year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much Compliment, which is at best but the Smoak of Friendship. I neither write, nor converse with you, to gain your Praise, but your Affection. Be so much my Friend as to appear my Enemy, and tell me my Faults, if not as a young Man, at least as an unexperienc'd Writer.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

March 29, 1705.

YOUR Letter of the Twenty-fifth of *March* I have received, which was more welcome to me than any thing cou'd be out of the Country, tho' it were one's Rent due that Day: and I can find no fault with it, but that it charges me with Want of Sincerity, or Justice, for giving you your Due; who shou'd not let your Modesty be so unjust to your Merit, as to reject

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what is due to it, and call that Compliment which is so short of your desert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if Compliment be the Smoak only of Friendship, (as you say) however you must allow there is no Smoak but there is some Fire; and as the Sacrifice of Incense offer'd to the Gods wou'd not have been half so sweet to others, if it had not been for its Smoak; so Friendship, like Love, cannot be without some Incense, to perfume the Name it would praise and immortalize. But since you say you do not write to me to gain my *Praise*, but my *Affection*, pray how is it possible to have the one without the other? We must admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me so much your Friend as to appear your Enemy, and find out your Faults rather than your Perfections: But (my Friend) that would be so hard to do, that I who love no Difficulties, can't be persuaded to it. Besides, the Vanity of a Scribler is such, that he will never part with his own Judgment to gratify another's; especially when he must take pains to do it: And tho' I am proud to be of your Opinion, when you talk of any Thing, or Man but your self, I cannot suffer you to murther your Fame, with your own hand, without opposing you; especially when you say your last Let-

ter

ter is the worſt (ſince the longeſt) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the beſt, as the longeſt Life (if a good one) is the beſt, as it yields the more Variety and is more Exemplary; as a chearful Summer's Day, tho' longer than a dull one in the Winter, is leſs tedious and more entertaining: Therefore let but your Friendſhip be like your Letter, as laſting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

April 7, 1705.

I HAVE receiv'd yours of the Fifth, wherein your Modeſty refuſes the juſt Praiſes I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a Biſhop gains his Biſhoprick, by ſaying he will not Epiſcopate: But I muſt confeſs, whilſt I diſpleaſe you by commending you, I pleaſe my ſelf; juſt as Incenſe is ſweeter to the Offerer than the Deity to whom 'tis offered, by his being ſo much above it: For indeed, every Man partakes of the Praiſe he gives, when it is ſo juſtly given.

As

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As to my enquiry after your Intrigues with the *Muses*, you may allow me to make it, since no old Man can give so young, so great, and able a Favourite of theirs, jealousy. I am, in my Enquiry, like old Sir *Bernard Gascoign*, who us'd to say, That when he was grown too old to have his Visits admitted alone by the Ladies, he always took along with him a young Man, to ensure his Welcome to them; who, had he come alone had been rejected, only because his Visits were not scandalous to them. So I am (like an old Rook, who is ruin'd by Gaming) forc'd to live on the good Fortune of the pushing young Men, whose Fancies are so vigorous, that they ensure their Success in their Adventures with the Muses, by their Strength of Imagination.

—— Your Papers are safe in my Custody (you may be sure) from any one's Theft but my own; for 'tis as dangerous to trust a Scribler with your Wit, as a Gamester with the Custody of your Money. —— If you happen to come to Town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it, who am, dear Mr. *Pope*,

Your, &c.

Mr.

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Mr. POPE's *Answer.*

April 30, 1705.

I Cannot contend with you. You muſt give me leave at once to wave all your Compliments, and to collect only this in general from 'em, that your Deſign is to encourage me. But I ſeparate from all the reſt that Paragraph or two, in which you make me ſo warm an Offer of your Friendſhip. Were I poſſeſs'd of That, it would put an end to all thoſe Speeches with which you now make me bluſh; and change them to wholeſome Advices, and free Sentiments, which might make me wiſer and happier. I know 'tis the general Opinion, that Friendſhip is beſt contracted betwixt Perſons of equal Age: but I have ſo much Intereſt to be of another Mind, that you muſt pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few Notions of mine, in oppoſition to that Opinion.

In the firſt place 'tis obſervable, that the Love we bear to our Friends is generally cauſed by our finding the ſame Diſpoſitions in them, which we feel in our ſelves. This is but Self-love at the bottom: Whereas the Affection betwixt People of different Ages cannot well be ſuch, the Inclinations of ſuch being

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being commonly various. The Friendſhip of two young Men is often occaſioned by Love of Pleaſure or Voluptuouſneſs, each being deſirous, for his own ſake, of one to aſſiſt or incourage him in the Courſes he purſues; as that of two old Men is frequently on the ſcore of ſome Profit, Lucre, or Deſign upon others. Now, as a young Man who is leſs acquainted with the Ways of the World, has in all probability leſs of Intereſt; and an old Man who may be weary of himſelf, leſs of Self-love; ſo the Friendſhip between them is the more likely to be true, and unmix'd with too much Self-regard. One may add to this, that ſuch a Friendſhip is of greater Uſe and Advantage to both; for the old Man will grow more gay and agreeable to pleaſe the young one; and the young Man more diſcreet and prudent by the help of the old one: ſo it may prove a Cure of thoſe epidemical Diſeaſes of Age and Youth, Sourneſs and Madneſs. I hope you will not need many Arguments to convince you of the Poſſibility of this; One alone abundantly ſatisfies me, and convinces to the very Heart; which is, that *I am*, &c.

Mr. Wycherley *was at this time about Seventy Years old, Mr.* Pope *under Seventeen.*

Mr.

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Mr. POPE *to Mr.* WYCHERLEY.

June 23, 1705.

I Shou'd believe my ſelf happy in your good Opinion, but that you treat me ſo much in a Style of Compliment. It has been obſerv'd of Women, that they are more ſubject in their youth to be touch'd with Vanity than Men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakeſt Women are not more ſo than that weak Claſs of Men, who are thought to pique themſelves upon their Wit. The World is never wanting, when a Coxcomb is accompliſhing himſelf, to help to give him the finiſhing Stroke.

Every Man is apt to think his Neighbour overſtock'd with Vanity, yet I cannot but fancy, there are certain Times, when moſt people are in a diſpoſition of being inform'd; and 'tis incredible what a vaſt Good a little Truth might do, ſpoken in ſuch ſeaſons. A very ſmall Alms will do a great kindneſs, to people in extream neceſſity.

I could

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I could name an acquaintance of yours, who wou'd at this time think himself more oblig'd to you for the Information of his Faults, than the Confirmation of his Follies. If you would make those the Subject of a Letter, it might be as long as I could wish your Letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found some difficulty (as you are pleas'd to say) in writing to me, since you have always chosen the Task of commending me: Take but the other way, and I dare ingage you will find none at all.

As for my Verses which you praise so much, I may truly say they had never been the cause of any Vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasion'd my acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in danger of this Vice, as often I mean as I receiv'd any Letters from you.

'Tis certain, the greatest magnifying Glasses in the World are a Man's own Eyes, when they look upon his own Person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy my self so extremely like *Alexander the Great*, as you wou'd persuade me: If I must be like him, 'tis you will make me so,

by

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by complimenting me into a better opinion of my ſelf than I deſerve: They made him think he was the *Son of Jupiter*, and you aſſure me I am a Man of Parts. But is this all you can ſay to my honour? You ſaid ten times as much before, when you call'd me your Friend. After having made me believe I poſſeſs'd a ſhare in your Affection, to treat me with Compliments and ſweet Sayings, is like the proceeding with poor *Sancho Panca:* They had perſuaded him that he enjoy'd a great Dominion, and then gave him nothing to ſubſiſt upon but *Wafers* and *Marmalade.* In our Days, the greateſt obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a Fool of him. For as when Madmen are found incurable, wiſe Men give them their Way, and pleaſe them as well as they can; ſo when thoſe incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably Be-Mus'd, the beſt way both to quiet them, and ſecure your ſelves from the effects of their Frenzy, is to feed their Vanity; (which indeed for the moſt part is all that is fed in a Poet.)

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you ſay were as true, apply'd to me, as it wou'd be to your ſelf, for ſeveral weighty Reaſons; but for none ſo much, as that I might be to you what you

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deserve; whereas I can now be no more, than is consistent with the small, tho' utmost Capacity of,

Dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate Servant.

Mr.

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Mr. POPE *to Mr.* WYCHERLEY.

Oct. 26. 1705.

I HAVE now chang'd the Scene from the Town to the Country; from *Will's* Coffee-Houſe to *Windſor* Foreſt. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common Town-Wits, and the downright Country Fools; that the firſt are pertly in the Wrong, with a little more Flouriſh and Gaiety, and the laſt neither in the Right nor the Wrong, but confirmed in a ſtupid, ſettled Medium betwixt both. However, methinks theſe are moſt in the Right, who quietly and eaſily reſign themſelves over to the gentle Reign of Dulneſs, which the Wits muſt do at laſt, tho' after a great deal of Noiſe, Pother, and Reſiſtance. Ours are a ſort of modeſt, inoffenſive People, who neither have Senſe, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial Sort of Dulneſs. They are commonly known in the World by the Name of honeſt, civil Gentlemen. They live much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting Life, purſuing with earneſtneſs and hazard, ſomething not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I can't but preſer Solitude to the Company of all theſe; for tho' a

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Man's ſelf may poſſibly be the worſt Fellow to converſe with in the world, yet one would think the Company of a Perſon whom we have the greateſt regard to, and affection for, could not be very unpleaſant: As a Man in love with a Miſtreſs, deſires no converſation but hers, ſo a Man in love with himſelf, (as moſt Men are) may be beſt pleaſed with his own. Beſides, if the trueſt and moſt uſeful Knowledge, be the Knowledge of our ſelves, Solitude conducing moſt to make us look into our ſelves, ſhould be the moſt inſtructive State of Life. We ſee nothing more commonly, than Men, who for the ſake of the circumſtantial Part, and meer outſide of Life, have been half their Days rambling out of their Nature, and ought to be ſent into Solitude to ſtudy themſelves over again. People are uſually ſpoil'd inſtead of being taught, at their coming into the World; whereas by being more converſant with Obſcurity, without any Pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a Man be a Coxcomb, Solitude is his beſt School; and if he be a Fool, it is his beſt Sanctuary.

Theſe are good Reaſons for my own Stay here, but I wiſh I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earneſtly invite you. And yet I can't help

ſaying,

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saying, I have suffered a great deal of discontent that you do not, tho' I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last: Those who have most Wit, like those who have most Money, are generally most sparing of either.

Mr. WYCHERLEY's *Answer.*

Nov. 5. 1705.

YOURS of the 26th of *October* I have received, as I have always done yours, with no little Satisfaction, and am proud to discover by it, that you find fault with the shortness of mine, which I think the best Excuse for it: And tho' they (as you say) who have most Wit or Money, are most sparing of either; there are some who appear Poor to be thought Rich, and are Poor, which is my Case: I cannot but rejoice, that you have undergone so much discontent for want of my company; but if you have a mind to punish me for my fault, (which I could not help) defer your coming to Town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your Charity always exceeds your Revenge, so that I will not

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despair of seeing you, who, in return to your inviting me to your Forest, invite you to my Forest, the Town; where the Beasts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long Ears or Horns, pursue one another either out of Love or Hatred. You may have the Pleasure to see one Pack of Blood-hounds pursue another Herd of Brutes, to bring each other to their Fall, which is their whole Sport: Or, if you affect a less bloody Chace, you may see a Pack of Spaniels, called *Lovers*, in a hot pursuit of a two-legg'd *Vixen*, who only flies the whole low'd Pack to be singled out by one Dog, who runs mute to catch her up the sooner from the rest, as they are making a Noise, to the Loss of their Game. In fine, this is the Time for all sorts of Sport in the Town, when those of the Country cease; therefore leave your Forest of Beasts, for ours of Brutes, call'd Men, who now in full Cry, (pack'd by the Court or Country) run down in the House of Commons, a deserted horned Beast of the Court, to the satisfaction of their Spectators: Besides, (more for your Diversion) you may see not only the two great Play-houses of the Nation, those of the Lords and Commons, in Dispute with one another; but the two other Play-houses in high Contest, because the Members of one House are remov'd

up

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up to t'other, (as it is often done by the Court for Reasons of State.) Insomuch that the lower Houses, I mean the Play-houses, are going to act Tragedies on one another without Doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two Houses) to silence one or both, to keep Peace between them. Now I have told you all the News of the Town.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Feb. 5. 170$\frac{5}{6}$.

I HAVE receiv'd your kind Letter, with my Paper * to Mr. *Dryden* corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it less, as the *Dutch* are said to burn half the Spices they bring home to inhance the Price of the remainder, so to be greater Gainers by their Loss, (which is indeed my Case now.) Well; you have prun'd my fading Laurels of some superfluous, sapless,

* *The same which was printed in the Year* 1717, *in a* Miscellany *of* Bern. Lintot's, *and in the present Edition of the Posthumous Works of Mr.* Wycherley.

and dead Branches, to make the remainder live the longer; thus like your Master *Apollo*, you are at once a Poet and a Physician.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent invitation of you to the Town, your Good-Nature was the first Cause of my confident request; but excuse me, I must I see say no more upon this Subject, since I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with: tho' you have given me some Encouragement to hope, our Friendship tho' young might be without Shyness, or criminal Modesty; for a Friend, like a Mistress, tho' he is not to be mercenary to be true, yet ought not to refuse a Friend's kindness because it is small or trivial: I have told you (I think) that a *Spanish* Lady said to her poor, poetical Gallant, that a Queen if she lay with a Groom, would expect a mark of his kindness from him, tho' it were but his Curry-comb. But you and I will dispute this Matter when I am so happy as to see you here; and perhaps 'tis the only Dispute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another excuse for my boldness in inviting you to Town, I design'd to leave with you some more of my Papers, (since these return so much better out of your Hands than they went from mine) for I intended (as I told you formerly)

to

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to ſpend a Month, or ſix Weeks this Summer, near you in the Country; for you may be aſſured there is nothing I deſire ſo much, as an Improvement of your Friendſhip——

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

March 22, 1705-6.

I MUST lay a penance upon you, which is to deſire you to look over that damn'd Miſcellany of Madrigals of mine, to pick out (if poſſible) ſome that may be ſo alter'd that they may yet appear in Print again; I hope with better ſucceſs than they hitherto have done. I will give you my Reaſon for this Requeſt of mine, when I ſee you; which I am reſolv'd ſhall be when I have done here, and at the *Bath*, where I deſign to go, and afterwards to ſpend two Months (God willing) with you at *Binfield*, or near it——

Mr. POPE's *Answer.*

April 10. 1716.

BY yours of the last Month, you desire me to select, if possible, some Things from the † first Volume of your Miscellanies, which may be alter'd so as to appear again. I doubted your meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the best of those Verses, (as that on the *Idleness of Business*; on *Ignorance*; on *Laziness*, &c.) to make the Method and Numbers exact, and avoid Repetitions? For tho' (upon reading 'em on this occasion) I believe they might receive such an Alteration with advantage; yet they would not be chang'd so much, but any one would know 'em for the same at first sight. Or if you mean to improve the worst Pieces, which are such as to render them very good, would require a great addition, and almost the entire new writing of them? Or, lastly, if you mean the middle sort, as the Songs and Love-Verses? For these will need only to be shorten'd, to omit repetition; the Words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know

† *Printed in* Folio, *in the Year* 1704.

your

your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet I have try'd what I could do to some of the *Songs*, * and the *Poems* on *Laziness* and *Ignorance*, but can't (e'en in my own partial Judgment) think my alterations much to the purpose. So that I must needs desire you would apply your Care wholly at present, to those which are yet unpublished, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable Volume, of full as good ones, nay, I verily believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wish you would defer, at least 'till you have finish'd these that are yet unprinted.

I send you a Sample of some few of these; namely, the Verses to Mr. *Waller* in *his old Age*; your new ones on the *Duke of Marlborough*, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: Some I have contracted, as we do Sun-beams, to improve their Energy and Force; some I have taken quite away, as we take Branches from a Tree, to add to the Fruit; others I have entirely new express'd, and turned more into Poetry. *Donne* (like one of his Successors) had infinitely more Wit than he wanted Versification: for the great dealers

* Vid. *Letter of* Nov. 20, 1707. *A.*

in

in Wit, like those in Trade, take least Pains to set off their Goods; while the Haberdashers of small Wit, spare for no Decorations or Ornaments. You have commission'd me to paint your Shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your Neighbours. But I can no more pretend to the Merit of the Production, than a Midwife to the Virtues and good Qualities of the Child she helps into the Light.

The few Things I have entirely added, you will excuse; you may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than Sparks lighted up by your Fire; and you may omit them at last, if you think them but Squibs in your Triumphs.

I am, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Feb. 19. 170$\frac{6}{7}$.

I HAVE received yours of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you: It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not inform'd me of your want of Health: But you who have a Mind so vigorous,

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vigorous, may well be contented with its crazy Habitation; since (you know) the old Similitude says, The Keenness of the Mind ~~soonest wears out the Body; as the sharpest~~ Sword soonest destroys the Scabbard: So that (as I say) you must be satisfied with your apprehension of an uneasy Life, (tho' I hope not a short one;) notwithstanding that generally you sound Wits (tho' weak Bodies) are immortal hereafter, by that Genius which shortens your present Life to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active Mind, will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy Carcass.

Now to say something to what you write, concerning the present epidemick Distemper of the Mind and Age, Calumny; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our Lives) than a Fever, or an Ague; and as often those Distempers attend, or threaten the best Constitutions, from the worst Air; so does that malignant Air of Calumny, soonest attack the sound and elevated in Mind, as Storms of Wind the tallest and most fruitful Trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are, by their Weakness, secure from the danger and violence of the Tempest. But so much for sinking Rumour, which weakest Minds are most afraid of;

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of; as *Iriſh-Men*, tho' the naſtieſt of Mankind, are moſt offended at a *Fart*.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 11. 1707.

I Receiv'd yours of the 9th yeſterday, which has (like the reſt of your Letters) at once pleas'd and inſtructed me; ſo that I aſſure you, you can no more write too much to your abſent Friends, than ſpeak too much to the preſent. This is a Truth that all Men own, who have either ſeen your Writings, or heard your Diſcourſe; enough to make others ſhow their Judgment, in ceaſing to write or talk, eſpecially to you, or in your company. However, I ſpeak or write to you, not to pleaſe you, but my ſelf; ſince I provoke your Anſwers; which, whilſt they humble me, give me vanity; tho' I am leſſen'd by you even when you commend me; ſince you commend my little Senſe with ſo much more of yours, that you put me out of Countenance, whilſt you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (againſt the Cuſtom of great Wits) to ſhew even a great deal of Good-Nature with a great deal of good Senſe.

I thank

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I thank you for the Book you promis'd me, by which I find you would not only correct my Lines, but my Life.

As to the damn'd Verſes I entruſted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your Purgatory, to ſave them from other People's damning them; ſince the Criticks, who are generally the firſt damn'd in this Life, like the Damn'd below, never leave to bring thoſe above them under their own Circumſtances. I beg you to peruſe my Papers, and ſelect what you think beſt, or moſt tolerable, and look over them again; for I reſolve ſuddenly to print ſome of them, as a harden'd old Gameſter will (in ſpite of all former ill uſage by Fortune) puſh on an ill Hand, in expectation of recovering himſelf; eſpecially, ſince I have ſuch a *Croupier* or Second to ſtand by me as Mr. *Pope*.

Mr. POPE

Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherley.

Nov. 20. 1707.

MR. *Englefyld* being upon his Journey to *London*, tells me I muſt write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his deſire, than to gratify my own; tho' I did it ſo lately by the Meſſenger you ſent hither: I take it too as an opportunity of ſending you the fair Copy of the *Poem* (*a*) on *Dulneſs*, which was not then finiſh'd, and which I ſhould not care to hazard by the common Poſt. Mr. *Englefyld* is ignorant of the Contents, and I hope your prudence will let him remain ſo, for my ſake no leſs than your own: Since if you ſhould reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder Reports ſhould be rais'd, and there are thoſe (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my diſadvantage. I am ſorry you told the great Man, whom you met in the *Court of Requeſts*, that your Papers were in my hands: No Man alive ſhall ever know any ſuch thing from me; and

(*a*) *The Original of it in Blots, and with Figures of the References from Copy to Copy, in Mr.* Pope's *Hand, is in the* Harley-Library, *among other ſuch* Brouillons *of Mr.* Wycherley's *Poems, corrected by him.* Vid. Lett. Ap. 10, 1708. Note (*a.*)

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I give you this warning besides, that tho' your self should say I had any way assisted you, I am notwithstanding resolv'd to deny it.

The method of the Copy I send you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: For the better help of your Memory, I desire you to compare it by the *Figures* in the Margin, answering to the same in this Letter. The Poem is now divided into four Parts, mark'd with the literal Figures I. II. III. IV. The first contains the *Praise* of Dulness, and shews how upon several suppositions, it passes for 1. Religion. 2. Philosophy. 3. Example. 4. Wit. And 5. The cause of Wit, and the end of it. The second Part contains the *Advantages* of Dulness: 1st, In Business; and 2dly, at Court; where the Similitudes of the Byass of a Bowl, and the Weights of a Clock, are directly tending to illustrate those advantages of Dulness, tho' introduced before in a place where there was no mention made of them; (which was your only objection to my adding them.) The third contains the *Happiness* of Dulness in all Stations, and shews in a great many Particulars, that it is so fortunate, as to be esteem'd some good Quality or other in all sorts of People; that it is thought Quiet, Sense, Caution, Policy,

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Policy, Prudence, Majesty, Valour, Circumspection, Honesty, *&c.* The fourth Part I have wholly added, as a Climax which sums up all the *praise*, *advantage*, and *happiness* of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them all by the opposition of the *disgrace*, *disadvantage*, and *unhappiness* of Wit, with which it concludes (*b*.)

Tho' the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one Thought omitted, but what is a Repetition of something in your first Volume, or in this very Paper: Some Thoughts are contracted, where they seem'd encompass'd with too many words; and some new express'd, or added, where I thought there wanted heightning, (as you'll see particularly in the Simile of the *Clock-Weights*; (*c*)

(*b*) This is totally omitted in the present Edition: Some of the Lines in the H. M. are these.

Thus Dulness, the safe Opiate of the Mind,
The last kind refuge weary Wit can find,
Fit for all stations, and in each content,
Is fortify'd, secure, and innocent;
No pains it takes, and no offence it gives,
Un-fear'd, unhated, undisturb'd it lives, &c.

(*c*) It was originally thus express'd:

As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on.

We find it so in a Letter of Mr. *Pope* to Mr. *Wycherley*, dated *April* 3, 1709. and in a paper of Verses of his, *To the Author of a Poem call'd Successio*, which got out in a Miscellany in 1712, three Years before Mr. *Wycherley* died, and two after he had laid aside the whole design of publishing any Poems.

and

and the Verſification throughout, is, I believe ſuch, as no body can be ſhock'd at. The repeated Permiſſions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuſe what I have done; for if I have not ſpar'd you when I thought Severity would do you a kindneſs, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no abſolute need of Amputation. As to Particulars, I can ſatisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time, pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

Mr. WYCHERLEY's *Anſwer.*

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may ſee by my Stile, I had the happineſs and ſatisfaction to receive yeſterday (by the hands of that Wagg, Mr. *Engleſyld*) your extreme kind and obliging Letter of the 20th of this Month; which, like all the reſt of yours, did at once mortify me, and make me vain; ſince it tells me with ſo much more Wit, Senſe and Kindneſs than mine can expreſs, that my Letters are always welcome to you. So that even whilſt your Kindneſs invites me to write to you, your Wit and Judgment

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forbids me; since I may return you a Letter, but never an Answer.

Now, as for my owning your assistance to me, in over-looking my unmusical Numbers, and harsher Sense, and correcting them both, with your Genius, or Judgment; I must tell you I always own it, (in spite of your unpoetick Modesty) who would do with your Friendship as your Charity; conceal your Bounty to magnify the Obligation; and even whilst you lay on your Friend the Favour, acquit him of the Debt: But that shall not serve your turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical Damning, the second time; and save my Rhimes from being condemn'd to the Criticks Flames to all Eternity: But (by the Faith you profess) you know your Works of Supererrogation, transfer'd upon an humble, acknowledging Sinner, may save even Him; having good Works enough of your own besides, to ensure yours, and their Immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my *Dulness*, by making it more methodical, I give you a thousand thanks; since true and natural *Dulness* is shown more by its pretence to form and method, as the Sprightliness of Wit by its despising both. I thank you a thousand

times

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times for your repeated Invitations to come to *Binfield*:——You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary kindness to you, as it would for me to deserve, or return yours; however, it shall be the Endeavour of my future Life, as it will be to demonstrate my self,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Reply.*

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE Compliments you make me, in regard of any inconsiderable Service I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my Friend has so mean an opinion of me, as to think I expect acknowledgments for trifles; which upon my faith I shall equally take amiss, whether made to my self, or to any others. For God's sake, (my dear Friend *Wycherley*) think better of me, and believe I desire no sort of Favour so much, as that of serving you, more considerably than I have yet been able to do.

I shall proceed in this manner, with some others of your Pieces; but since you

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deſire I would not deface your Copy for the future, and only mark the Repetitions; I muſt, as ſoon as I've mark'd theſe, tranſcribe what is left on another Paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can deviſe, for their Improvement. For you are ſenſible, the Omiſſion of *Repetitions* is but one, and the eaſieſt Part, of yours and my Deſign; there remaining beſides to rectify the *Method*, to *connect* the *Matter*, and to mend the *Expreſſion* and *Verſification*. I will go next upon the * Poems of *Solitude*, on the *Publick*, and on the *mixt Life*: the *Bill of Fare*; the *Praiſes of Avarice*, and ſome others.

I muſt take ſome Notice of what you ſay, of "My pains to make your Dulneſs "methodical;" and of your hint, that "The ſprightlineſs of Wit deſpiſes method." This is true enough, if by *Wit* you mean no more than *Fancy* or *Conceit*; but in the better notion of *Wit*, conſider'd as propriety, ſurely *Method* is not only neceſſary for Perſpicuity and Harmony of parts, but gives beauty even to the minute and particular thoughts, which receive an additional advantage from thoſe which precede or follow in their due place: Ac-

* *Some* Broüillons *of theſe, tranſcrib'd and very much blotted by Mr.* Pope, *are extant in the* Harley Library.

cording

cording to a Simile Mr. *Dryden* us'd in conversation, of Feathers in the Crowns of the wild *Indians*, which they not only chuse for the beauty of their Colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a Lustre on each other. I will not disguise any of my Sentiments from you: To *methodize* in your Case, is full as necessary as to *strike out*; otherwise you had better destroy the whole Frame, and reduce them into *single Thoughts* in *Prose*, like *Rochfoucault*, as I have more than once hinted to you.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Feb. 28, 1707-8.

I HAVE had yours of the 23d of this Instant, for which I give you many thanks; since I find by it, that even Absence (the usual bane of Love, or Friendship) cannot lessen yours to more than mine. * As to your hearing of my being ill; I am glad

* Mr. *Pope* had this from Mr. *Cromwell*, after his Enquiry in these Words: "I returned to Town last *Saturday*, and "inquiring (as you desir'd) about Mr. *Wycherley*, was told, "in two several Places, that he had been very ill, and that "he was even gone off our Stage: But I could not imagine this report to be true, or that so great a Man could "leave the World without its being instructed to lament so "considerable a Loss."

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and ſorry for the report: In the firſt place, glad that it was not true; and in the next ſorry that it ſhou'd give you any diſturbance, or concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future well-being or life, I think my ſelf moſt eternally oblig'd to you; aſſuring, your concern for either will make me more careful of both. Yet for your ſake I love this Life ſo well, that I ſhall the leſs think of the other; but 'tis in your power to enſure my Happineſs in one and the other, both by your Society and good Example, ſo not only contribute to my felicity here, but hereafter.

Now as to your Excuſe for the plainneſs of your Style, or Letter, I muſt needs tell you, that Friendſhip is much more acceptable to a true Friend than Wit, which is generally falſe Reaſoning; and a Friend's reprimand often ſhews more Friendſhip than his compliment: Nay Love, which is more than Friendſhip, is often ſeen, by our Friend's correction of our Follies or Crimes. Upon this Teſt of your Friendſhip I intend to put you when I return to *London*, and thence to you at *Binfield*, which I hope will be within a Month.

Next to the News of your good Health, I am pleas'd with the good News of your going to print ſome of your Poems, and

proud

proud to be known by them to the Publick for your Friend; who intend (perhaps the same way) to be reveng'd of you for your kindness; by taking your Name in vain in some of my future Madrigals: yet so as to let the World know, my love or esteem for you are no more Poetick than my Talent in scribbling. But of all the Arts of Fiction, I desire you to believe I want that of feigning Friendship, and that I am sincerely,

Your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

May 13, 1708.

I HAVE receiv'd yours of the first of *May*. Your Pastoral Muse outshines, in her modest and natural dress, all *Apollo*'s Court-Ladies, in their more artful, labour'd, and costly Finery; therefore I am glad to find by your Letter, you design your Country-beauty of a Muse shall appear at Court and in Publick; to outshine all the farded, lewd, confident, affected, Town-dowdies, who aim at being honour'd only to their Shame: But her artful Innocence (on the contrary) will gain more Honour as she

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becomes more publick; and in spite of Custom will bring Modesty again into Fashion, or at least make her Sister-rivals of this Age, blush for Spite, if not for Shame. As for my stale, antiquated, poetical Puss, whom you would keep in countenance, by saying she has once been tolerable, and wou'd yet pass Muster by a little licking over; it is true that (like most vain antiquated Jades which have once been passable) yet she affects Youthfulness in her Age, and wou'd still gain a few Admirers, (who the more she seeks, or labours for their liking, are but more her contemners.) Nevertheless, she is resolv'd henceforth to be so cautious as to appear very little more in the World, except it be as an attendant on your Muse, or as a Foil, not a Rival to her Wit, or Fame: So that let your Country-gentlewoman appear when she will in the World *, my old worn-out Jade of a lost Reputation, shall be her attendant into it,

* *This and the following Extract, are a full Confutation of the Lying Spirit of* John Dennis, *and others, who impudently asserted that Mr.* Pope *wrote these Verses on himself, (tho' publish'd by Mr.* Wycherley *six Years before his Death.) We find here it was a voluntary Act of his, premis'd before-hand, and written while Mr.* Pope *was absent. The first* Brouillon *of those Verses, and the second Copy with Corrections, are both yet extant in the* Harley *Library, in Mr.* Wycherley's *own hands, from which will appear, that if they received any alteration from Mr.* Pope, *it was in the Omission of some of his own Praises.*

to

to procure her Admirers; as an old Whore who can get no more Friends of her own, bawds for others, to make Sport or Pleasure yet, one way or other, for Mankind. I approve of your making *Tonson* your Muse's Introductor into the World, or Master of the Ceremonies, who has been so long a Pimp, or Gentleman-Usher to the Muses.

I wish you good Fortune; since a Man with store of Wit, as store of Mony, without the help of good Fortune, will never be popular; but I wish you a great many Admirers, which will be some Credit to my Judgment as well as your Wit, who always thought you had a great deal, and am

Your, &c.

Extract from two Letters of Mr. WYCHERLEY *of* May 18, *and of* July 28, 1708.

I HAVE made a damn'd Compliment in Verse, upon the printing your Pastorals, which you shall see when you see me. ——— If you suffer my old Dowdy of a Muse to wait upon your sprightly Lass

of

of the Plains, into the Company of the Town, 'twill be but like an old City-bawd's attending a young Country beauty to Town, to gain her Admirers, when past the Hopes of pleasing the World herself.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

May 17, 1709.

I MUST thank you for a Book of your Miscellanies, which *Tonson* sent me, I suppose by your Order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better receiv'd by the Publick, than your part of it; you have only displeas'd the Criticks by pleasing them too well; having not left them a Word to say for themselves, against you and your performances; so that now your hand is in, you must persevere, till my Prophesies of you be fulfill'd. In earnest, all the best Judges of good Sense, or Poetry, are Admirers of yours; and like your Part of the Book so well, that the rest is lik'd the worse. This is true upon my word, without Compliment; so that your first Success will make you for all your Life a Poet, in spite of your Wit; for a Poet's Success at first,

like

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like a Gamester's Fortune at first, is like to make him a loser at last, and to be undone by his good fortune and merit.

But hitherto your Miscellanies have safely run the Gantlet, through all the Coffee-houses; which are now entertain'd with a whimsical new News-Paper, call'd, *The Tatler*, which I suppose you have seen. This is the newest thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now (most People say) is drawing to such a Conclusion, as all *Europe* is, or must be satisfy'd with; so Poverty, you see, which makes Peace in *Westminster-Hall*, makes it likewise in the Camp or Field, throughout the World: Peace then be to you, and to me; who am now grown peaceful, and will have no Contest with any Man, but him who says he is more your Friend, or humble Servant, than

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Answer.*

May 20, 1709.

I AM glad you receiv'd the * *Miscellany*, if it were only to show you that there

* Jacob Tonson's *sixth Vol. of* Miscellany Poems.

are

are as bad Poets in this Nation as your Servant. This modern Custom of appearing in Miscellanies, is very useful to the Poets, who, like other Thieves, escape by getting into a Crowd, and herd together like *Banditti*, safe only in their Multitude. Methinks *Strada* has given a good Description of these kind of Collections; *Nullus hodiè mortalium aut nascitur, aut moritur, aut præliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregrè, aut redit, aut nubit; aut est, aut non est, (nam etiam mortuis isti canunt) cui non illi extemplò cudant Epicedia, Genethliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Satyrica, Parænetica, Nænias, Naugas.* As to the success which you say my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you were pleas'd to say of me to the World; which you do well to call your *Prophesy*, since whatever is said in my favour, must be a Prediction of things that are not yet; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My Pastoral Muse, like other Country Girls, is but put out of Countenance, by what you Courtiers say to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young Scribler's Vanity needs no Recruits from abroad: for Nature, like an indulgent Mother, kindly takes care to supply

ply her Sons with as much of their own, as is neceſſary for their Satisfaction. If my Verſes ſhould meet with a few flying Commendations, *Virgil* has taught me that a young Author has not too much reaſon to be pleas'd with them, when he conſiders, that the natural conſequence of Praiſe, is Envy and Calumny.

—*Si ultra placitum laudarit, Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne Vati noceat mala lingua futura:

When once a Man has appear'd as a Poet, he may give up his Pretenſions to all the rich and thriving Arts: Thoſe who have once made their court to thoſe Miſtreſſes without Portions, the Muſes, are never like to ſet up for Fortunes. But for my part, I ſhall be ſatisfy'd if I can loſe my Time agreeably this way, without loſing my reputation: As for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the Matter as *Falſtaffe* was, and may ſay of *Fame* as he did of *Honour*, *If it comes, it comes unlook'd for; and there's an end on't.* I can be content with a bare ſaving Game, without being thought an Eminent Hand, (with which Title *Jacob* has graciouſly dignify'd his adventurers and voluntiers in Poetry.) *Jacob* creates Poets, as Kings ſometimes do Knights, not for their honour, but for money. Certainly he

ought

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ought to be eſteem'd a worker of Miracles, who is grown rich by Poetry.

What Authors loſe, their Bookſellers have won;
So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

I am your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

May 26, 1709.

THE laſt I receiv'd from you, was dated the 22d of *May*. I take your charitable hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true Friend, and a true Chriſtian, and I ſhall endeavour to follow your Advice, as well as your Example.—— As for your wiſhing to ſee your Friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be ſaid to leave the World, ſince I ſhall enjoy in your converſation, all that I can deſire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long Experience of the great, or little Vulgar in it.

As to the Succeſs of your Poems in the late Miſcellany, I told you of in my laſt; (upon my word) I made you no Compliment, for you may be aſſur'd, that all ſorts of Readers like them, except they are

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Writers too; but for them, (I muſt needs ſay) the more they like them, they ought to be the leſs pleas'd with 'em: So that you do not come off with a bare *Saving Game* (as you call it) but have gain'd ſo much Credit at firſt, that you muſt needs ſupport it to the laſt: Since you ſet up with ſo great a Stock of good Senſe, Judgment and Wit, that your Judgment enſures all that your Wit ventures at. The Salt of your Wit has been enough to give a reliſh to the whole inſipid Hotch-Potch it is mingled † with; and you will make *Jacob's Ladder* raiſe you to Immortality, by which others are turn'd off ſhamefully, to their Damnation (for poetick Thieves as they are) who think to be ſav'd by others good Works, how faulty ſoever their own are: But the Coffee-houſe Wits, or rather Anti-Wits, the Critics, prove their Judgments by approving your Wit; and even the News-Mongers and Poets will own, you have more Invention than they; nay, the Detracters or the Envious, who never ſpeak well of any body, (not even of thoſe they think well of in their abſence) yet will give you (even in your abſence) their good Word; and the *Criticks* only hate you,

† *The ſixth Volume of* Tonſon's *Miſcellanies.*

for

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for being forc'd to speak well of you whether they will or no; and all this is true, upon the word of,

Your, &c.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Aug. 11, 1709.

MY Letters, so much inferior to yours, can only make up their scarcity of Sense by their number of Lines; which is like the *Spaniards* paying a debt of Gold with a load of brass Money. But to be a Plain-dealer, I must tell you, I will revenge the raillery of your Letters upon mine, by printing them, (as *Dennis* did mine) *without your knowledge too*, which wou'd be a revenge upon your Judgment, for the raillery of your Wit: For some dull Rogues (that is, the most in the World) might be such Fools as to think what you said of me, was in earnest: It is not the first time, you great Wits have gain'd Reputation by their paradoxical or ironical Praises; your Forefathers have done it, *Erasmus* and others.—— For all Mankind who know me must confess, he must be no ordinary Genius, or little Friend, who can find out any thing to

to commend in me ſeriouſly; who have given no ſign of my Judgment, but my Opinion of yours, nor mark of my Wit, but my leaving off Writing, to the publick, now you are beginning, to ſhew the World, what you can do by yours; whoſe Wit is as ſpiritual as your Judgment infallible; in whoſe Judgment I have an implicit Faith, and ſhall always ſubſcribe to it to ſave my Works in this World, from the Flames and Damnation.——Pray preſent my moſt humble Service to Sir *W. Trumbull*; for whom and whoſe Judgment I have ſo profound a reſpect, that his Example had almoſt made me marry, more than my Nephew's ill Carriage to me; having once reſolv'd to have reveng'd my ſelf upon him by my Marriage, but now am reſolv'd to make my revenge greater upon him by his Marriage.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

April 1, 1710.

I HAVE had yours of the 30th of the laſt Month, which is kinder than I deſire it ſhou'd be, ſince it tells me you cou'd be better pleas'd to be ſick again in Town

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in my company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of Happineſs than of Health; yet, my dear Friend, ſet raillery or compliment aſide, I can bear your abſence (which procures your Health and Eaſe) better than I can your company when you are in Pain; for I cannot ſee you ſo without being ſo too. Your love to the Country I do not doubt, nor do you (I hope) my love to it or you, ſince there I can enjoy your company without ſeeing you in Pain to give me Satisfaction and Pleaſure; there I can have you without Rivals or Diſturbers; without the C——s too civil, or the T——s too rude; without the Noiſe of the Loud, and the Cenſure of the Silent; and wou'd rather have you abuſe me there with the Truth, than at this diſtance with your Compliment: Since now, your buſineſs of a Friend and kindneſs to a Friend, is by finding fault with his Faults, and mending them by your obliging Severity. I hope (in point of your good nature) you will have no cruel Charity for thoſe Papers of mine, you were ſo willing to be troubled with; which I take moſt infinitely kind of you, and ſhall acknowledge with gratitude, as long as I live. No Friend can do more for his Friend than preſerving his Reputation (nay not by preſerving his Life)

ſince

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ſince by preſerving his Life he can only make him live about threeſcore or fourſcore Years; but by preſerving his Reputation, he can make him live as long as the World laſts; ſo ſave him from damning, when he is gone to the Devil: Therefore I pray condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their Accomplices in *Newgate*, to ſave them from condemnation by the Publick. Be moſt kindly unmerciful to my poetical Faults, and do with my Papers, as you Country-gentlemen do with your Trees, flaſh, cut, and lop-off the Excreſcencies and dead Parts of my wither'd Bays, that the little remainder may live the longer, and increaſe the value of them, by diminiſhing the number. I have troubled you with my Papers rather to give you Pain than Pleaſure, notwithſtanding your compliment, which ſays, you take the trouble kindly: Such is the generoſity to your Friends, that you take it kindly to be deſired by them to do them a kindneſs; and you think it done to you, when they give you an opportunity to do it to them. Wherefore you may be ſure to be troubled with my Letters out of Intereſt, if not Kindneſs; ſince mine to you will procure yours to me, ſo that I write to you more for my own ſake than yours; leſs to make you think I write well, than to learn from

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you to write better. Thus you ſee Intereſt in my Kindneſs, which is like the Friendſhip of the World, rather to make a Friend than be a Friend; but I am yours, as a true *Plain-dealer*.

Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

April 11, 1710.

IF I can but do part of my Buſineſs at *Shrewsbury* in a Fortnights time (which I propoſe to do) I will be ſoon after with you, and trouble you with my Company, for the remainder of the Summer: In the mean time I beg you to give your ſelf the pains of altering, or leaving out what you think ſuperfluous in my Papers, that I may endeavour to print ſuch a Number of them as you and I ſhall think fit, about *Michaelmas* next; in order to which (my dear Friend) I beg you to be ſo kind to me, as to be ſevere to them; that the Criticks may be leſs ſo; for I had rather be condemn'd by my Friend in private, than expos'd to my Foes in publick, the Criticks, or common Judges, who are made ſuch by having been old Offenders themſelves. Pray believe I have as much Faith in your Friendſhip

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ſhip and Sincerity, as I have Deference to your Judgment; and as the beſt Mark of a Friend, is telling his Friend his Faults in private, ſo the next is concealing them from the publick, 'till they are fit to appear; in the mean time I am not a little ſenſible of the great kindneſs you do me, in the trouble you take for me, in putting my Rhymes in Tune, ſince good Sounds ſet off often ill Senſe, as the *Italian* Songs, whoſe good Airs, with the worſt Words, or Meaning, make the beſt Muſick; ſo by your tuning my *Welch* Harp, my rough Senſe may be the leſs offenſive to the nicer Ears of thoſe Criticks, who deal more in Sound than Senſe. Pray then take Pity at once both of my Readers and me, in ſhortning my barren Abundance, and increaſing their Patience by it, as well as the Obligations I have to you; and ſince no Madrigaller can entertain the Head, unleſs he pleaſes the Ear; and ſince the crowded Opera's have left the beſt Comedies with the leaſt Audiences, 'tis a ſign Sound can prevail over Senſe; therefore ſoften my Words, and ſtrengthen my Senſe, and

Eris mihi magnus Apollo.

Mr. WYCHERLEY

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Mr. WYCHERLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

April 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your Letter, of the trouble you have undergone for me, in comparing my Papers you took down with you, with the old printed Volume, and with one another of that Bundle you have in your hands; amongſt which (you ſay) you find numerous * repetitions, of the ſame Thoughts and Subjects; all which I muſt confeſs my want of Memory has prevented me from imagining; as well as made me capable of committing them; ſince, of all Figures, that of Tautology, is the laſt I would uſe, or leaſt forgive my ſelf for; but ſeeing is believing; wherefore I will take ſome pains to examine and compare thoſe Papers in your hands, with one another, as well as with the former printed Copies or Books, of my damn'd Miſcellanies; all which (as bad a Memory as I have) with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy; therefore I would not have you give

* *The Truth of this may be ſeen in the whole printed Volume of his* Miſcellanies *in* Folio, *in* 1704, *in almoſt every Page.*

your

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your ſelf more trouble about them, which may prevent the pleaſure you have, and may give the World, in Writing upon new Subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain your ſelf and others. Now as to your Remarks upon the whole Volume of my Papers; all that I deſire of you, is to mark in the Margin (without defacing the Copy at all) either any Repetition of Words, Matter, or Senſe, or any Thoughts, or Words too much repeated; which if you will be ſo kind as to do for me, you will ſupply my *want of Memory*, with your good One, and my *Deficiencies of Senſe*, with the Infallibility of yours; which if you do, you will moſt infinitely oblige me, who almoſt repent the trouble I have given you, ſince ſo much. Now as to what you call Freedom with me, (which you deſire me to forgive) you may be aſſur'd I would not forgive you unleſs you did uſe it; for I am ſo far from thinking your Plainneſs a Fault, or an Offence to me, that I think it a Charity and an Obligation; which I ſhall always acknowledge, with all ſort of Gratitude to you for it, who am therefore

(*Dear Mr.* Pope)

Your moſt obliged humble Servant

W. WYCHERLEY.

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All the News I have to ſend you, is, that poor Mr. *Betterton* is going to make his *Exit* from the Stage of this World, the Gout being gotten up into his Head, and (as the Phyſicians ſay) will certainly carry him off ſuddenly.

Mr. POPE's *Anſwer.*

May 2, 1710.

I AM ſorry you perſiſt to take ill my not accepting your Invitation, and to find (if I miſtake not) your Exception not unmixt with ſome Suſpicion. Be certain I ſhall moſt carefully obſerve your Requeſt, not to croſs over, or deface the Copy of your Papers for the future, and only to mark in the Margin the Repetitions: But as this can ſerve no further than to get rid of thoſe Repetitions, and no way rectify the *Method*, nor *connect* the *Matter*, nor improve the *Poetry* in *Expreſſion* or *Numbers*, without further blotting, adding, and altering; ſo it really is my opinion, and deſire, that you ſhould take your Papers out of my hands into your own; and that no Alterations may be made but when both

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both of us are preſent; when you may be ſatisfied with every Blot, as well as every Addition, and nothing be put upon the Papers, but what you ſhall give your own ſanction and aſſent to, at the ſame time.

Do not be ſo unjuſt, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this Task: On the contrary you know, I have been at the pains of tranſcribing ſome Pieces, at once to comply with your deſire of not defacing the Copy, and yet to loſe no Time in proceeding upon the Correction. I will go on the ſame way if you pleaſe; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my ſincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better Figure as *Single Maxims* and *Reflections* in Proſe, after the manner of your Favourite *Rochefoucaut*, than in Verſe: * And this, when nothing more is done but marking the Repetitions in the Margin, will be an eaſy Task for your ſelf to proceed upon, notwithſtanding the bad Memory you complain of.

I am unfeignedly, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

---

* *But little Progreſs was made in this Deſign, by Mr.* Wycherley, *thro' his old Age, and the Increaſe of his Infirmities. He died* 1715, *and was buried in the Vault of St.* Paul's, *Church* Covent Garden.

LET-

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LETTERS

OF

* Mr. *Walſh* and Mr. *Pope*.

From 1705, to 1707.

Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* WYCHERLEY.

Ap. 20. 1705.

I Return you the † Papers you favour'd me with, and had ſent them to you yeſterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you laſt night my ſelf. I have read them over ſeveral

* *Of* Abberley *in* Worceſterſhire, *Gentleman of the Horſe in Queen* Anne's *reign, Author of ſeveral beautiful pieces in Proſe and Verſe, and in the Opinion of Mr.* Dryden, (*in his Poſtſcript to* Virgil,) *the Beſt Critic of our Nation in his Time.*

† *Mr.* Pope's *Paſtorals.*

times

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times with great satisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned; and the Verses very tender and easy. The Author seems to have a particular Genius for that kind of Poetry, and a Judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the Ancients, but what he has mixt of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. 'Tis no flattery at all to say, that *Virgil* had written nothing so good at his Age*. I shall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him; and if he will give himself the trouble any morning to call at my House, I shall be very glad to read the Verses over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this Letter. I am, *Sir*,

* *Sixteen.*

Your most faithful

and most humble Servant,

W. WALSH.

Mr.

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Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I Receiv'd the favour of your Letter, and ſhall be very glad of the continuance of a correſpondence by which I am like to be ſo great a gainer. I hope when I have the happineſs of ſeeing you again in *London*, not only to read over the Verſes I have now of yours, but more that you have written ſince; for I make no doubt but any one who writes ſo well, muſt write more. Not that I think the moſt voluminous Poets always the beſt, I believe the contrary is rather true. I mention'd ſomewhat to you in *London* of a *Paſtoral Comedy*, which I ſhould be glad to hear you had thought upon ſince. I find *Menage* in his obſervations upon *Taſſo*'s *Aminta*, reckons up fourſcore Paſtoral Plays in *Italian*: And in looking over my old *Italian* Books, I find a great many Paſtorals and Piſcatory Plays, which I ſuppoſe *Menage* reckons together. I find alſo by *Menage*, that *Taſſo* is not the firſt that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him, which he himſelf had never ſeen, nor indeed have I. But as the *Aminta*, *Paſtor Fido*, and *Filli di Sciro* of *Bonarelli* are the three beſt, ſo I think there

is

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is no diſpute but *Aminta* is the beſt of the three: Not but that the Diſcourſes in *Paſtor Fido* are more entertaining and copious in ſeveral peoples opinion, tho' not ſo proper for Paſtoral; and the Fable of *Bonarelli* more ſurprizing. I do not remember many in other Languages, that have written in this kind with ſucceſs. *Racan's Bergeries* are much inferior to his Lyrick Poems; and the *Spaniards* are all too full of Conceits. *Rapin* will have the deſign of Paſtoral Plays to be taken from the *Cyclops* of *Euripides*. I am ſure there is nothing of this kind in *Engliſh* worth mentioning, and therefore you have that Field open to your ſelf. You ſee I write to you without any ſort of conſtraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore pray uſe the ſame freedom with me, who am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* WALSH.

July 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the firſt opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for reviewing thoſe Papers of mine. You have no leſs right to correct me, than the ſame hand that rais'd a Tree has to prune it. I am convinc'd as well as you, that one may correct

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correct too much; for in Poetry as in Painting, a Man may lay Colours one upon another, till they ſtiffen and deaden the Piece. Beſides to beſtow heightning on every part is monſtrous: Some parts ought to be lower than the reſt; and nothing looks more ridiculous, than a Work, where the Thoughts, however different in their own nature, ſeem all on a level: 'Tis like a Meadow newly mown, where *Weeds*, *Graſs*, and *Flowers* are all laid even, and appear undiſtinguiſh'd. I believe too that ſometimes our firſt Thoughts are the beſt, as the firſt ſqueezing of the Grapes makes the fineſt and richeſt Wine.

I have not attempted any thing of Paſtoral Comedy, becauſe I think the Taſte of our Age will not reliſh a Poem of that ſort. People ſeek for what they call *Wit*, on all ſubjects, and in all places; not conſidering that Nature loves Truth ſo well, that it hardly ever admits of flouriſhing: *Conceit* is to Nature what *Paint* is to Beauty; it is not only needleſs, but impairs what it wou'd improve. There is a certain Majeſty in Simplicity which is far above all the Quaintneſs of Wit: inſomuch that the Critics have excluded it from the loftieſt Poetry, as well as the loweſt, and forbid it to the Epic no leſs than the Paſtoral. I ſhou'd certainly diſpleaſe all thoſe who are charm'd with

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with *Guarini* and *Bonarelli*, and imitate *Taſſo* not only in the Simplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the *Fable* too. If ſurpriſing diſcoveries ſhou'd have place in the ſtory of a Paſtoral Comedy, I believe it wou'd be more agreeable to Probability to make them the effects of *Chance* than of *Deſign*; Intrigue not being very conſiſtent with that Innocence, which ought to conſtitute a Shepherd's Character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by meer accident; unleſs it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the *Fountain*, which is the contrivance of *Daphne*, and even that is the moſt ſimple in the world: The contrary is obſervable in *Paſtor Fido*, where *Coriſca* is ſo perfect a Miſtreſs of Intrigue, that the Plot cou'd not have been brought to paſs without her. I am inclin'd to think the Paſtoral Comedy has another diſadvantage, as to the *Manners*: Its general deſign is to make us in love with the Innocence of a rural Life, ſo that to introduce Shepherds of a vicious Character muſt in ſome meaſure debaſe it; and hence it may come to paſs, that even the virtuous Characters will not ſhine ſo much, for want of being oppos'd to their contraries.—— Theſe Thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reaſon to doubt them:

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them: but I hope your Judgment will set me right.

I wou'd beg your opinion too as to another point: It is how far the liberty of *Borrowing* may extend? I have defended it sometimes by saying, that it seems not so much the Perfection of Sense, to say things that have *never* been said before, as to express those *best* that have been said *oftenest*; and that Writers in the case of borrowing from others, are like Trees which of themselves wou'd produce only one sort of Fruit, but by being grafted upon others, may yield variety. A mutual commerce makes Poetry flourish; but then Poets like Merchants, shou'd repay with something of their own what they take from others; not like Pyrates, make prize of all they meet. I desire you to tell me sincerely, if I have not stretch'd this Licence too far in these Pastorals? I hope to become a Critic by your Precepts, and a Poet by your Example. Since I have seen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleas'd with my own; however you have not taken away all my Vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess my self

Yours, &c.

Mr.

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Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

July 20, 1706.

I Had ſooner return'd you thanks for the favour of your Letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an account at the ſame time of my Journey to *Windſor*; but I am now forc'd to put that quite off, being engag'd to go to my Corporation of *Richmond* in *Yorkſhire*. I think you are perfectly in the right in your Notions of Paſtoral, but I am of opinion, that the redundancy of Wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleaſes the common people, is not what ever pleaſes the beſt judges. *Paſtor Fido* indeed has had more admirers than *Aminta*; but I will venture to ſay, there is a great deal of difference between the admirers of one and the other. *Coriſca*, which is a Character generally admir'd by the ordinary judges, is intolerable in a Paſtorl; and *Bonarelli*'s fancy of making his Shepherdeſs in love with two men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you ask of the *Liberty* of *Borrowing*; 'tis very evident the beſt *Latin* Poets have extended this very far; and none ſo far as *Virgil*, who is the beſt

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of them. As for the *Greek* Poets, if we cannot trace them so plainly, 'tis perhaps because we have none before them; 'tis evident that most of them borrow'd from *Homer*, and *Homer* has been accus'd of burning those that wrote before him, that his Thefts might not be discover'd. The best of the modern Poets in all Languages, are those that have the nearest copied the Ancients. Indeed in all the common Subjects of Poetry, the Thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural) that whoever writes last, must write things like what have been said before: But they may as well applaud the Ancients for the Arts of eating and drinking, and accuse the Moderns of having stol'n those Inventions from them; it being evident in all such cases, that whoever live first, must first find them out. 'Tis true, indeed, when

——*unus & alter Assuitur pannus,*

when there is one or two bright Thoughts stol'n, and all the rest is quite different from it, a Poem makes a very foolish figure: But when 'tis all melted down together, and the Gold of the Antients so mixt with that of the Moderns, that none can distinguish the one from the other, I can never find

find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different opinion, and that I have shewn your Verses to some who have made that objection to them. I have so much Company round me while I write this, and such a noise in my ears, that 'tis impossible I should write any thing but Nonsense, so must break off abruptly. I am, Sir,

Your most affectionate

and most humble Servant.

Mr. WALSH *to Mr.* POPE.

Sept. 9, 1706.

AT my return from the North I receiv'd the favour of your Letter, which had lain there till then. Having been absent about six weeks, I read over your Pastorals again, with a great deal of pleasure, and to judge the better read *Virgil*'s Eclogues, and *Spenser*'s Calendar, at the same time; and I assure you I continue the same opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occasions to improve them, 'tis probable you

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will make them yet better against Winter, tho' there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a Man may correct his Verses till he takes away the true Spirit of them; especially if he submits to the correction of some who pass for great Critics, by mechanical Rules, and never enter into the true Design and Genius of an Author. I have seen some of these that would hardly allow any one good Ode in *Horace*, who cry *Virgil* wants fancy, and that *Homer* is very incorrect. While they talk at this rate, one would think them above the common rate of mortals; but generally they are great admirers of *Ovid* and *Lucan*; and when they write themselves, we find out all the Mystery. They scan their Verses upon their Fingers; run after Conceits and glaring Thoughts; their Poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the first may be last, or the last first, without any sort of prejudice to their Works; in which there is no Design, or Method, or any thing Natural or Just. For you are certainly in the right, that in all Writings whatsoever (not Poetry only) *Nature* is to be follow'd, and we shou'd be jealous of our selves for being fond of *Similes*, *Conceits*, and what they call saying *Fine Things*. When we were in the North, my Lord *Wharton* shew'd

me

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me a Letter he had receiv'd from a certain great * General in *Spain*; I told him I wou'd by all means have that General recall'd, and ſet to writing here at home, for it was impoſſible that a Man with ſo much Wit as he ſhew'd, cou'd be fit to command an Army, or do any other Buſineſs. As for what you ſay of Expreſſion: 'tis indeed the ſame thing to Wit, as Dreſs is to Beauty; I have ſeen many Women over-dreſt, and ſeveral look better in a careleſs Night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoiſelle *Spanheim* dreſt for a Ball. I do not deſign to be in *London* till towards the Parliament: then I ſhall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finiſht your Paſtorals as you would have them appear in the world, and particularly the third of *Autumn* which I have not yet ſeen. Your laſt Eclogue being upon the ſame Subject as that of mine on Mrs. *Tempeſt*'s Death, I ſhou'd take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the Memory of the ſame Lady, if they were not written for ſome particular Woman whom you won'd make immortal. You may take occaſion to ſhew the difference between Poets Miſtreſſes, and other Men's. I only hint this,

* *The Earl of* P.

which

which you may either do, or let alone just as you think fit. I shall be very much pleas'd to see you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am with very much esteem,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* WALSH.

Oct. 22, 1706.

AFter the Thoughts I have already sent you on the subject of *English* Versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which tho' not much observed even by correct Versifiers, I cannot but think deserve to be better regarded.

It is not enough that nothing offends the Ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a Style of Sound. As in describing a gliding Stream, the Numbers shou'd run easy and flowing; in describing a rough Torrent or Deluge, sonorous and swelling,

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ling, and ſo of the reſt. This is evident every where in *Homer* and *Virgil*, and no where elſe that I know of to any obſervable degree. The following Examples will make this plain, which I have taken from *Vida*.

Molle viam tacito lapſu per levia radit.
Incedit tardo molimine ſubſidendo.
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras.
Immenſo cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox.
Telum imbelle ſine ictu, Conjecit.
Tolle moras, cape ſaxa manu, cape robora Paſtor,
Ferte citi flammas data teda, repellite peſtem.

This, I think, is what very few obſerve in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful force in imprinting the Image on the reader: We have one excellent Example of it in our Language, Mr. *Dryden*'s Ode on St. *Cæcilia*'s Day, entitled, *Alexander*'s *Feaſt*.

2. Every nice Ear, muſt (I believe) have obſerv'd, that in any ſmooth *Engliſh* Verſe of ten ſyllables, there is naturally a *Pauſe* at the fourth, fifth, or ſixth ſyllable. It is

upon these the Ear rests, and upon the judicious Change and Management of which depends the Variety of Versification. For example,

At the fifth. *Where-e'er thy Navy* || *spreads her canvas Wings,*
At the fourth. *Homage to thee* || *and Peace to all she brings.*
At the sixth. *Like Tracts of Leverets* || *in Morning Snow.*

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauses of the 4th or 6th shou'd not be continu'd above three lines together, without the Interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the Ear with one continu'd Tone, at least it does mine; That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a weight, so tires not so much tho' it be continued longer.

3. Another nicety is in relation to *Expletives*, whether Words or Syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy: *Do* before Verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future Refiners may explode *did* and *does* in the same manner, which are almost always

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us'd for the sake of Rhime. The same Cause has occasioned the promiscuous use of *You* and *Thou* to the same Person; which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the Irruption of *Alexandrine* Verses of twelve syllables, which I think should never be allow'd but when some remarkable Beauty or Propriety in them attones for the Liberty: Mr. *Dryden* has been too free of these, especially in his latter Works. I am of the same opinion as to *Triple Rhimes*.

5. I could equally object to the *Repetition* of the same Rhimes within four or six lines of each other, as tiresome to the Ear thro' their Monotony.

6. *Monosyllable-Lines*, unless very artfully managed, are stiff, or languishing: but may be beautiful to express Melancholy, Slowness, or labour.

7. To come to the *Hiatus*, or Gap between two words which is caus'd by two Vowels opening on each other (upon which you desire me to be particular) I think the rule in this case is either to use the *Cæsura*, or admit the *Hiatus*, just as the Ear is least shock'd

ſhock'd by either: For the *Ceſura* ſometimes offends the Ear more than the *Hiatus* itſelf, and our language is naturally overcharg'd with Conſonants: As for example; If in this Verſe,

The Old have Int'reſt ever in their Eye,

we ſhould ſay, to avoid the *Hiatus*,

But th' Old have Int'reſt ——

The *Hiatus* which has the worſt effect, is when one word ends with the ſame Vowel that begins the following; and next to this, thoſe Vowels whoſe ſounds come neareſt to each other are moſt to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful Sound than E, I, or Y. I know ſome people will think theſe Obſervations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by ſome great Authorities, which I have met with in *Tully* and *Quintilian*. In the fourth Book of Rhetoric to *Herennius*, are theſe words: *Fugiemus creberas Vocalium concurſiones, quæ vaſtam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc eſt, Baccæ æneæ ameniſſimæ impendebant.* And Quintilian *l.* 9. *cap.* 4. *Vocalium concurſus cum accidit, hiat & interſiſtit, ut quaſi laborat oratio. Peſſimi longè quæ eaſdem inter*

ſe literas committunt, ſonabunt: Præcipuus tamen erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patula ore efferuntur. E plenior littera eſt, I angu-ſtior. But he goes on to reprove the exceſs on the other hand of being too ſollicitous in this matter, and ſays admirably, *Neſcio an negligentia in hoc, aut ſolicitudo ſit pejor.* So likewiſe *Tully* (*Orator ad Brut.*) *Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etſi idem magiſter ejus Iſocrates:* which laſt Author, as *Turnebus* on *Quintilian* obſerve, has hardly one *Hiatus* in all his Works. *Quintilian* tells us that *Tully* and *Demoſthenes* did not much obſerve this Nicety, tho' *Tully* himſelf ſays in his Orator, *Crebra iſta Vocum concurſio, quam magna ex parte vitioſam, fugit Demoſthenes.* If I am not miſtaken, *Malherbe* of all the Moderns has been the moſt ſcrupulous in this point; and I think *Menage* in his Obſervations upon him ſays, he has not one in his Poems. To conclude, I believe the *Hiatus* ſhould be avoided with more care in Poetry than in Oratory; and I would conſtantly try to prevent it, unleſs where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the Sound than the *Hiatus* itſelf. *I am*, &c.

Mr. Walſh *died at* 49 *Years old, in the Year* 1708. *The Year after, Mr.* Pope *writ the* Eſſay on Criticiſm, *which he concludes with this Gentleman's Elogie.*

LET-

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LETTERS TO Several LADIES.

LETTER I.

Madam,

I Send you the book of Rudiments of *Drawing*, which you were pleas'd to command, and think my self oblig'd to inform you at the same time of one of the many excellencies you possess without knowing of 'em. You are but too good a Painter already; and no Picture of *Raphael's* was ever so beautiful, as that which you have form'd in a certain heart of my acquaintance. Indeed it was but just that the finest

fineſt lines in nature ſhou'd be drawn upon the moſt durable ground, and none cou'd ever be met with that wou'd ſo readily receive, or ſo faithfully retain them, as this Heart. I may boldly ſay of it that you will not find its fellow in all the *Parts* of the *Body* in this book. But I muſt complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant traitor to my heart; for having been copying your picture from thence and from *Kneller* theſe three days, it has done all poſſible injury to the fineſt Face that ever was made, and to the livelieſt Image that ever was drawn. I have imagination enough in your abſence, to trace ſome reſemblance of you; but I have been ſo long us'd to loſe my judgment at the ſight of you, that 'tis paſt my power to correct it by the life. Your Picture ſeems leaſt like when plac'd before your eyes, and contrary to all other pictures receives a manifeſt diſadvantage by being ſet in the faireſt Light in the world. The Painters are a very vain generation, and have a long time pretended to rival Nature; but to own the truth to you, ſhe made ſuch a finiſh'd piece about three and twenty years ago, (I beg your pardon Madam, I proteſt I meant but two and twenty) that 'tis in vain for them any longer to contend with her. I know You indeed made one ſomething like it, betwixt

five

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five and six years past: 'Twas a little girl, done with abundance of spirit and life; and wants nothing but time to be an admirable piece: But not to flatter your work, I don't think 'twill ever come up to what your Father made. However I wou'd not discourage you; 'tis certain you have a strange happiness, in making fine things of a sodden and at a stroke, with incredible ease and pleasure.

Madam, I am, &c.

LETTER II.

IT is too much a rule in this town, that when a Lady has once done a man a favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our Sex to take upon us twice as much as yours allow us: By this method I may write to you most impudently, because you once answer'd me modestly; and if you shou'd never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true Coxcomb) that your silence gives consent. Perhaps you wonder why this is address'd to you rather than to Mrs. *M*—— with whom I have the right of an old acquaintance, whereas you are a

fine

fine Lady, have bright eyes, &c. First Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your Mother, becauſe you are younger than your Mother. Secondly, becauſe I fancy you ſpell better, as having been at ſchool later. Thirdly, becauſe you have nothing to do but to write if you pleaſe, and poſſibly it may keep you from employing your ſelf worſe: it may ſave ſome honeſt neighbouring Gentleman from three or four of your peſtilent glances. Caſt your eyes upon Paper, Madam, there you may look innocently: Men are ſeducing, books are dangerous, the amorous one's ſoften you, and the godly one's give you the ſpleen: If you look upon trees, they claſp in embraces; birds and beaſts make love; the Sun is too warm for your blood, the Moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I ſay once more, caſt your eyes upon Paper, and read only ſuch Letters as I write, which convey no darts, no flames, but proceed from Innocence of ſoul, and ſimplicity of heart. However, I can allow you a Bonnet lin'd with green for your eyes, but take care you don't tarniſh it with ogling too fiercely: I am told, that hand you ſhade your ſelf with this ſhining weather, is tann'd pretty much, only with being carried over thoſe Eyes — thank God I am an hundred miles off from them —

Upon

Upon the whole I wou'd ſooner truſt your hand than your Eyes for doing me miſchief; and tho' I doubt not ſome part of the rancour and iniquity of your heart will drop into your pen, yet ſince it will not attack me on a ſudden and unprepar'd, ſince I may have time while I break open your letter to croſs my ſelf and ſay a *Paternoſter*, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this diſtance. Mr. *B*—— tells me you are at this hour as handſome as an Angel, for my part I have forgot your face ſince two winters, I don't know whether you are tall or ſhort, nor can tell in any reſpect what ſort of creature you are, only that you are a very miſchievous one whom I ſhall ever pray to be defended from. But when Mr. *B*——— ſends me word you have the ſmall pox, a good many freckles, or are very pale, I will deſire him to give thanks for it in your Pariſh Church, which as ſoon as he ſhall inform me he has done I will make you a viſit at ——without Armour: I will eat any thing you give me without ſuſpicion of poyſon, take you by the hand without gloves, nay venture to follow you into an arbour without calling the company. This Madam is the top of my wiſhes, but how differently are our deſires inclined! You ſigh out, in the ardour of

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your heart, Oh Play-houſes, Parks, Opera's, Aſſemblies, *London!* I cry with rapture, Oh Woods, Gardens, Rookeries, Fiſh-ponds, Arbours! Mrs. *Betty M*-----

LETTER III.

To a Lady, written on the oppoſite pages of a Letter to her Husband from Lady M.

THE Wits would ſay, that this muſt needs be a dull Letter, becauſe it is a marry'd one. I am afraid indeed you will find what Spirit there is muſt be on the ſide of the Wife, and the Husband's part as uſual will prove the dulleſt. What an unequal Pair are put together in this ſheet? in which tho' we ſin, it is you muſt do penance. When you look on both ſides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expreſſion) are as a *Two-edg'd Sword*, whereof Lady *M.* is the ſhining blade and I only the Handle. But I can't proceed without ſo far mortifying Sir *Robert* as to tell him, that ſhe writes this purely in obedience to

G me,

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me, and that it is but one of thoſe honours a Husband receives for the ſake of his Wife.

It is making court ill to one fine Woman to ſhew her the regard we have for another; and yet I muſt own there is not a period of this Epiſtle but ſquints toward another over-againſt it. It will be in vain to diſſemble: Your penetrating Eyes cannot but diſcover how all the letters that compoſe theſe words lean forward after Lady *M*'s letters, which ſeem to bend as much from mine, and fly from them as faſt as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themſelves to another man in the very preſence of him who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget my ſelf, and am not writing to you; but let me tell you, 'tis you forget your ſelf in that thought, for you are almoſt the only Woman to whom one can ſafely addreſs the praiſes of another. Beſides can you imagine a Man of my importance ſo ſtupid, as to ſay fine things to you before your Husband? Let us ſee how far Lady *M.* her ſelf dares do any thing like it, with all the wit and addreſs ſhe is miſtreſs of. If Sir *Robert* can be ſo ignorant (now he is left to himſelf in the country) to imagine any ſuch matter, let him know from me, that here in town every

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every thing that Lady ſays, is taken for Satire. For my part, every body knows it is my conſtant practice to ſpeak Truth; and I never do it more than when I call my ſelf.

Your, &c.

LETTER IV.

To a Lady in the Name of her Brother.

IF you have not a chaſte ear and a pure heart do not peruſe this Letter, for as *Jeremy Taylor* ſays in his *holy living and dying*, the firſt thing a Virgin ought to endeavour, is to be ignorant of the *diſtinction* of *Sexes*.

It is in the confidence I have that you are thus innocent, that I endeavour to gratify your curioſity in a point in which I am ſenſible none but a Brother could do it with decency.

I ſhall entertain you with the moſt reigning Curioſity in the town, I mean a Perſon who is equally the toaſt of gentlemen and ladies, and is at preſent more univerſally admired than any of either Sex: You know

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few proficients have a greater genius for Monſters than my ſelf; but I never taſted a monſter to that degree I have done this creature: It was not, like other monſters, produced in the Deſarts of *Arabia*, nor came from the country of the *Great Mogul*, but is the production of the joint-endeavours of a *Kentiſh* Parſon and his Spouſe, who intended in the ſingleneſs of heart to have begot a chriſtian but of one ſex, and providence has ſent them one of two.

There are various opinions concerning this Creature about town, Mr. *Cromwell* obſerves that the Age is very licentious, and the preſent Reign very lewd and corrupt, in permitting a Lady *by Authoriy* (as appears by the printed bills) to expoſe her perſonal curioſities for a ſhilling.

Mr. *P.* looks upon it as a Prodigy portending ſome great Revolution in the State: to ſtrengthen which opinion he produces the following Prophecy of *Noſtradamus*, which he explains politically.

When as two Sexes join'd in One,
Shall in the Realm of Brute *be ſhown;*
Then Factions ſhall unite, if I know,
To chooſe a Prince Jure Divino.
This prodigy of common Gender
Is neither Sex but a Pretender,
So the Lord ſhield the Faith's Defender.

Mrs.

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Mrs. *N*—— admires what people wonder at ſo much? and ſays ſhe is juſt ſo her ſelf: The Ducheſs of *S*—— is of the ſame opinion.

Among theſe various conjectures, that I might be informed of the truth, I took along with me a Phyſician and a Divine, the one to inſpect the ſtate of its Body, the other to examine that of its Mind: The perſons I made choice of were the ingenious Dr. *P*— and the reverend Mr. —— We were no ſooner in the room but the Party came to us dreſt in that habit in which the Ladies affect an Hermophroditical imitation of Men——your ſharp wit, my dear Siſter, will immediately conclude that I mean a Riding-habit.

I think it not material to inform you, whether the Doctor, the Divine, or my ſelf look'd firſt. The Prieſt you will maliciouſly fancy was in his nature moſt an Infidel, and doubted moſt of this Miracle; we therefore propos'd to him to take the ſureſt method of believing, ſeeing and feeling: He comply'd with both admonitions, and having taken a large pinch of ſnuff upon it, adviſ'd us with a nod, that we ſhould by no means regard it as a Female but as a Male, for by ſo doing we ſhould be guilty of leſs ſinfulneſs.

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The Doctor upon inſpection differ'd from this opinion, he wou'd by no means allow it a miracle, or at moſt a natural one: He ſaid upon the whole it was a woman; that whatever might give a handle to think otherwiſe, was a trifle, nothing being more common than for a child to be mark'd with that thing which the mother long'd for.

As for this Party's temper of mind, it appears to be a moſt even diſpoſition, partaking of the good qualities of both ſexes; for ſhe is neither ſo inacceſſible as other Ladies, nor is he ſo impudent as other Gentlemen. Of how obliging and complaiſant a turn appears by this, that he tells the Ladies he has the Inclinations of a Gentleman, and that ſhe tells the Gentlemen ſhe has the *Tendre* of a Lady. As a further proof of this affable diſpoſition, he formerly receiv'd viſits of the fair ſex in their maſques, till an impertinent fellow in a female diſguiſe mingled with a party of ladies, and impudently overheard their improving Speculations.

Notwithſtanding this, ſhe civilly promiſed at my requeſt, that my two ſiſters ſhould be admitted privately whenever you wou'd do her the honour of your conſideration.

How

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How agreeable ſoever this ſight has been to me, I aſſure you it cannot be ſo pleaſing as the ſight of you in town, and whatever you may ſee in the country, I dare affirm no man or woman can ſhew you the like.

I therefore earneſtly deſire you to make haſte to this place; for tho' indeed like moſt other brothers, I ſhould be ſorry you were married at my expence, yet I would by no means, like them, detain you in the country from your admirers, for you may believe me, no brother in the world ever lov'd a ſiſter as I do you.

I am, &c.

LETTER V.

Bath, 1714.

YOU are to underſtand, Madam, that my paſſion for your fair ſelf and your ſiſter, has been divided with the moſt wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to *Bath* fell out in the three hundred ſeventy ſixth week of the Reign of my Sovereign Lady *Sylvia*. At the

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preſent writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty ninth week of the Reign of your moſt Serene Majeſty, in whoſe ſervice I was liſted ſome weeks before I beheld your Siſter. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either ſhall happen to be Queen-Regent at that time.

Pray tell your ſiſter, all the good qualities and virtuous inclinations ſhe has, never gave me ſo much pleaſure in her converſation, as that one vice of her obſtinacy will give me mortification this month. *Ratcliff* commands her to the *Bath*, and ſhe refuſes! indeed if I were in *Berkſhire* I ſhould honour her for this obſtinacy, and magnify her no leſs for diſobedience than we do the *Barcelonians*. But people change with the change of places (as we ſee of late) and virtues become vices when they ceaſe to be for one's intereſt, with me, as with others.

Yet let me tell her, ſhe will never look ſo finely while ſhe is upon earth, as ſhe would here in the water. It is not here as in moſt other inſtances, for thoſe Ladies that would pleaſe extremely, muſt go *out* of their own element. She does not make half ſo good a figure on horſeback as *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden*; but were ſhe once ſeen in the Bath, no man wou'd part with her

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her for the beſt Mermaid in chriſtendom. You know I have ſeen you often, I perfectly know how you look in black and in white; I have experienc'd the utmoſt you can do in colours; but all your movements, all your graceful ſteps, deſerve not half the glory you might here attain, of a moving and eaſy behaviour in *Buckram*: Something between ſwimming and walking, free enough, and more modeſtly-half-naked, than you can appear any where elſe. You have conquer'd enough already by land; ſhow your ambition, and vanquiſh alſo by water. We have no pretty Admirals on theſe Seas, but muſt ſtrike ſails to your white Flags, were they once hoiſted up. The Buckram I mention is a dreſs particularly uſeful at this time, when we are told the Princeſs is bringing over the faſhion of *German* Ruffs: You ought to uſe your ſelves to ſome degrees of ſtiffneſs beforehand. And when our Ladies chins have been tickled a-while with ſtarch'd muſlin and wire, they may poſſibly bear the bruſh of a *German* beard and whisker.

I cou'd tell you a delightful ſtory of Dr. *P.* but want room to diſplay it in all its ſhining circumſtances. He had heard it was an excellent cure for Love, to kiſs the Aunt of the perſon beloved, who is generally of years and experience enough to damp

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damp the fierceſt flame: he try'd this courſe in his paſſion, and kiſs'd Mrs. *E*—— at Mr. *D*——'s, but he ſays it will not do, and that he loves you as much as ever.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

To the ſame.

IF you ask how the waters agree with me, I muſt tell you, ſo very well, that I queſtion how you and I ſhould agree if we were in a room by our ſelves? Mrs. *T.* has honeſtly aſſured me, that but for ſome whims which ſhe can't entirely conquer, ſhe would go and ſee the world with me in man's cloaths. Even you, *Madam*, I fancy (if you wou'd not partake in our adventures) would wait our coming in at the evening with ſome impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear 'em by the fire-ſide. That would be better than reading Romances, unleſs Lady *M.* would be our Hiſtorian; for as ſhe is married, ſhe has probably leiſure hours in the night-time, to write or do what ſhe will in. What raiſes theſe deſires in me, is an acquaintance I am beginning

ginning with my Lady *Sandwich*, who has all the ſpirit of the laſt age, and all the gay experience of a pleaſurable life. It were as ſcandalous an omiſſion to come to the *Bath* and not to ſee my Lady *Sandwich*, as it had formerly been to have travell'd to *Rome* without viſiting the Queen of *Sweeden*. She is, in a word, the beſt thing this Country has to boaſt of; and as ſhe has been all that a woman of ſpirit could be, ſo ſhe ſtill continues that eaſy and independent creature that a ſenſible woman always will be.

I muſt tell you a truth, which is not however much to my credit. I never thought ſo muſt of your ſelf and your ſiſter, as ſince I have been fourſcore miles diſtance from you. In the Foreſt I look'd upon you as good neighbours, at *London* as pretty kind of women, but here as divinities, angels, goddeſſes, or what you will. In the ſame manner I never knew at what a rate I valu'd your life, till you were upon the point of dying. If Mrs. *T.* and you will but fall very ſick every ſeaſon, I ſhall certainly die for you. Seriouſly I value you both ſo much that I eſteem others much the leſs for your ſakes; you have robb'd me of the pleaſure of eſteeming a thouſand pretty qualities in them, by ſhowing me ſo many finer in your

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your ſelves. There are but two things in the world which could make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of, I mean Ill-nature and malice. I have ſeen enough of you not to overlook any Frailty you cou'd have, and nothing leſs than a Vice can make me like you leſs. I expect you ſhou'd diſcover by my conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you ſhould pardon a thouſand things in me for that one diſpoſition. Expect nothing from me but truths and freedom, and I ſhall always be thought by you what I always am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

To the ſame.

I Return'd home as ſlow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord ——— retir'd from the Court and Glory to his Country ſeat and Wife, a week ago. I found here a diſmal deſponding letter from the ſon of another great

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great Courtier who expects the same fate, and who tells me the great one's of the earth will now take it very kindly of the mean one's, if they will favour them with a visit by Day-light. With what Joy wou'd they lay down all their schemes of glory, did they but know you have the generosity to drink their healths once a day, as soon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy by the sole merit of their misfortunes, become the care of heaven and you. I intended to have put this last into Verse, but in this age of Ingratitude my best friends forsake me, I mean my rhymes.

I desire Mrs. *P*—— to stay her stomach with these half hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to satisfy her great Soul with Adventures. As for Novels, I fear she can depend upon none from me but That of *my Life*, which I am still, as I have been, contriving all possible methods to shorten, for the greater ease both of my Historian and the Reader. May she believe all the passion and tenderness express'd in these Romances to be but a faint image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing) take the same truth upon hearing it from me; you will both injure me very much, if you don't think me a truer friend than ever any romantick

mantick lover, or any imitator of their ſtyle could be.

The days of Beauty are as the days of Greatneſs, and as long as your Eyes make their ſunſhine, all the world are your adorers: I am one of thoſe unambitious people, who will love you forty years hence, when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, for your own ſakes, and without the vanity which every one now will take to be thought

Your, &c.

LETTER VIII.

YOU have ask'd me News a hundred times at the firſt word you ſpoke to me, which ſome would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my lips: And truly 'tis not a ſign two Lovers are together, when they can be ſo impertinent as to enquire what the world does? All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to gueſs which of the two is that ſtupid and inſenſible creature, ſo blind to the other's excellencies and charms?

This

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This then ſhall be a letter of News; and ſure if you did not think me the humbleſt creature in the world, you could never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a brother of *Dawks* and *Dyer*, from a rival of *Tate* and *Brady*.

The Earl of *Oxford* has behaved ſo bravely, that in this act at leaſt he might ſeem above Man, if he had not juſt now voided a Stone to prove him ſubject to human infirmities. The utmoſt weight of affliction from princely power and popular hatred, were almoſt worth bearing, for the glory of ſuch a dauntleſs conduct as he has ſhewn under it.

You may ſoon have your wiſh, to enjoy the gallant ſights of armies, incampments, ſtandards waving over your brother's cornfields, and the pretty windings of the *Thames* about *M*—— ſtain'd with the blood of men. Your barbarity, which I have heard ſo long exclaim'd againſt in town and country, may have its fill of deſtruction. I would not add one circumſtance uſual in all deſcriptions of calamity, that of the many Rapes committed or to be committed, upon thoſe unfortunate women that *delight in war*. But God forgive me—— in this martial age, if I could, I would buy a regiment for your ſake and Mrs. *P*——'s and ſome others, whom I have cauſe

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cauſe to fear no fair means will prevail upon.

Thoſe eyes that care not how much miſchief is done, or how great ſlaughter committed, ſo they have but a fine Show; thoſe very-female eyes will be infinitely delighted with the camp which is ſpeedily to be form'd in *Hyde-Park*. The tents are carried thither this morning, new regiments, with new cloths and furniture (far exceeding the late cloth and linnen deſign'd by his *Grace* for the ſoldiery) The ſight of ſo many galliant fellows, with all the pomp and glare of War yet undeform'd by Battle, thoſe Scenes which *England* has for many years only beheld on Stages, may poſſibly invite your curioſity to this place.

Mrs.—— expects the Pretender at her lodgings by *Saturday* ſe'nnight. She has bought a picture of Madam *Maintenon* to ſet her features by againſt that time. Three Prieſts of your acquaintance are very poſitive, by her intereſt to be his Father Confeſſor.

By our lateſt accounts from *Dukeſtreet*, *Weſtminſter*, the converſion of *T. G.* Eſq; is reported in a manner ſomewhat more particular: That upon the ſeizure of his *Flanders-Mares*, he ſeem'd more than ordinarily diſturb'd for ſome hours, ſent for his ghoſtly father, and reſolv'd to bear his loſs

loſs like a Chriſtian; till about the hours of ſeven or eight the coaches and horſes of ſeveral of the Nobility paſſing by the window towards *Hyde-Park*, he could no longer endure the diſapointment, but inſtantly went out, took the Oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear Horſes which carry'd him in triumph to the *Ring*. The poor diſtreſſed *Roman Catholicks*, now unhors'd and un-charioted, cry out with the Pſalmiſt, *ſome in Chariots and ſome in Horſes, but we will invocate the name of the Lord.*

I am, &c.

LETTER IX.

I Will not deſcribe *B.*---- in particular, not to foreſtall your expectations before you ſee it: Only take a ſhort account, which I will hazard my little credit is no unjuſt one. I never ſaw ſo great a thing with ſo much littleneſs in it: I think the Architect built it entirely in compliance to the taſte of its Owners: For it is the moſt inhoſpitable thing imaginable, and the moſt ſelfiſh: it has, like their own hearts, no room for ſtrangers, and no reception for any perſon of ſuperior quality to themſelves. There are but two Apartments, for

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the Maſter and Miſtreſs, below; and but two apartments above (very much inferior to them) in the whole Houſe. When you look upon the outſide, you'd think it large enough for a Prince; when you ſee the inſide, it is too little for a Subject; and has not conveniency to lodge a common family. It is a houſe of Entries and Paſſages; among which there are three Viſta's through the whole, very uſeleſsly handſome. There is what might have been a fine Gallery, but ſpoil'd by two Arches towards the End of it, which take away the ſight of ſeveral of the windows. There are two ordinary ſtair-caſes inſtead of one great one. The beſt things within the houſe, are the Hall, which is indeed noble and well-proportion'd; and the cellars and offices under-ground, which are the moſt commodious, and the beſt contrived of the whole. At the top of the Building are ſeveral Cupola's and little Turrets that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What ſeems of the beſt taſte, is that Front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with theſe turrets. The two Sides of the building are intirely ſpoil'd by two monſtrous bow-windows which ſtand juſt in the middle, inſtead of doors: And as if it were fatal

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that ſome trifling littleneſs ſhould every where deſtroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two ſemicircles of a lower ſtructure than the reſt, that cut off the angles, and look as if they were purpoſely deſign'd to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a moſt expenſive abſurdity; and the Duke of *Shrewsbury* gave a true character of it, when he ſaid, it was a great *Quarry of Stones above ground.*

We paid a viſit to the ſpring where *Roſamond* bathed her ſelf, on a hill where remains only a piece of a wall of the old Palace of *Henry* the Second. We toaſted her ſhade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, ſcarce ſo cold as the liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were, and ſo haſten to conclude,

Your, &c.

LETTER X.

YOU can't be ſurprized to find him a dull correſpondent whom you have known ſo long for a dull companion. And tho' I am pretty ſenſible, that if I have any wit, I may as well write to ſhow

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it, as not; (becauſe any Lady that has once ſeen me, will naturally ask, what I can ſhow that is better?) yet I'll content my ſelf with giving you as plain a hiſtory of my pilgrimage, as *Purchas* himſelf, or as *John Bunyan* could do of his *walking through the wilderneſs of this world*, &c.

Firſt then I went by water to *Hampton-Court*, unattended by all but my own virtues; which were not of ſo modeſt a nature as to keep themſelves, or me, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his Ladies on horſeback, coming from hunting. Mrs. *B*——— and Mrs. *L* ——— took me into protection (contrary to the laws againſt harbouring Papiſts) and gave me a dinner, with ſomething I lik'd better, an opportunity of converſation with Mrs. *H*——. We all agreed that the life of a Maid of Honour, was of all things the moſt miſerable; and wiſh'd that every woman who envy'd it had a ſpecimen of it. To eat *Weſtphalia*-Ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrow'd Hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worſe a hundred times) with a red mark in the forehead from an uneaſy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for Fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-

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complexion'd children. As ſoon as they can wipe off the ſweat of the day, they muſt ſimper an hour and catch cold, in the Princeſs's apartment; from thence (as *Shakeſpear* has it) *To dinner, with what appetite they may* —— and, after that, 'till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they pleaſe? I can eaſily believe, no lone-houſe in *Wales*, with a Mountain and a Rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you, Mrs. *L*—— walk'd all alone with me three or four Hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any Quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall.

In ſhort, I heard of no Ball, Aſſembly, Baſſet-Table, or any place where two or three were gathered together, except Madam *Kilmanſegg*'s, to which I had the honour to be invited, and the grace to ſtay away.

I was heartily tired, and poſted to *B*— Park; there we had an excellent Diſcourſe of Quackery: Dr. *Shadwell* was mentioned with honour. Lady *A* walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at leaſt in the time I ſtay'd, tho' ſhe ſeemed to be fainting, and had convulſive motions ſeveral times in her head.

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This day I received a Letter with certain advices were women were to be met with at *Oxford*. I defy them and all their works: I love no meat but Ortolans, and no women but you: tho' indeed that's no proper compariſon, but for fat Ducheſs's; for to love You, is as if one ſhould wiſh to eat Angels, or to drink Cherubim-broth.

I arriv'd in the foreſt by *Tueſday* noon, having fled from the face (I wiſh I could ſay the horned face) of *Moſes B*——, who dined in the mid-way thither. I paſt the reſt of the day in thoſe Woods where I have ſo often enjoyed a Book and a Friend. I made a Hymn as I paſſed thro', which ended with a ſigh that I will not tell you the meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his patients, and was hard put to it how to diſpoſe of an eſtate miſerably unweildy, and ſplendidly unuſeful to him. Sir *Samuel Garth* ſays, that for *Ratcliffe* to leave a Library, was as if a Eunuch ſhould found a Seraglio. Dr. *Sh*——— lately told a Lady he wonder'd ſhe could be alive after him: ſhe made anſwer; She wonder'd at it for two reaſons, becauſe Dr. *Ratcliffe* was dead, and becauſe Dr. *Sh*——— was living. I am

Your, &c.

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LETTER XI.

To the Same.

NOthing could have more of that melancholy which once uſed to pleaſe me, than my laſt days journey; for after having paſs'd through my favorite Woods in the foreſt, with a thouſand Reveries of paſt pleaſures: I rid over hanging hills, whoſe tops were edg'd with groves, and whoſe feet water'd with winding rivers, liſtning to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: The gloomy verdure of *Stonor* ſucceeded to theſe; and then the ſhades of the evening overtook me. The Moon roſe in the cleareſt sky I ever ſaw, by whoſe ſolemn light I paced on ſlowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reach'd *Oxford*, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college anſwered one another; and ſounded forth (ſome in a deeper, ſome in a ſofter tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led ſince, among thoſe old walls, venerable galleries, ſtone portico's, ſtudious walks,

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and ſolitary ſcenes of the Univerſity. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a ſalary, to be as meer a bookworm as any there. I conform'd myſelf to the College hours, was roll'd up in books, lay in one of the moſt antient, dusky parts of the Univerſity, and was as dead to the world as any Hermit of the deſart. If any thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity; ſuch as even thoſe good men us'd to entertain, when the Monks *of their own Order* extoll'd their piety and abſtraction. For I found my ſelf receiv'd with a ſort of reſpect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own ſpecies; who are as conſiderable here, as the buſy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

Indeed I was treated in ſuch a manner, that I could not but ſometimes ask my ſelf in my mind, what College I was founder of, or what Library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a figure, and from ſeeing my ſelf ſeated with dignity in the moſt conſpicuous ſhelves of a library: put myſelf into the abject poſture of lying at a Lady's feet in St. *James*'s ſquare.

I will not deny, but that like *Alexander*, in the midſt of my glory I am wounded, and find myſelf a meer man. To tell you

from

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from whence the dart comes, is to no purpoſe, ſince neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and ſuck the poiſon with your lips.

Here, at my Lord *H*——'s, I ſee a creature nearer an angel than a woman, (tho' a woman be very near as good as an angel;) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. *T*—— as a credit to the Maker of Angels; ſhe is a relation of his Lordſhip's, and he gravely propos'd her to me for a Wife; being tender of her Intereſts, and knowing (what is a ſhame to Providence) that ſhe is leſs indebted to Fortune than I. I told him 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune to be blind, and what I never could think of, while I had eyes to ſee both her and myſelf.

I muſt not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmoſt in the affair you deſire. It would be an inexpreſſible joy to me if I could ſerve you, and I will always do all I can to give my ſelf pleaſure. I wiſh as well for you as for my ſelf; I am in love with you both as much as I am with my ſelf, for I find my ſelf moſt ſo with all three, when I leaſt ſuſpect it.

I am, *&c.*

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LETTER XII.

To Mrs. Arabella Fermor *on her Marriage.*

YOU are by this time ſatisfy'd how much the tenderneſs of one man of merit is to be preferr'd to the addreſſes of a thouſand. And, by this time, the Gentleman you have made choice of is ſenſible, how great is the joy of having all thoſe charms and good qualities which have pleas'd ſo many, now apply'd to pleaſe one only. It was but juſt, that the ſame Virtues which gave you reputation, ſhould give you happineſs; and I can wiſh you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a degree your ſelf, as ſo much good humour muſt infallibly give it to your husband.

It may be expected perhaps, that one who has the title of Poet, ſhould ſay ſomething more polite on this occaſion: But I am really more a well-wiſher to your felicity, than a celebrater of your beauty. Beſides, you are now a married woman, and in a way to be a great many better things than a fine Lady; ſuch as an excellent wife, a faithful friend, a tender parent, and at laſt

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laſt, as the conſequence of them all, a ſaint in heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever deſired to hear (whatever others may have ſpoken to you) I mean *Truth*: And it is with the utmoſt that I aſſure you, no friend you have can more rejoice in any good that befalls you, is more ſincerely delighted with the proſpect of your future happineſs, or more unfeignedly deſires a long continuance of it. I beg you will think it but juſt, that a man who will certainly be ſpoken of as your admirer, after he is dead, may have the happineſs to be eſteem'd while he is living

Your, &c.

LETTER XIII.

THE chief cauſe I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your Siſter's ſtate of health. I really expected by every poſt to have heard of her recovery, but on the contrary each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehenſions, and I have ever ſince ſuffer'd allarms upon allarms on her account. No one can be more ſenſibly touch'd at this than I; nor

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nor any danger of any I love cou'd affect me with more uneasiness (tho' as I never had a sister I can't be quite so good a judge as you, how far humanity wou'd carry me) I have felt some weaknesses of a tender kind, which I would not be free from, and I am glad to find my value for people so rightly plac'd, as to perceive them on this occasion.

I cannot be so good a Christian as to be willing (tho' no less than God should order it) to resign my own happiness here for her's in another life. I do more than wish for her safety, for every wish I make I find immediately chang'd into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learn'd to make till now.

May her Life be longer and happier than perhaps her self may desire, that is, as long and as happy as your self can wish: May her Beauty be as great as possible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is: but whatever ravages a mercileſs distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of visits and complements dare to do; she shall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, Madam, you have me so more than ever, since I have been a witness to the generous tenderness you have shewn upon this occasion.

Your, &c. LET-

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LETTER XIV.

IT is with infinite ſatisfaction I am made acquainted that your brother will at laſt prove your relation, and has entertain'd ſuch ſentiments as become him in your concern. I have been prepar'd for this by degrees, having ſeveral times receiv'd from Mrs. ---- that which is one of the greateſt pleaſures, the knowledge that others enter'd into my own ſentiments concerning you. I ever was of opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known; and like Truth, cou'd appear no where but you muſt conquer. As I have often condol'd with you in your adverſities, ſo I have a right which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the proſpect of your better fortunes; and I hope for the future to have the concern I have felt for you overpaid in your felicities. Tho' you modeſtly ſay the world has left you, yet I verily believe it is coming to you again as faſt as it can: For to give the world its due, it is always very fond of Merit when 'tis paſt its power to oppoſe it. Therefore if you ſhould take it into favour again upon its repentance, and continue in it, you would be ſo far from leading

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leading what is commonly call'd an unsettled life (and what you with too much unjust severity call a vagabond Life) that the wise cou'd only look upon you as a Prince in a progress, who travels to gain the affections he has not, or to fix those he already has; which he effectually does wherever he shews himself. But if you are resolv'd in revenge to rob the world of so much example as you may afford it, I believe your design will be vain; for even in a Monastery your devotions cannot carry you so far towards the next world as to make This lose the sight of you, but you'll be like a Star, that while it is fix'd to Heaven shines over all the Earth.

Whereseoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest wishes, and my best thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me or them. Your own guardian Angels cannot be more constant, nor more silent. I beg you will never cease to think me your friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an Injustice. As I have hitherto been so in spite of the world, so hereafter, if it be possible you shou'd ever be more opposed, and more deserted, I should only be so much the more

Your faithful, &c. LET-

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LETTER XV.

I Can ſay little to recommend the Letters I ſhall write to you, but that they will be the moſt impartial repreſentations of a free heart, and the trueſt copies you ever ſaw, tho' of a very mean original. Not a feature will be ſoften'd, or any advantageous light employ'd to make the ugly thing a little leſs hideous: but you ſhall find it in all reſpects, moſt horribly like. You will do me an injuſtice if you look upon any thing I ſhall ſay from this inſtant, as a compliment, either to you or my ſelf: Whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour; and I know you'll no more expect it of me to perſevere till death in every ſentiment or notion I now ſet down, than you would imagine a man's face ſhould never change when once his picture was drawn.

The freedom I ſhall uſe in this manner of *thinking aloud*, may indeed prove me a fool; but it will prove me one of the beſt ſort of fools, the honeſt ones. And ſince what folly we have, will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in ſpight of all our art to keep it down; methinks 'tis almoſt fooliſh to take any pains to conceal it at all

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all, and almoſt knaviſh to do it from thoſe that are our friends. If *Momus*'s project had taken, of having windows in our breaſts, I ſhou'd be for carrying it further, and making thoſe windows; caſements; that while a man ſhow'd his heart to all the world, he might do ſomething more for his friends, even give it them, and truſt it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King *Herod* did *Herodias* (tho' I never had ſo much as one dance with you) and would as freely give you my heart in a diſh, as he did another's head. But ſince *Jupiter* will not have it ſo, I muſt be content to ſhew my taſte in life, as I do my taſte in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as poſſible. Not that I think every body naked altogether ſo fine a ſight as your ſelf and a few more would be; but becauſe 'tis good to uſe people to what they muſt be acquainted with; and there will certainly come ſome day of judgment or other, to uncover every ſoul of us. We ſhall then ſee that the *Prues* of this world ow'd all their fine figure only to their being ſtrater-lac'd than the reſt; and that they are naturally as arrant Squabs as thoſe that never girded their loins at all. -- But a particular reaſon that may engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows

knows you better; for I find, when others expreſs their thoughts of you, they fall very ſhort of mine, and I know at the ſame time theirs are ſuch as you would think ſufficient in your favour.

You may eaſily imagine how deſirous I muſt be of a correſpondence with a perſon, who had taught me long ago that it was as poſſible to eſteem at firſt ſight, as to love: and who has ſince ruin'd me for all the converſation of one ſex, and almoſt all the friendſhip of the other. I am but too ſenſible, thro' your means, that the company of men wants a certain ſoftneſs to recommend it, and that of women wants every thing elſe. How often have I been quietly going to take poſſeſſion of that tranquillity and indolence I had ſo long found in the country; when one evening of your converſation has ſpoil'd me for a *Solitaire!* Books have loſt their effect upon me, and I was convinced, ſince I ſaw you, that there is one alive wiſer than all the Sages: a plague of female wiſdom! it makes a man ten times more uneaſy than his own. What is very ſtrange, Virtue herſelf (when you have the dreſſing her) is too amiable for one's repoſe. You might have done a world of good in your time, if you had allow'd half the fine gentlemen who have ſeen you to have converſed with you; they

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would have been ſtrangely bit, while they thought only to fall in love with a fair Lady, and you had bewitch'd them with Reaſon and Virtue (two Beauties that the very Fops pretend to have no acquaintance with.)

The unhappy diſtance at which we correſpond, removes a great many of thoſe reſtrictions and punctilious decorums, that oftentimes in nearer converſation prejudice truth, to ſave good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a bluſh; we converſe upon ſuch unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, ſhame, or deſign, in either of us. And methinks it would be as paltry a part, to impoſe (even in a ſingle thought) upon each other in this ſtate of ſeparation, as for Spirits of a different ſphere who have ſo little intercourſe with us, to employ that little (as ſome would make us think they do) in putting tricks and deluſions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by asking you a queſtion, that may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than moſt inſtances of my Life. In what manner did I behave the laſt hour I ſaw you? What degree of concern did I diſcover when I felt a misfortune which I hope you will never

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never feel, that of parting from what one moſt eſteems? for if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greateſt of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never ſince paſs by your houſe but with the ſame ſort of melancholy that we feel upon ſeeing the Tomb of a friend, which only ſerves to put us in mind of what we have loſt. I reflect upon the circumſtances of your departure, which I was there a witneſs of (your behaviour in what I may call your laſt moments) and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleaſure in thinking that thoſe laſt moments were given to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have, in finding out the truth of people's ſentiments; and that you were willing, the laſt man that *would have* parted from you, ſhould be that laſt that *did*. I really look'd upon you juſt as the friends of *Curtius* might have done upon that Hero, at the inſtant when he was devoting himſelf to Glory, and running to be loſt out of generoſity. I was obliged to admire your reſolution, in as great a degree as I deplored it; and had only to wiſh, that Heaven would reward ſo much Virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the felicities it could enjoy elſewhere! I am, &c.

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LETTER XVI.

YOU will find me more troubleſome than ever *Brutus* did his Evil Genius; I ſhall meet you in more places than one, and often refreſh your memory before you arrive at your *Philippi*. Theſe ſhadows of me (my letters) will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really ſuffer'd very much from you, and whom you have robb'd of the moſt valuable of his enjoyments, your converſation. The advantage of hearing your ſentiments by diſcovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the riſque I generally run of manifeſting my own indiſcretion. You then rewarded my truſt in you the moment it was given, for you pleas'd or inform'd me the minute you anſwer'd. I muſt now be contented with more ſlow returns. However 'tis ſome pleaſure, that your thoughts upon Paper will be a more laſting poſſeſſion to me, and that I ſhall no longer have cauſe to complain of a loſs I have ſo often regretted, that of any thing

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thing you ſaid, which I happen'd to forget. In earneſt, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it muſt be every day of my life. I attend you in ſpirit through all your ways, I follow you thro' every ſtage in books of travels, and fear for you thro' whole folio's; you make me ſhrink at the paſt dangers of dead travellers; and if I read of a delightful proſpect, or agreeable place, I hope it yet ſubſiſts to pleaſe you. I enquire the roads, the amuſements, the company, of every town and country thro' which you paſs, with as much diligence, as if I were to ſet out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more conſtantly in mind, not even your guardian Angel (if you have one) and I am willing to indulge ſo much Popery, as to fancy ſome Being takes care of you who knows your value better than you do your ſelf: I am willing to think that Heaven never gave ſo much ſelf-neglect and reſolution to a woman, to occaſion her calamity, but am pious enough to believe thoſe qualities muſt be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory.

Your firſt ſhort letter only ſerves to ſhow me you are alive: it puts me in mind of the firſt Dove that return'd to

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Noah, and juſt made him know it had found no reſt abroad.

There is nothing in it that pleaſes me, but when you tell me you had no Sea-ſickneſs. I beg your next may give me all the pleaſure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no diſcoveries that will be half ſo valuable to me as thoſe of your own mind: Nothing that regards the States or Kingdoms you paſs through, will engage ſo much of my curioſity or concern, as what relates to yourſelf: Your welfare, to ſay truth, is more at my heart than that of *Chriſtendom*.

I am ſure I may defend the truth, though perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at beſt, of the merits of differing religions and governments: but private virtues one can be ſure of. I therefore know what particular perſon has deſert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what nation deſerves to conquer or oppreſs another. You will ſay, I am not *Publick-ſpirited*; let it be ſo, I may have too many tenderneſſes, particularly regards, or narrow views; but at the ſame time I am certain that whoever wants theſe, can

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can never have a *Publick-ſpirit*; for (as a friend of mine ſays) how is it poſſible for that man to love twenty thouſand people, who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. *C*——— he thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be juſt as it ought. His health and mine are now ſo good, that we wiſh, with all our ſouls, you were a witneſs of it. We never meet but we lament over you: we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we ſtrow flowers of rhetorick, and offer ſuch libations to your name as it would be prophane to call *Toaſting*. The Duke of *B*———*m* is ſometimes the High Prieſt of your praiſes; and upon the whole, I believe there are as few Men that are not ſorry at your departure, as Women that are; for you know moſt of your Sex want good ſenſe, and therefore muſt want generoſity: You have ſo much of both, that I am ſure you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one deſpiſes For my part I hate a great many women for your ſake; and undervalue all the reſt. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all

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thoſe bleſſings and earthly proſperities which the Divines tell us are the cauſe of our Perdition; for if he makes you happy in this world, I dare truſt your own virtue to do it in the other. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTERS

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LETTERS

To the Honourable

ROBERT DIGBY,

From Mr. POPE.

To the Honourable Robert Digby.

Chiſwick, Jan. 2, 1717.

Dear Sir,

I Had pleas'd myſelf ſooner in writing to you, but that I have been your Succeſſor in a Fit of Sickneſs, and am not yet ſo much recovered, but that I have thoughts of uſing your * Phyſicians. They are as grave Perſons as any of the Faculty, and (like the Antients) carry their own Medicaments about with them. But indeed the Moderns are ſuch Lovers of Raillery, that nothing is grave enough to eſcape them. Let 'em laugh, but People will ſtill have their Opinions: As they think our Doctors Aſſes to them, we'll think them Aſſes to our Doctors.

* Aſſes.

I am

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I am glad you are ſo much in a better State of Health, as to follow me to jeſt about it. My Concern, when I heard of your Danger, was ſo very ſerious, that I almoſt take it ill Dr. *Evans* ſhould tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more ſuch people were to leave the World, I would not give Six-pence to ſtay in it.

I am not ſo much concern'd as to the point, whether you are to live fat or lean: Moſt Men of Wit or Honeſty are uſually decreed to live very lean; ſo I am inclined to the opinion that 'tis decreed you ſhall: However be comforted, and reflect that you'll make the better Buſto for it.

'Tis ſomething particular in you, not to be ſatisfied with ſending me your own Books, but to make your Acquaintance continue the Frolick. Mr. *Wharton* forc'd me to take *Gorboduc*, which has ſince done me great Credit with ſeveral People, as it has done *Dryden* and *Oldham* ſome Diſkindneſs, in ſhewing there is as much difference between their *Gorboduc*, and this, as between Queen *Anne*, and King *George*. It is truly a Scandal, that Men ſhould write with Contempt of a Piece which they never once ſaw, as thoſe two Poets did, who were ignorant even of the Sex, as well as Senſe, of *Gorboduc*.

Adieu!

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Adieu! I am going to forget you: This minute you took up all my mind, the next I ſhall think of nothing but the Terms of *Agamemnon*, and the Recovery of *Briſeis*. I ſhall be *Achilles*'s humble Servant theſe two Months (with the good Leave of all my Friends.) I have no Ambition ſo ſtrong at preſent, as that noble One of Sir *Salathiel Lovel*, Recorder of *London*, to furniſh out a decent and plentiful Execution, of *Greeks* and *Trojans*----It is not to be expreſt how heartily I wiſh the Death of all *Homer*'s Heroes, one after another. The Lord preſerve me in the Day of Battle, which is juſt approaching! Dear Sir, join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always (whether I live, die, or am damn'd as a Poet.)

Yours moſt faithfully.

To the ſame.

London March 31, 1718.

Dear Sir,

TO convince you how little pain I give myſelf, in correſponding with Men of good Nature, and good Underſtanding, you ſee I omit to anſwer your Letters till a time, when another Man would be aſhamed to own he had received them.

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them. If therefore you are ever moved on my Account by that Spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a Quotidian Ague, I mean the Spirit of Goodneſs, pray never ſtint it, in any fear of obliging me to a Civility beyond my natural Inclination: I dare truſt you, Sir, not only with my Folly when I write, but with my Negligence when I do not; and expect equally your Pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the reſt of this Paper, it ſhould be ſpotted and diverſified with Conceits all over; you ſhould be put out of Breath with Laughter at each Sentence, and pauſe at each Period, to look back over how much Wit you had paſs'd. But I have found by Experience, that People now a-days regard Writing as little as they do Preaching: The moſt we can hope is to be heard, juſt with Decency and Patience, once a Week, by Folks in the Country: Here in Town we hum over a Piece of fine Writing, and we whiſtle at a Sermon. The Stage is the only Place we ſeem alive at; there indeed we ſtare, and roar, and clap Hands for K. *George* and the Government. As for all other Virtues but this Loyalty, they are an obſolete Train, ſo ill-dreſs'd, that Men, Women, and Children, hiſs 'em out of all good Company. Humility knocks ſo ſneakingly at the Door, that

that every Footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free Entrance of Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory.

My Lady *Scudamore*, from having ruſticated in your Company too long, really behaves herſelf ſcandalouſly among us: She pretends to open her Eyes for the Sake of ſeeing the Sun, and to ſleep becauſe it is Night; drinks Tea at nine in the Morning, and is thought to have ſaid her Prayers before; talks without any manner of Shame of good Books, and has not ſeen *Cibber*'s Play of the *Non-juror*. I rejoiced the other Day to ſee a Libel on her Toilette, which gives me ſome Hope that you have at leaſt a Taſte of Scandal left you, in Defect of all other Vices.

Upon the whole Matter, I heartily wiſh you well; but as I cannot entirely deſire the Ruin of all the Joys of this City, ſo all that remains is to wiſh you wou'd keep your Happineſs to your ſelves, that the happieſt here may not die with Envy at a Bliſs which they cannot attain to.

I am, &c.

To the ſame.

Dear Sir, *May* 1, 1720.

YOU'LL think me very full of my ſelf, when after a long Silence (which however

however to say Truth has rather been employ'd to contemplate of you, than to forget you) I begin to talk of my own Works. I find it is in the finishing a Book, as in concluding a Session of Parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd for Incidents to retard the clearing *any publick Account*, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great Ministers, with undertaking too much for one Man, and with a Desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For having design'd four very laborious and uncommon sorts of Indexes to *Homer*, I'm forc'd, for want of Time, to publish two only; the Design of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being fully executed. I've also been oblig'd to leave unfinish'd in my Desk the Heads of two Essays, one on the *Theology* and *Morality* of *Homer*, and another on the *Oratory* of *Homer* and *Virgil*. So they must wait for future Editions, or perish; and (one Way or other, no great Matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem.*

I think of you every Day, I assure you, even without such good Memorials of you as your Sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all Subjects to them. My Lord *Digby*

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Digby must be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his Children. There needs no more than an Acquaintance with your Family, to make all Elder Sons wish they had Fathers to their Lives-end.

I can't touch upon the Subject of filial Love, without putting you in mind of an old Woman, who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashion'd Respect for you, and constantly blames her Son for not having writ to you oftner, to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my Lady *Scudamore* wishes, your Sister's wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful Contrast this Season affords us, of the Town and the Country. No Ideas you could form in the Winter can make you imagine what *Twickenham* is (and what your Friend Mr. *Johnson* of *Twickenham* is) in this warmer Season. Our River glitters beneath an unclouded Sun, at the same time that its Banks retain the Verdure of Showers: Our Gardens are offering their first Nosegays; our Trees, like new Acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their Arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every Hour: The Birds are paying their thanksgiving Songs for the new Habitations I have made 'em: My Building rises high

high enough to attract the Eye and Curiosity of the Passenger from the River, where, upon beholding a Mixture of Beauty and Ruin, he enquires what House is falling, or what Church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of *Vitruvius*; whatever Delight the true, unseen, poetical Gods of the River may take, in reflecting on their Streams my *Tuscan* Porticos, or *Ionic* Pilasters.

But (to descend from all this Pomp of Style) the best Account I can give of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a few pleasant Rooms for such a Friend as yourself, or a cool Situation for an Hour or two for Lady *Scudamore*, when she will do me the Honour (at this Publick House on the Road) to drink her own Cyder.

The Moment I am writing this, I am surprized with the account of the Death of a Friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a meer Jest! Buildings, Gardens, Writings, Pleasures, Works, of whatever stuff Man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a Creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a Soul that is immortal! Dear Sir, I am

Your most faithful Servant.

To

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To the ſame

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind Deſire to know the State of my Health had not been unſatiſfied of ſo long, had not that ill State been the Impediment. Nor ſhould I have ſeem'd an unconcern'd Party in the Joys of your Family, which I heard of from Lady *Scudamore*, whoſe ſhort *Eſchantillon* of a Letter (of a quarter of a Page) I value as the ſhort Glimpſe of a Viſion afforded to ſome devout Hermit; for it includes (as thoſe Revelations do) a Promiſe of a better Life in the Elyſian Groves of *Cirenceſter*, whither, I could almoſt ſay in the Style of a Sermon, the *Lord bring us all*, *&c.* Thither may we tend, by various ways to one bliſsful Bower: Thither may Health, Peace, and good Humour, wait upon us as Aſſociates: Thither may whole Cargoes of Nectar (Liquor of Life and Longævity!) by Mortals call'd *Spaw-water*, be convey'd, and there (as *Milton* has it) may we, like the Deities,

On Flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh Garlands
Quaff Immortality and Joy——[*crown'd*,

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When I speak of Garlands, I should not forget the green Vestments and Scarfs which your Sisters promis'd to make for this Purpose: I expect you too in Green with a Hunting-horn by your Side and a green Hat, the Model of which you may take from *Osborne*'s Description of King *James* the First.

What Words, what Numbers, what Oratory or what Poetry, can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love and desire you all, above all the great ones, the rich ones, and the vain ones of this Part of the World! above all the Jews, Jobbers, Bubblers, Subscribers, Projectors, Directors, Governors, Treasurers, *&c. &c. &c. &c. in sæcula sæculorum!*

Turn your Eyes and Attention from this miserable mercenary Period; and turn yourself, in a just Contempt of these Sons of Mammon, to the Contemplation of Books, Gardens, and Marriage. In which I now leave you, and return (Wretch that I am!) to Water-gruel and *Palladio*.

I am, &c.

To

To the ſame.

Twickenham, Sept. 1.

Dear Sir,

YOUR Doctor is going to the *Bath*, and ſtays a Fortnight or more: Perhaps you would be comforted to have a Sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any for one that is ill, and a better Doctor than any for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. *Mary Digby*: She needed only to follow his Hints, to be in eternal Buſineſs and Amuſement of Mind, and even as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed I fear ſhe would out-walk him: For (as Dean *Swift* obſerv'd to me the very firſt time I ſaw the Doctor) *He is a Man that can do every thing but walk.* His Brother, who is lately come into *England*, goes alſo to the *Bath*; and is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going thither on purpoſe to know him. The Spirit of *Philanthropy*, ſo long dead to our World, is reviv'd in him: He is a Philoſopher all of Fire; ſo warmly, nay ſo wildly in the Right, that he forces all others about him to be ſo too, and draws them into his

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own *Vortex*. He is a Star that looks as if it were all Fire, but is all Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence. If there be other Men in the World that would serve a Friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an Enemy serve a Friend.

As all human Life is chequer'd and mix'd with Acquisitions and Losses (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory) so at the time I have gain'd the Acquaintance of one worthy Man I have lost another, a very easy, human, and gentlemanly Neighbour, Mr. *Stonor*. It's certain the Loss of one of this Character puts us naturally upon setting a greater Value on the few that are left, though the Degree of our Esteem may be different. Nothing, says *Seneca*, is so melancholy a Circumstance in human Life, or so soon reconciles us to the Thought of our own Death, as the Reflection and Prospect of one Friend after another dropping round us! Who would stand alone, the sole remaining Ruin, the last tottering Column of all the Fabrick of Friendship; once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried?

I am, &c.

To

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To the same.

Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,

I Have belief enough in the goodness of your whole family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in safety at *Twitkenham*; tho' 'tis a sort of Earnest, that you will be troubled again with me at *Sherborne*, or *Coleshill*; for however I may like One of your places, it may be in that as in liking One of your family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my services acceptable to them; I wish them all the happiness they may want, and the continuance of all the happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady *Scudamore* from you, as I fear she will do herself, before this letter reaches you: So I wish her a good journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do; tho' I much question if she can live as quietly: I suspect the Bells will be ringing at her arrival, and on her own and Miss *Scudamore*'s birthdays, and that all the Clergy in the County come to pay respects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and

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from the young Lady, further buſineſs, and further employment. Beſides all this, there dwells on the one ſide of her the Lord *Coningsby*, and on the other Mr. *W*----Yet I ſhall, when the Days and the Years come about, adventure upon all this for her ſake.

I beg my Lord *Digby* to think me a better Man than to content myſelf with thanking him in the common way. I am in as ſincere a ſenſe of the word, His Servant, as you are his Son, or he your Father.

I muſt in my turn inſiſt upon hearing how my laſt fellow-travellers got home from *Clarendon*, and deſire Mr. *Philips* to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr. *W*------ that I am dead and buried.

I wiſh the young Ladies, whom I almoſt robb'd of their good Name, a better Name in return (even that very name to each of them, which they like beſt for the ſake of the Man that bears it.)

Your ever faithful

and affectionate Servant.

To

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To the same.

1722.

YOUR making a sort of Apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and (what is the happiest Knowledge in the World) I know you will forgive me: For sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a Friend as will overlook one's Failings, since every such instance is a Conviction of his Kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in Intentions, and never to rise to Actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at *Sherborn*. I'm told you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. *Mary Digby* talks in a Letter to Lady *Scudamore*, of seeing my Lord *Bathurst*'s Wood in her way. How much I wish to be her Guide thro' that enchanted Forest, is not to be expreſt: I look upon myself as the Magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the Recesses of those sacred Shades. I could pass whole Days, in only describing to

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her the future, and as yet visionary Beauties, that are to rise in those Scenes: The Palace that is to be built, the Pavillions that are to glitter, the Colonnades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the meeting of the *Thames* and the *Severn*, which (when the noble Owner has finer Dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's Embraces thro' secret Caverns of not above twelve or fifteen Miles, till they rise and openly celebrate their Marriage in the midst of an immense Amphitheatre, which is to be the Admiration of Posterity a hundred Years hence. But till the destin'd time shall arrive that is to manifest these Wonders, Mrs. *Digby* must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest Wood in *England*.

The Objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different Nature. Women of Quality are all turn'd Followers of the *Camp* in *Hyde-Park* this Year, whither all the Town resort to magnificent Entertainments given by the Officers, *&c.* The *Scythian* Ladies that dwelt in the Waggons of War, were not more closely attached to the Luggage. The Matrons, like those of *Sparta*, attend their Sons to the Field, to be the Witnesses of their glorious Deeds; and the Maidens with

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with all their Charms display'd, provoke the Spirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee supply the place of *Lacedemonian* black Broth. This camp seems crowded with perpetual Victory, for every Sun that rises in the Thunder of Cannon, sets in the Musick of Violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the *Princess*; to represent the *Mater Exercitus*.

At *Twickenham* the World goes otherwise. There are certain old People who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other Company. They were introduced here by a Man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all my Contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon 'em. The Person I complain of is the Bishop of *Rochester*. Yet he allows me (form something he has heard of your Character and that of your Family, as if you were of the old Sect of Moralists) to write three or four sides of Paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of People never tell but with Truth, and religious Sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Dear SIR,

Yours, &c.

To

To the same.

THE same reason that hinder'd your writing, hinder'd mine, the pleasing Expectation to see you in Town. Indeed since the willing Confinement I have lain under here with my Mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve) I could the better bear your Absense from *London*, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick Room hither from the first Embraces of your Friends. My Mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not so much as yet to venture out of her Chamber, yet enough to enjoy a few particular Friends, when they have the good Nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the Room we sit in, upon one (and that a favourite) Account, that it is the very *warmest* in the House: We and our Fires will equally smile upon your Face, There is a *Persian* Proverb that says, I think very prettily, *The Conversation of a Friend brightens the Eyes.*

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Eyes. This I take to be a Splendor ſtill more agreeable than the Fires you ſo delightfully deſcribe.

That you may long enjoy your own Fire-ſide, in the metaphorical Senſe, that is, all thoſe of your Family who make it pleaſing to ſit and ſpend whole wintry Months together, (a far more rational Delight, and better felt by an honeſt Heart than all the glaring Entertainments, numerous Lights and falſe Splendors, of an *Aſſembly* of empty Heads, aking Hearts, and falſe Faces) This is my ſincere Wiſh to you and yours.

You ſay you propoſe much Pleaſure in ſeeing ſome few *Faces* about Town of my Acquaintance, I gueſs you mean Mrs. *Howard*'s and Mrs. *Blount*'s. And I aſſure you, you ought to take as much Pleaſure in their *Hearts*, if they are what they ſometimes expreſs with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all, a very faithful Servant.

To

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To the same.

Octob. 10.

Dear Sir,

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater Journey than to *Bermudas*, even to That undiſcover'd Country, from whoſe Bourn no Traveller returns!

A Fever carry'd me on the high Gallop towards it for ſix or ſeven days—But here you have me now, and that's all I ſhall ſay of it: Since which time an impertinent Lameneſs kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate ſhould ſay (after the other dangerous Illneſs) "You ſhall neither go into "the other World, nor any where you "like in this." Elſe who knows but I had been at *Hom-lacy?*

I conſpire in your Sentiments, emulate your Pleaſures, wiſh for your Company. You are all of one Heart and one Soul, as was ſaid of the Primitive Chriſtians: 'Tis like the Kingdom of the Juſt upon Ea th; not a wicked Wretch to interrupt you; but a Set of try'd, experienc'd Friends, and fellow Comforters, who have ſeen Evil Men and Evil Days, and have by a ſuperior Rectitude of Heart ſet yourſelves above them, and

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and reap your Reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a Millenary Year in *London*? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other Creatures, in that Scene of folly Militant, when you may reign for ever at *Hom-lacy* in Sense and Reason Triumphant? I appeal to a Third Lady in your Family, whom I take to be the most Innocent, and the least warp'd by idle Fashion and Custom, of you all; I appeal to Her, if you are not every Soul of you better People, better Companions, and happier, where you are? I desire her Opinion under her Hand in your next Letter, I mean Miss *Scudamore*'s ††—— I'm confident if she would, or durst speak her Sense, and employ that Reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those Arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of Town, like People sensible of your own Felicities. I am not without hopes, if She can detain a Parliament Man and a Lady of Quality from the World one Winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistable Arguments another Year, as may carry you all

†† *Afterwards Duchess of* Beaufort. *at this time about twelve Years old.*

with

with me to *Bermudas*, † the Seat of all Earthly Happineſs, and the new *Jeruſalem* of the Righteous.

Don't talk of the decay of the Year, the Seaſon is good where the People are ſo: 'Tis the beſt Time of the Year for a Painter; there is more Variety of Colours in the Leaves, the Proſpects begin to open, thro' the thinner Woods, over the Vallies; and thro' the high Canopies of Trees to the higher Arch of Heaven: The Dews of the Morning impearl every Thorn, and ſcatter Diamonds on the verdant Mantle of the Earth: The Froſts are freſh and wholeſome: What wou'd ye have? The Moon ſhines too, tho' not for Lovers theſe cold Nights, but for Aſtronomers.

Have ye not *Reflecting Teleſcopes* * whereby ye may innocently magnify her Spots and Blemiſhes? Content yourſelves with them, and do not come to a Place where your own Eyes become Reflecting Teleſcopes, and where thoſe of all others are equally ſuch upon their Neighbours. Stay You at leaſt (for what I've ſaid before relates only to the Ladies, don't imagine I'll write about any *Eyes* but theirs) Stay, I

† *About this time the Rev. Dean* Berkly *conceived his Project of erecting a Settlement in* Bermuda *for the Propagation of the Chriſtian Faith, and of Sciences in* America.

* *Theſe Inſtruments were juſt then brought to perfection.*

ſay,

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ſay, from that idle, buſy-looking *Sanhedrin*, where *Wiſdom* or *No Wiſdom* is the Eternal Debate, not (as it lately was in *Ireland*) an Accidental one.

If after all, you will deſpiſe good Advice, and reſolve to come to *London*; here you will find me, doing juſt the things I ſhould not, living where I ſhould not, and as worldly, as idle, in a Word as much an *Anti-Bermudaniſt* as any body. Dear Sir, make the Ladies know I am their Servant, You know I am

Yours, &c.

To the Same.

Aug. 12.

I Have been above a month ſtrolling about in *Buckinghamſhire* and *Oxfordſhire*, from Garden to Garden, but ſtill returning to Lord *Cobham*'s with freſh Satisfaction. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee my Lady *Scudamore*'s, till it has had the full Advantage of Lord *Bathurſt*'s Improvements; and then I will expect ſomething like the waters of *Riskins*, and the woods of *Oakley* together, which (without flattery) would be at leaſt as good as any thing in our World: For as to the hanging

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hanging Gardens of *Babylon*, the Paradiſe of *Cyrus*, and the Sharawaggis of of *China*, I have little or no Ideas of 'em, but I dare ſay Lord *B—t* has, becauſe they were certainly both very *Great*, and very *Wild*. I hope Mrs. *Mary Digby* is quite tired of his Lordſhip's *Extravagante Bergerie*; and that ſhe is juſt now ſitting, or rather inclining, on a Bank, fatigu'd with over much Dancing and Singing at his unwearied Requeſt and Inſtigation. I know your love of Eaſe ſo well, that you might be in danger of being too Quiet to enjoy Quiet, and too Philoſophical to be a Philoſopher; were it not for the Ferment Lord *B.* will put you into. One of his Lordſhip's Maxims is, that a total Abſtinence from Intemperance or Buſineſs, is no more *Philoſophy*, than a total Compoſition of the Senſes is *Repoſe*; one muſt *Feel* enough of its Contrary to have a Reliſh of either. But after all, let your Temper work, and be as ſedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you ſhall be fit for his Lordſhip when you come to Town in the Winter. Folly will laugh you into all the Cuſtoms of the Company, here; nothing will be able to prevent your Converſion to her, but Indiſpoſition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worſt that can come of you; for as to Vice, you are ſafe, but Folly is many an honeſt Man's, nay every good-

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good-humour'd Man's Lot: Nay, it is the Seasoning of Life; and Fools (in one Sense) are the Salt of the Earth; a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole Mouthful is justly call'd the *Devil*.

So much for your Diversions next Winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then; for if there be on Earth an Image of Paradise, it is in such perfect Union and Society as you all possess. I wou'd have my innocent Envies and Wishes of your State known to you all; which is far better than making you Compliments, for it is inward Approbation and Esteem. My Lord *Digby* has in me a sincere Servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

To the same.

Sept. 10, 1724.

Dear Sir,

I AM glad your Travels delighted you, improve you I am sure they could not; you are not so much a Youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of sixteen, and

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(what makes him ſtill more a Child) a King of *Frenchmen*. My own time has been more melancholy, ſpent in an Attendance upon Death, which has ſeized one of our Family, my poor old Nurſe. My Mother is ſomething better, though at her advanc'd Age every Day is a Climacteric. There was join'd to this an Indiſpoſition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a ſlight one, compar'd with my Mother's (becauſe my Life is not of half the Conſequence to any Body, that her's is to me). All theſe Incidents have hinder'd my more ſpeedy Reply to your obliging Letter.

The Article you enquire of, is of as little Concern to me as you deſire it ſhou'd; namely the Railing Papers about the *Odyſſey*. If the Book has Merit, (and ſince you like it, it muſt) it will extinguiſh all ſuch naſty Scandal, as the Sun puts an end to ſtinks, meerly by *coming out*.

I wiſh I had nothing to trouble me more; an honeſt Mind is not in the power of any diſhoneſt one; To break it's Peace, there muſt be ſome Guilt or Conſciouſneſs, which is inconſiſtent with it's own Principles. Not but Malice and Injuſtice have their Day, like ſome poor ſhort-liv'd Vermine, that die of ſhooting their own Stings. *Falſhood is Folly* (ſays *Homer*), and Liars and Calumniators at laſt hurt none but themſelves, even

in

in this World: In the next, 'tis Charity to say, God have Mercy on them! They were the Devil's Vice-gerents upon Earth, who is the Father of Lies, and I fear has a Right to dispose of his Children.

I've had an Occasion to make these Reflexions of late, more justly than from any thing that concerns my Writings, for it is one that concerns my Morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good Character of another very innocent Person, who I'm sure shares your Friendship no less than I do. ***** No Creature has better natural Dispositions, or would act more rightly, or reasonably, in every Duty, did she act by herself, or from herself: But you know it is the Misfortune of that Family to be governed like a Ship, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every Wind that blows in it.

To the same.

Decemb. 28, 1724.

Dear Sir,

IT is now the Season to wish you a good End of one Year, and a happy Beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such

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a Life as you have been long accuſtomed to lead. As for Good Works, they are things I dare not name, either to thoſe that do them, or to thoſe that do them not; the firſt are too modeſt, and the latter too ſelfiſh, to bear the mention of what are become either too old faſhion'd or too private, to conſtitute any Part of the Vanity or Reputation of the preſent Age. However, it were to be wiſh'd People would now and then look upon Good Works as they do upon old Wardrobes, meerly in caſe any of 'em ſhould by chance come into Faſhion again; as ancient Fardingales revive in modern Hoop'd Petticoats (which may be properly compar'd to Charities, as they cover a Multitude of Sins).

They tell me that at —— certain antiquated Charities, and obſolete Devotions are yet ſubſiſting: That a thing called Chriſtian Chearfulneſs (not incompatible with *Chriſtmas* Pyes and Plumb-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old Sermons and Almanacks, is really kept alive and in Practice: That feeding the Hungry, and giving Alms to the Poor, do yet make a Part of good Houſe-keeping, in a Latitude not more remote from *London* than fourſcore Miles: And laſtly, that Prayers and Roaſt-beef actually make ſome People as happy, as a Whore and a Bottle. But here in Town

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I assure you, Men, Women, and Children, I have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four Cardinal Virtues, now reign four Princely ones: We have Cunning for Prudence, Rapine for Justice, Time-serving for Fortitude, and Luxury for Temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a State of Ignorance, and see nothing but Quiet, Religion, and Good Humour, the Case is just as I tell you where People understand the World, and know how to live with Credit and Glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the Eyes of Men, and make 'em sensible *which* of these is right: Whether upon a due Conviction, we are to quit Faction, and Gaming, and High-feeding and Whoring, and take to your Country Way? or you to leave Prayers, and Almsgiving, and Reading and Exercise, and come into our Measures? I wish (I say) that this Matter were as clear to all Men, as it is to

Your Affectionate, &c.

LETTERS.

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LETTERS

TO

EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

From 1715 to 1725.

To EDWARD BLOUNT, Esq;

Jan. 21, 1715.

Dear Sir,

I Know of nothing that will be so Interessing to you at present, as some circumstances of the last Act of that eminent Comic Poet, and our Friend, *Wycherley*. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his Acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despair'd of. Accordingly a few days before his Death he underwent the Ceremony; and join'd together those two Sacraments which wise Men say should be the last we receive; for if you observe, Matrimony is plac'd after Extreme Unction

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Unction in our Catechism, as a kind of Hint of the Order of Time in which they are to be taken. The old Man then lay down, satisfy'd in the Conscience of having, by this one Act paid his just Debts, obliged a Woman who (he was told) had Merit, and shewn a heroic resentment of the ill usage of his next Heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the Lady, discharged those Debts; a Jointure of four hundred a year made her a Recompence; and the Nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable Remains of a mortgaged Estate. I saw our Friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his Sickness than he used to be in his Health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The Evening before he expired, he called his young Wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her Assurances of consenting to it, he told her, *My Dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old Man again.* I cannot help remarking, that Sickness which often destroys both Wit and Wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that Talent which we call *Humour*: Mr. *Wycherley* shew'd his, even in this last Compliment; tho' I think his request a little hard; for why

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why should he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the same easy Terms?

So trivial as these Circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd myself to know such Trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent Person. The wisest and wittiest of Men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober Moments. At least, our Friend ended much in the Character he had lived in: And *Horace*'s Rule for a Play, may as well be apply'd to him as a Playwright.

——— *servetur ad imum*
Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.

I am, &c.

To the same.

Feb. 10, 171⅛.

Dear Sir,

I AM just return'd from the Country, whither Mr *Rowe* accompanied me, and pass'd a Week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a Man of his Turn entertain'd me; but I must acquaint you there is a Vivacity and Gaiety of Disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally

generally ſucceeds all our pleaſures. I have been juſt taking a ſolitary walk by moonſhine, full of reflections on the tranſitory nature of all human delights; and giving my Thoughts a looſe in the contemplation of thoſe Satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taſte in the Company of ſeparate Spirits, when we ſhall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this World at as vaſt a diſtance as we now do on thoſe Worlds. The pleaſures we are to enjoy in that Converſation muſt undoubtedly be of a nobler kind, and (not unlikely) may proceed from the Diſcoveries each ſhall communicate to another, of God and of Nature; for the Happineſs of Minds can ſurely be nothing but Knowledge.

The higheſt Gratification we receive from Company is *Mirth*, which at the beſt is but a fluttering unquiet Motion, that beats about the breaſt for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty.

Keeping good Company, even the beſt, is but a leſs ſhameful Art of loſing Time

What we here call *Science* and *Study*, are little better: The greater number of Arts to which we apply ourſelves are meré groping in the Dark; and even the ſearch of our moſt important Concerns in a future being, is but a needleſs, anxious, and uncertain haſte to be knowing, ſooner than we can,

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what without all this ſollicitude we ſhall know a little later. We are but *Curious Impertinents* in the caſe of Futurity. 'Tis not our buſineſs to be gueſſing what the State of Souls ſhall be, but to be doing what may make our own State happy; We cannot be Knowing, but we can be Virtuous.

If this be my Notion of a great part of that high Science, Divinity; you will be ſo civil as to imagine I lay no mighty Streſs upon the reſt. Even of my darling Poetry I really make no other uſe, than Horſes of the Bells that gingle about their ears (tho' now and then they toſs their Heads as if they were proud of 'em) only to jogg on a little more merrily.

Your Obſervations on the narrow conceptions of Mankind in the point of Friendſhip, confirm me in what I was ſo fortunate as at my firſt knowledge of you to hope, and ſince ſo amply to experience. Let me take ſo much decent Pride and Dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for Opinions like theſe, which I diſcover'd in your Mind, I had never made the Trial I have done; which has ſucceeded ſo much to mine, and I believe not leſs to your Satisfaction: For if I know you right, your Pleaſure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your

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Your Remark, that the Variety of opinion in Politics or Religion is often rather a Gratification than Objection, to people who have Senſe enough to conſider the beautiful order of Nature in her Variations; makes me think you have not conſtrued *Joannes Secundus* wrong, in the Verſe which precedes that which you quote; *Bene nota Fides*, as I take it, does no way ſignify the *Roman* Catholic Religion, tho' *Secundus* was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flow'd from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worſhipping him, which divided the whole World. I am pretty ſure You and I ſhould no more make good *Inquiſitors* to the modern Tyrants in Faith, than we could have been qualify'd for *Lictors* to *Procruſtes*, when he converted refractory Members with the Rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly ſaid; that I as little fear God will damn a Man who has Charity, as I hope that any Prieſt can ſave him without it.

I am, &c.

To

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To the same.

March 20, 1715-16.

Dear Sir,

I Find that a real Concern is not only a Hindrance to Speaking, but to Writing too: The more time we give our selves to think over one's own, or a Friend's unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a Letter, at such a Season as this, as to retard a melancholy Visit to a Person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that Circumstance, to pretend to entertain people with trifling, insignificant affectations of Sorrow on the one hand, or unseasonable and forced Gayeties on the other. 'Tis a kind of profanation of things sacred; to treat so solemn a matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with Compliments or Heroic Gallantries. Such a Mind as your's has no need of being spirited up into Honour, or like a weak Woman, praised into an opinion of its own Virtue. 'Tis enough to do and suffer what we ought; and Men should know, that the noble power of Suffering bravely is as far above that of Enterprizing greatly, as an unblemish'd Conscience and inflexible Resolution are

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above an accidental Flow of Spirits, or a ſudden Tide of Blood. If the whole Religious Buſineſs of Mankind be included in Reſignation to our Maker, and Charity to our Fellow-Creatures; there are now ſome People who give us the Opportunity of affording as bright an Example in practiſing the one, as themſelves have given an infamous Inſtance of the Violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this Comfort when he is oppreſt, that he knows himſelf to be ſuperior to thoſe who injure him: For the greateſt Power on Earth can no ſooner do him that Injury, but the brave Man can make himſelf greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to ſeek for alleviating Conſolations in a Calamity of ſo much Glory, one might ſay that to be ruin'd thus in the Groſs, with a whole People, is but like periſhing in the General Conflagration, where nothing we can value is left behind us.

Methinks in our preſent Condition, the moſt heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's Load, and (oppreſt as we are) to ſuccour ſuch as are yet more oppreſt. If there are too many who cannot be aſſiſted but by what we cannot give, our Money; there are yet others who may be relieved by our Counſel, by our Countenance, and even by our Chear-

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Chearfulness. The Misfortunes of private Families, the Misunderstandings of People whom Distresses make suspicious, the Coldnesses of Relations whom Change of Religion may disunite, or the Necessities of half-ruin'd Estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be soften'd in some degrees, by a general well-manag'd Humanity among ourselves, if all those who have your Principles of Belief, had also your Sense and Conduct. But indeed most of 'em have given lamentable * proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want Sense, are only religious thro' Weakness, and good-natur'd thro' Shame: These are narrow-minded Creatures that never deal in Essentials; their Faith never looks beyond Ceremonials, nor their Charity beyond Relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any distressed, conscientious *French* Refugee at this instant: what must my Concern then be, when I perceive so many Anxieties now tearing those Hearts which I have desired a place in, and Clouds of Melancholy rising on those Faces which I have long look'd upon with Affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stu-

* This was written in the Year of the Affair of *Preston*.

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pid to apprehend. I grieve with the Old, for ſo many additional Inconveniences, and Chagrins, more than their ſmall Remain of Life ſeem'd deſtin'd to undergo; and with the Young, for ſo many of thoſe Gayeties and Pleaſures (the Portion of Youth) which they will by this means be depriv'd of. This brings into my mind one or other of thoſe I love beſt, and among them the Widow and Fatherleſs, late of———As I am certain no People living had an earlier and truer Senſe of others Misfortunes, or a more generous Reſignation as to what might be their own; ſo I earneſtly wiſh, that whatever part they muſt bear may be render'd as ſupportable to them, as it is in the power of any Friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this Thought, as you always will in any thing that's good, or generous: I find by a Letter of your Lady's (which I have ſeen) that their Eaſe and Tranquility is part of your Care. I believe there's ſome Fatality in it, that you ſhould always, from time to time, be doing thoſe particular things that make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from *Windſor* Foreſt, of which I am come to take my laſt look. We here bid our Neighbours adieu, much as thoſe who go to be hang'd do their Fellow-Priſoners, who are condemn'd to follow them

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them a few weeks after. I parted from honeſt Mr. *D*———with tenderneſs; and from old Sir *William Trumball* as from a venerable Prophet, foretelling with lifted hands the Miſeries to come, from which he is juſt going to be remov'd himſelf.

Perhaps, now I have learnt ſo far as

——*Nos Dulcia linquimus arva,*

My next Leſſon may be

Nos Patriam fugimus——

Let that, and all elſe be as Heaven pleaſes! I have provided juſt enough to keep me a Man of Honour. I believe you and I ſhall never be aſham'd of each other. I know I wiſh my Country well; and if it undoes me, it ſhall not make me wiſh it otherwiſe.

To the ſame.

June 22. 1716.

Dear Sir,

IF a Regard both to Publick and Private Affairs may plead a lawful Excuſe in behalf of a negligent Correſpondent, I have really a very good Title to it: I cannot ſay

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whether 'tis a Felicity or Unhappineſs, that I am obliged at this time to give up my whole Application to *Homer*; when without that Employment, my Thoughts muſt turn upon what is leſs agreeable, the Violence, Madneſs and Reſentment of modern War-makers, which are likely to prove (to ſome People at leaſt) more fatal, than the ſame Qualities in *Achilles* did to his unfortunate Countrymen.

Tho' the change of my Scene of Life, from *Windſor* Foreſt to the Side of the *Thames*, be one of the grand *Æra's* of my days, and may be called a notable Period in ſo inconſiderable a Hiſtory; yet you can ſcarce imagine any Hero paſſing from one Stage of Life to another, with ſo much Tranquillity, ſo eaſy a Tranſition, and ſo laudable a Behaviour. I am become ſo truly a Citizen of the World (according to *Plato's* Expreſſion) that I look with equal Indifference on what I have loſt, and on what I have gained. The Times and Amuſements paſt are not more like a Dream to me, than thoſe which are preſent: I lie in a refreſhing kind of Inaction, and have one Comfort at leaſt from Obſcurity, that the *Darkneſs* helps me to *ſleep* the better. I now and then reflect upon the Enjoyment of my Friends, whom I fancy I remember much as ſeparate Spirits do us, at tender Intervals,

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Intervals, neither interrupting their own Employments, nor altogether careleſs of ours: but in general conſtantly wiſhing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their Company.

To grow indifferent to the World is to grow Philoſophical, or Religious; (whichſoever of thoſe Turns we chance to take) and indeed the World is ſuch a thing as one that thinks pretty much, muſt either laugh at, or be angry with: But if we laugh at it, they ſay we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they ſay we are ill-natur'd. So the moſt politic Way is to ſeem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater Admirers, greater Lovers, and in ſhort greater Fools, than we really are: So ſhall we live comfortably with our Families, quietly with our Neighbours, favour'd by our Maſters, and happy with our Miſtreſſes. I have filled my Paper, and ſo adieu.

To the ſame.

Sept. 8. 1717.

Dear Sir,

I Think your leaving *England* was like a good Man's leaving the World, with the bleſſed Conſcience of having acted

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well in it: And I hope you have received your Reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the Religious Country you now inhabit, you'll be better pleas'd to find I consider you in this light, than if I compared you to those *Greeks* and *Romans*, whose Constancy in suffering Pain, and whose Resolution in pursuit of a generous End, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a Martyr to the fatigue your Virtue made you undergo on this side the Water. I beg if your health be restor'd to you, not to deny me the Joy of knowing it: Your endeavours of Service and good Advices to the poor Papists, put me in mind of *Noah's* preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your Ark may find an *Ararat*, and the Wife and Family, (the hopes of the good Patriarch) land safely after the Deluge upon the Shore of *Totness*.

If I durst mix prophane with sacred History, I would chear you with the old Tale of *Brutus* the wandering *Trojan*, who found on that very Coast the happy End of his Peregrinations and Adventures.

I have very lately read *Jeffery* of *Monmouth* (to whom your *Cornwall* is not a little beholden) in the Translation of a Clergyman

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gyman in my neighbourhood. The poor Man is highly concerned to vindicate *Jeffery*'s veracity as an Historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished, we of the *Roman* Communion, could doubt of the Legends of his Giants, while we believ'd those of our Saints? I am forced to make a fair Composition with him; and, by crediting some of the Wonders of *Corinæus* and *Gogmagog*, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. *Christopher*'s carrying Christ, and the Resuscitation of St. *Nicholas Tolentine*'s Chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of Infidelity.

Ajax and *Hector* are no more, compared to *Corinæus* and *Arthur*, than the *Guelphs* and *Ghibellines* were to the *Mohacks* of everdreadful memory. This amazing Writer has made me lay aside *Homer* for a Week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate with belief and reverence the Speech of *Achilles*'s Horse.

You'll excuse all this trifling, or any thing else which prevents a Sheet full of Compliment: And believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in *Jeffery* is false) than that I have a constant Affection for you, and am, *&c.*

P. S.

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P. S. I know you will take part in rejoycing for the Victory of Prince *Eugene* over the *Turks*, in the Zeal you bear to the Christian Interest, tho' your Cousin of *Oxford* (with whom I dined yesterday) says, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the *Turks*, or the *Turks* beating the Christians, than whether the Emperor shall first declare War against *Spain*, or *Spain* declare it against the Emperor. I must add another Apothegm of the same noble Earl; it was the Saying of a Politick Prince, "Time "and he would get the better of any two "others". To which Lord *Oxford* made this Answer,

Time and I 'gainst any two!
Chance and I 'gainst *Time* and *you.*

To the same.

Nov. 27. 1717.

Dear Sir,

THE Question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit Man in the world to answer, by my Loss of one of the best of Fathers.

He

He had liv'd in such a Course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest Life agreeable to him, and in such a Course of Piety as suffic'd to make the most sudden Death so also. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me such an one, provided I can lead such a Life. I leave him to the Mercy of God, and to the Piety of a Religion that extends beyond the Grave: *Si qua est ea cura*, &c.

He has left me to the tickliſh Management of a narrow Fortune, where every falſe Step is dangerous. My Mother is in that diſpirited State of Reſignation, which is the effect of long Life, and the Loſs of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a Friend, of ſuch an humane Turn as yourſelf, to make almoſt any thing deſirable to us. I feel your Abſence more than ever, at the ſame time I can leſs expreſs my Regards to you than ever; and ſhall make this, which is the moſt ſincere Letter I ever writ to you, the ſhorteſt and fainteſt perhaps of any you have receiv'd. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any Perſon, when one's Mind is taken up with a ſenſible Sorrow, is a great degree of Friendſhip. I can ſay no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wiſh it may be very long before any of yours ſhall feel for you what I now feel for my Father. Adieu.

To

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To the same.

Rentcomb in *Glouceſterſhire*, *Oct.* 3. 1721.

Dear Sir,

YOUR kind Letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this Country ever ſince your departure. I am pleas'd to date this from a place ſo well known to Mrs. *Blount*, where I write as if I were dictated by her Anceſtors, whoſe faces are all upon me. I fear none ſo much as Sir *Chriſtopher Guiſe*, who being in his Shirt, ſeems as ready to combate me, as her own Sir *John* was to demoliſh Duke *Lancaſtere*. I dare ſay your Lady will recollect his Figure. I look'd upon the Manſion, Walls, and Terraces; the Plantations, and Slopes, which Nature has made to command a variety of Valleys and riſing Woods; with a Veneration mixt with a Pleaſure, that repreſented her to me in thoſe puerile Amuſements, which engaged her ſo many Years ago in this place: I fancy'd I ſaw her ſober over a Sampler, or gay over a jointed Baby. I dare ſay ſhe did one thing more, even in thoſe early times;

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times; *remember'd her Creator in the Days of her Youth.*

You deſcribe ſo well your Heremitical ſtate of Life, that none of the antient Anchorites could go beyond you, for a Cave in a Rock, with a fine Spring, or any of the Accommodations that befit a Solitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of thoſe venerable and holy Perſonages took with them a Lady, and begat Sons and Daughters. You muſt modeſtly be content to be accounted a Patriarch. But were you a little younger, I ſhould rather rank you with Sir *Amadis*, and his fellows. If Piety be ſo Romantick, I ſhall turn Hermit in good earneſt; for I ſee one may go ſo far as to be Poetical, and hope to ſave one's Soul at the ſame time. I really wiſh myſelf ſomething more, that is, a Prophet; for I wiſh I were as *Habakkuk*, to be taken by the Hair of the Head, and viſit *Daniel* in his Den. You are very obliging in ſaying, I have now a whole Family upon my hands, to whom to diſcharge the part of a Friend: I aſſure you I like 'em all ſo well, that I will never quit my Hereditary Right to them; you have made me yours, and conſequently them mine. I ſtill ſee them walking on my Green at *Twickenham*, and gratefully remember (not only their green Gowns)

Gowns) but the Inſtructions they gave me how to ſlide down, and trip up the ſteepeſt Slopes of my Mount.

Pray think of me ſometimes, as I ſhall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Yours.

To the ſame.

Twickenham, Oct. 21. 1721.

Dear Sir,

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the firſt Concerns of Life, at your Reſuſcitation, ſhould have been ſooner anſwer'd and acknowledg'd. I ſincerely rejoice at your recovery from an Illneſs which gave me leſs pain than it did you, only from my Ignorance of it. I ſhould have elſe been ſeriouſly and deeply affected, in the thought of your danger by a Fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a private Letter of *Montaigne*, giving an account of the laſt words of an intimate Friend of his: 'Adieu my Friend! the pain 'I feel will ſoon be over, but I grieve for 'that

'that you are to feel, which is to last you 'for life.'

I join with your Family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy Man somewhat longer. The Comforts you receive from their Attendance put me in mind of what old *Fletcher* of *Saltoune* said one day to me: 'Alas, I have nothing to do but to 'die; I am a poor Individual; no Creature 'to wish, or to fear, for my life or death: 'Tis the only reason I have to repent be- 'ing a single Man; now I grow old, I am 'like a Tree without a Prop, and without 'young Trees of my own shedding, to grow 'round me, for Company and Defence.'

I hope the Gout will soon go after the Fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an Interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the Gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty Acres, cast 'em to dirty People, such as in the Scripture-Phrase *possess the Land.* Shake off your Earth like the noble Animal in *Milton.*

The tawny Lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder Parts, he springs as broke from Bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded Main: the Ounce,
The Lizard, and the Tyger, as the Mole
Rising, the crumbled Earth above them throw
In Hillocks!

But

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But I believe *Milton* never thought, these fine Verses of his should be apply'd to a Man selling a parcel of dirty Acres; tho' in the main I think it may have some resemblance; for God knows this little space of Ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of *Eden* did those Creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our Affections and Desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. *Blount* know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine's Famulorum Famularumque's*, &c. My poor Mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring Taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole Air of this Letter) not in the gayest nor easiest Humour, but always with Sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Yours.

To the same.

Dear Sir, *June* 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the Justice to think no Man is more your sincere Well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere

cere well-wisher of your whole Family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of Envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good will.

They from all Shades the Darkness can exclude,
And from a Desart banish Solitude.

Torbay is a Paradise, and a Storm is but an Amusement to such people. If you drink Tea upon a Promontory that overhangs the Sea, it is preferable to an Assembly; and the whistling of the Wind better Music to contented and loving Minds, than the Opera to the Spleenful, Ambitious, Diseas'd, Distasted, and Distracted Souls, which this World affords; nay, this World affords no other. Happy they! who are banish'd from us: but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly, banish the World from them!

Alas! I live at *Twickenham!*

I take that Period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred Sentences that might be writ to express Distraction, Hurry, Multiplication of Nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual Business of having no Business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the *Odyssey* as nothing? But whenever I think

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ſeriouſly (and of late I have met with ſo many Occaſions of thinking ſeriouſly, that I begin never to think otherwiſe) I cannot but think theſe things very idle; as idle, as if a Beaſt of Burden ſhould go on jingling his Bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever ſerving his Maſter.

Life's vain Amuſements, amidſt which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or underſtood by the grim God of Hell!

Said a Heathen Poet; as he is tranſlated by a Chriſtian Biſhop, who has, firſt by his Exhortations, and ſince by his Example, taught me to *think* as becomes a Reaſonable Creature.— But he is gone! He carry'd away more Learning than is left in this Nation behind him: but he left us more in the noble Example of bearing Calamity well. 'Tis true, we want Literature very much; but pray God we don't want Patience more! if theſe Precedents are to prevail.

I remember I promis'd to write to you, as ſoon as I ſhould hear you were got home. You muſt look on this as the firſt Day I've been myſelf, and paſs over the Mad Interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a Correſpondent I ſhall hence-forward be able, or not able, to be, God knows: but he knows I ſhall ever be a punctual and grateful Friend, and all the good Wiſhes of ſuch an one will ever attend you.

To

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To the same.

June 2, 1725.

Dear Sir,

YOU shew your self a just Man and a Friend in those Guesses and Suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my Silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or your's, I assure you, the promiscuous Conversations of the Town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a Corner of the World (undisturb'd, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no Access of any Distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sunshiny Weather. Let the young Ladies be assured I make nothing new in my Gardens without wishing to see the print of their Fairy Steps in every part of 'em. I have put the last Hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous Way and Grotto; I there found a Spring of the clearest Water, which falls in a perpetual Rill, that ecchoes thro' the Cavern day and night. From the River *Thames*, you see thro' my Arch up a Walk of the Wilderness to a kind of open

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Temple, wholly compos'd of Shells in the Ruſtic Manner; and from that diſtance under the Temple you look down thro' a ſloping Arcade of Trees, and ſee the Sails on the River paſſing ſuddenly and vaniſhing, as thro' a Perſpective Glaſs. When you ſhut the Doors of this Grotto, it becomes on the inſtant, from a luminous Room, a *Camera obſcura*; on the Walls of which all the Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boats, are forming a moving Picture in their viſible Radiations: And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different Scene: it is finiſhed with Shells interperſed with Pieces of Looking-glaſs in angular forms; and in the Ceiling is a Star of the ſame Material, at which when a Lamp (of an orbicular Figure of thin Alabaſter) is hung in the Middle, a thouſand pointed Rays glitter and are reflected over the Place. There are connected to this Grotto by a narrower Paſſage two Porches, with Niches and Seats; one toward the River, of ſmooth Stones, full of light and open; the other toward the Arch of Trees, rough with Shells, Flints, and Iron Ore. The Bottom is paved with ſimple Pebble, as the adjoining Walk up the Wilderneſs to the Temple, is to be Cockle-ſhells, in the natural Taſte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping Murmur, and the Aquatic Idea of the whole Place. It wants nothing

to

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to compleat it but a good Statue with an Inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of,

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmo-
[ra somnum
Rumpere, seu bibas, sive lavere, tace.

Nymph of the Grot, these sacred Springs
[I keep,
And to the Murmur of these Waters sleep;
Whoe'er thou art, ah gently tread the Cave,
Ah bathe in silence, or in silence lave.

You'll think I have been very Poetical in this Description, but it is pretty near the Truth. I wish you were here to bear Testimony how little it owes to Art, either the Place itself, or the Image I give of it.

I am, &c.

To the same.

Sept. 13, 1725.

Dear Sir,

I Should be asham'd to own the receipt of a very kind Letter from you, two whole Months from the date of this; if I were not more

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more aſham'd to tell a Lye, or to make an Excuſe, which is worſe than a Lye (for being built upon ſome probable Circumſtance, it makes uſe of a degree of Truth to falſify with: It is a Lye *Guarded*). Your Letter has been in my Pocket in conſtant wearing, till that, and the Pocket, and the Suit, are worn out; by which means, I have read it forty times, and I find by ſo doing, that I have not enough conſider'd, and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true Friendſhip, as they ſay of good Writing, will bear reviewing a thouſand times, and ſtill diſcover new beauties.

I have had a Fever, a ſhort one, but a violent: I am now well. So it ſhall take up no more of this Paper.

I begin now to expect you in Town, to make the Winter to come more tolerable to us both. The Summer is a kind of Heaven, when we wander in a Paradiſaical Scene of Nature among Groves and Gardens; but at this Seaſon, we are like our poor firſt Parents turn'd out of that agreeable tho' ſolitary life, and forc'd to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer Houſes, and hive together in Cities.

I hope you are long ſince perfectly reſtor'd, and riſen from your Gout, happy in the delights of a contented Family, ſmiling at

Storms,

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Storms, laughing at Greatneſs, and merry over a Chriſtmas-fire, exerciſing all the Functions of an old Patriarch in Charity and Hoſpitality. I will not tell Mrs *B.* what I think ſhe is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done: and ſhe will allow herſelf to be far enough advanc'd above a fine Lady, not to deſire to ſhine before Men.

Your Daughters perhaps may have ſome other thoughts, which even their Mother muſt excuſe them for, becauſe ſhe is a Mother. I will not however ſuppoſe thoſe thoughts get the better of their Devotions, but rather excite 'em, and aſſiſt the warmth of them; while their Prayer may be, that they may raiſe up and breed as irreproachable a young Family as their Parents have done. In a Word, I fancy you all well, eaſy, and happy, juſt as I wiſh you; and next to that I wiſh you all with me.

Next to God, is a good Man: Next in dignity, and next in value. *Minuiſti eum paullo minus ab Angelis.* If therefore I wiſh well to the good and the deſerving, and deſire They only ſhou'd be my Companions and Correſpondents; I muſt very ſoon, and very much think of you. I want your Company, and your Example. Pray make haſte to Town, ſo as not again to leave us: Diſcharge the Load of Earth that lies on you, like

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like one of the Mountains under which the Poets ſay the Giants (that is, the *Men of the Earth*) are whelmed: Leave Earth to the Sons of Earth; your Converſation is in Heaven. Which that it may be accompliſh'd in us all, is the Prayer of him who maketh this ſhort Sermon. Value (to you) Three Pence. Adieu.

LETTERS

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LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE to Mr. GAY.

From 1712 to 1730.

Nov. 13, 1712.

SIR,

YOU writ me a very kind Letter some months ago; and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into *Devonshire*. That hindered my answering you, and I have since several times inquir'd of you, without any Satisfaction; for so I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I past two months in *Sussex*, and since my Return have been again very ill. I writ to *Lintot* in hopes of hearing of you, but had no answer to that point. Our Friend

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Mr. *Cromwell* too has been ſilent all this year; I believe he has been diſpleas'd at ſome or other of my Freedoms; which I very innocently take, and moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have open'd to you: And, if I know you right, you are of a Temper to cement Friendſhips, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. *Cromwell*, and have a true affection for your ſelf, which if I had any Intereſt in the world, or Power with thoſe who have, I ſhou'd not be long without manifeſting to you. I deſire you will not, either out of Modeſty, or a vicious Diſtruſt of another's value for you, (thoſe two Eternal Foes to Merit) imagine that your Letters and Converſation are not always welcome to me. There's no man more intirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than my ſelf, and I have ſeen too much of thoſe qualities in Mr. *Gay* to be any thing leſs than his

moſt affectionate Friend,

Binfield, No. 13, 1712.

and real Servant,

A. POPE.

Dec.

Dec. 24, 1712.

Dear Sir,

IT has been my good fortune within this month paſt, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almoſt in all my time beſide. But nothing upon my word has been ſo Home-felt a ſatiſfaction as the News you tell me of your ſelf: and you are not in the leaſt miſtaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good Succeſs; for I have more People to be happy out of, than any ill-natur'd man can boaſt. I may with honeſty affirm to you, that notwithſtanding the many Inconveniencies and Diſadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res anguſti domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of Merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing 'em ſome real ſervice. For, after all, if we could but Think a little, Self-love might make us Philoſophers, and convince us, *Quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourſelves are eaſily provided for; 'tis nothing but the Circumſtantials, and the Apparatus or Equipage of human life that coſts ſo much the furniſhing. Only what a luxurious Man wants for horſes and foot-men,

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a good-natur'd Man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I ſhall ſee you this Winter with much greater pleaſure than I could the laſt; and I hope as much of your Time as your Attendance on the Dutcheſs will allow you to ſpare to any friend, will not be thought loſt upon one who is as much ſo as any man. I muſt alſo put you in mind, tho' you are now Secretary to this Lady, that you are likewiſe Secretary to Nine other Ladies, and are to write ſometimes for them too. He who is forc'd to live wholly upon thoſe Ladies favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what *Chaucer* ſays —— for *Suſtenance*; but they are very agreeable Companions, like other Ladies, when a Man only paſſes a Night or ſo with them at his leiſure, and away. I am

Your, &c.

Aug. 23, 1713.

Dear Sir,

JUST as I receiv'd yours, I was ſet down to write to you with ſome ſhame that I had ſo long deferr'd it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it

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gives me the knowledge how little you inſiſt upon Ceremony, and how much a greater ſhare in your memory I have than I deſerve. I have been near a week in *London*, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. *J*——*s*'s help, *Elegans Formarum Spectator*. I begin to diſcover Beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every Corner of an Eye, or Turn of a Noſe or Ear, the ſmalleſt degree of Light or Shade on a Cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to diſtract me. I no longer look upon Lord *Plauſible* as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine Tip of an Ear and pretty Elbow (as the *Plain-dealer* has it) but am in ſome danger even from the Ugly and Diſagreeable, ſince they may have their retired beauties, in one Trait or other about 'em. You may gueſs in how uneaſy a ſtate I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more deſpicable. I have thrown away three Dr. *Swift*'s, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady *Bridgewaters*, a Dutcheſs of *Montague*, beſides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucify'd *Chriſt* over again in effigie, and made a *Madona* as old as her Mother St. *Anne*. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rival'd St. *Luke* himſelf in Painting, and as 'tis ſaid

an Angel came and finish'd his Piece, so you would swear a Devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrim'd and smutted. However, I comfort my self with a Christian Reflection, that I have not broken the Commandment, for my Pictures are not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the waters under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the *Indians* should have a sight of 'em, who, they tell us, worship certain Pagods or Idols purely for their Uglineſs.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the News of the Advancement of the *Fan*, which I doubt not will delight the Eye and Sense of the Fair, as long as that agreeable Machine shall play in the Hands of Posterity. I am glad your *Fan* is mounted so soon, but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your leisure, and polish the Sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be born in the Lands of both Sexes, no less in *Britain*, than it is in *China*; where it is ordinary for a *Mandarine* to fan himself cool after a Debate, and a Statesman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave Lye.

I am, *&c.*

May

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May 4, *Binfield*, 1714.

Dear Gay,

SINCE by your letter we find you can be content to breath in ſmoak, to walk in crouds, and divert your ſelf with noiſe, nay, and to make fine Pictures of this way of life, we ſhou'd give you up as one abandoned to a wrong choice of pleaſures. We have however ſo much compaſſion on you, as to think of inviting you to us, where your taſte for books, friendſhip, and eaſe, may be indulg'd. But if you do not come, pray leave to tempt us with your deſcription of the Court; for indeed humanity is frail, and we cannot but remember ſome particular honours which we have enjoy'd in converſation; bate us this one point, and we ſtand you, ſtill untir'd with one another, and freſh to the pleaſures of the country. If you wou'd have any news from us, know that we are well at preſent: This I am ſure wou'd have been allow'd by you as news from either of us a fortnight ago. In return to this, ſend us every thing you imagine diverting, and pray forget not my commiſſions. Give my reſpects to the Dean,

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Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Ford*, and the Provoſt. Dear *Gay*, adieu.

Your affectionate Friend,

and humble Servant,

THO. PARNELLE.

Dear Mr. Gay,

ABOVE all other News, ſend us the beſt, that of your good Health, if you enjoy it; which Mr. *Harcourt* made us very much fear. If you have any deſign either to amend your health, or your life, I know no better Expedient than to come hither, where you ſhould not want room, tho' I lay my ſelf in a Trucklebed under the Doctor. You might here converſe with the old Greeks, be initiated into all their Cuſtoms, and learn their Prayers by heart as we have done: The Doctor laſt *Sunday*, intending to ſay an *Our Father*, was got half way in *Chryſes'* Prayer to *Apollo*. The ill effects of Contention and Squabling, ſo lively deſcrib'd in the firſt Iliad, make Dr. *Parnelle* and my ſelf continue in the moſt exemplary Union in every thing. We deſerve to be worſhip'd by all the poor, divided, factious, intereſted Poets of this world.

As

As we riſe in our ſpeculations daily, we are grown ſo grave, that we have not condeſcended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this week: I have contracted a ſeverity of aſpect from deep meditation on high ſubjects, equal to the formidable Front of black-brow'd *Jupiter*, and become an awful Nod as well, when I aſſent to ſome grave and weighty Propoſition of the Doctor, or inforce a Criticiſm of my own. In a word, *Y——g* himſelf has not acquired more Tragic Majeſty in his aſpect by reading his own Verſes, than I by *Homer*'s.

In this ſtate, I cannot conſent to your publication of that ludicrous trifling Burleſque you write about. Dr. *Parnelle* alſo joins in my opinion, that it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmoſt fidelity and eſteem) my hearty ſervice to the Dean, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, Mr. *Ford*, and to Mr. *Forteſcue*. Let them alſo know at *Button*'s that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Buccoliaſt!

Thy loving Countryman.

Oct.

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Oct. 23.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE been perpetually troubled with ſickneſs of late, which has made me ſo melancholy, that the Immortality of the Soul has been my conſtant Speculation, as the Mortality of my Body my conſtant Plague. In good earneſt, *Seneca* is nothing to a fit of ſickneſs.

Dr. *Parnelle* will honour *Tonſon*'s Miſcellany with ſome very beautiful Copies, at my requeſt. He enters heartily into our deſign; I only fear his ſtay in town may chance to be but ſhort. Dr. *Swift* much approves what I propoſed, even to the very title, which I deſign ſhall be, *The Works of the Unlearned*, publiſhed monthly, in which whatever Book appears that deſerves praiſe, ſhall be depreciated Ironically, and in the ſame manner that modern Critics take to undervalue Works of Value, and to commend the high Productions of *Grubſtreet*.

I ſhall go into the Country about a month hence, and ſhall then deſire to take along with me your Poem of the *Fan*, to conſider it at full leiſure. I am deeply ingaged in Poetry, the particulars whereof ſhall be deferr'd till we meet.

I am

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I am very desirous of seeing Mr. *Fortescue* when he comes to Town before his journey; if you can any way acquaint him of my desire, I believe his good nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all sincerity, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

Sept. 23, 1714.

Dear Mr. Gay,

WElcome to your native Soil! welcome to your Friends! thrice welcome to me! whether return'd in glory, blest with Court-interest, the love and familiarity of the Great, and fill'd with agreeable Hopes; or melancholy with Dejection, contemplative of the changes of Fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant *Whig*, or a desponding *Tory*, equally All Hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to share in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at *Binfield* in the worst of times at your service. If you are a *Tory*, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your Gratitude

to

to a few People, who endeavour'd to ſerve you, and whoſe Politicks were never your Concern. If you are a *Whig*, as I rather hope, and as I think your Principles and mine (as Brother Poets) had ever a Byaſs to the Side of Liberty, I know you will be an honeſt man and an inoffenſive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being ſo much of either Party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever ſtate you are, All Hail!

One or two of your old Friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you ſince the *Queen*'s Death; I told 'em, no man living lov'd Mr. *Gay* better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his Voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him ſo every month. But they had reaſons too themſelves to alledge in your excuſe, as men who really value one another will never want ſuch as make their friends and themſelves eaſy. The late univerſal Concern in publick affairs, threw us all into a hurry of Spirits; even I, who am more a Philoſopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was born away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Succeſſor: During your Journeys I knew not whither to aim

a letter

a letter after you, that was a ſort of ſhooting flying: add to this the demand *Homer* had upon me, to write fifty Verſes a day, beſides learned Notes, all which are at a concluſion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my Friend, that my Labour is over; come and make merry with me in much Feaſting, for I to thee, and thou to me. We will feed among the Lilies. By the Lilies, I mean the Ladies, with whom I hope you have fed to Satiety: Haſt thou paſſed through many Countries, and not taſted the delights thereof? Haſt thou not left to thy Iſſue in divers Lands, that *German Gays* and *Dutch Gays* may ariſe, to write Paſtorals, and ſing their Songs in ſtrange Countries? Are not the *Blouzelinda's* of the *Hague* as charming as the *Roſalinda's* of *Britain?* or have the two great Paſtoral Poets of our Nation renounced Love at the ſame time? for *Philips*, immortal *Philips*, *Hanover Philips*, hath deſerted, yea and in a ruſtick manner kicked his *Roſalind.* — Dr. *Parnelle* and I have been inſeparable ever ſince you went. We are now at the *Bath*, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greateſt pleaſure to us in the world. Talk not of Expences: *Homer* ſhall ſupport his Children. I beg a line from you directed to the Poſt-

houſe

houſe in *Bath*. Poor *Parnelle* is in an ill ſtate of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the Poetical way. Write ſomething on the King, or Prince, or Princeſs. On whatſoever foot you may be with the Court, this can do no harm —— I ſhall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to ſay to you, tho' they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

London, Nov. 8. 1718.

Dear Sir,

I AM extremely glad to find by a Letter of your's to Mr. *Forteſcue*, that you have receiv'd one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greateſt of Curioſities, that Letter of mine which you receiv'd and I never writ.

But the Truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a ſhort time, that I was upon the Ramble moſt part of the Summer, and have concluded the Seaſon in Grief, for the death of my poor father.

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I shall not enter into a detail of my Concerns and Troubles, for two reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no Airs of grief, and because they are not the concerns and troubles of any but my self. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleas'd to know he died easily, without a groan, or the sickness of two minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the humour to say gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr. *Pulteney* or you, as you have done both my Lord *Burlington* and me, by your letter to Mr. *Lowndes*. I am only sorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. *Lowndes*, and wish you paid some hundreds a year to the Land-tax. That Gentleman is lately become an inoffensive person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our Addresses to him, and (like true Patriots) rejoice in all that Good done to the Nation and Government, to which we contribute nothing our selves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your letter sent from *Aix*; you told me then, that writing was not good with the Waters, and

and I find since you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the Waters. But I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the Waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our Brother-poets of these days.

I have no story to tell that is worth your hearing: you know I am no man of Intrigue; but the Duchess of *Hamilton* has one which she says is worth my hearing, that relates to Mr. *Pulteney* and your self; and which she promises, if you won't tell me, she will. Her Grace has won in a Raffle a very fine Tweezercase; at the sight of which, my Tweezercase, and all other Tweezercases on the globe, *Hide their diminish'd Heads.*

That Dutchess, Lord *Warwick*, Lord *Stanhope*, Mrs. *Bellenden*, Mrs. *Lepell*, and I can't tell who else, had your letters: Dr. *Arbuthnot* and I expect to be treated like Friends. I would send my services to Mr. *Pulteney*, but that he is out of favour at Court; and make some compliment to Mrs. *Pulteney*, if she were not a Wig. My Lord *Burlington* tells me she has as much outshin'd all the *French* Ladies, as she did the *English* before: I am sorry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy Religion, if heretical Women should eclypse those Nuns

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Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whoſe eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining ſuch fine Gentlemen as you to our Church.

Your, &c.

I wiſh you joy of the birth of the young Prince, becauſe he is the only Prince we have, from whom you have had no Expectations and no Diſappointments.

Dear Sir,

I Think it obliging in you to deſire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worſe ſtate in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy, ſo ineffectual, that I give myſelf entirely over. I wiſh your health may be ſet perfectly right by the Waters, and be aſſured I not only wiſh that, and every thing elſe for you, as common friends wiſh, but with a Zeal not uſual among thoſe we call ſo. I am always glad to hear often from you; always glad to ſee you, whatever accidents or amuſements have interven'd to make me do either leſs than uſual. I not only frequently think of you, but conſtantly do my beſt to make others do it, by mentioning

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you to all your acquaintance. I desire you to do the same for me to those you are now with: do me what you think Justice in regard to those who are my friends; and, if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deserved so little of, as to be my Enemies, I don't desire you to forfeit their opinion or your own judgment in any case. Let Time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive person; tho' (to say truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the World is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. *Arbuthnot* in town this fortnight, or else I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, seems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more sincere friend in the world than I am; therefore I will think him mine. I am His, Mr. *Congreve*'s, and

Your, &c.

London, Sept. 11, 1722.

Dear Gay,

I Thank you for remembring me. I would, do my best to forget my self, but that I find

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I find your Idea is so closely connected to me that I must forget both together, or neither. I'm sorry, I could not have a glympse either of you, or of the Sun, (your Father) before you went for *Bath*. But now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. *Congreve* in mind that he has one on this side of the World who loves him; and that there are more Men and Women in the Universe, than Mr. *Gay* and my Lady Duchess of *M.* There are Ladies in and about *Richmond* that pretend to value him and your self; and one of 'em at least may be thought to do it without Affectation, namely Mrs. *Howard.* As for Mrs. *Blounts* (whom you mercifully make mention of) they are gone, or going to *Sussex.* I hope Mrs. *Pulteney* is the better for the *Bath*, tho' I have little Charity and few good Wishes for the Ladies, the Destroyers of their best friends the Men. Pray tell her she has forgot the first Commission I ever troubled her with, and therefore it shall be the last (the very thing I fear she desires). Dr. *Arbuthnot* is a strange creature; he goes out of town, and leaves his Bastards at other folks doors. I have long been so far mistaken in him as to think him a Man of Morals as well as of Politicks. Pray let him know I made a very unfashionable enquiry t'other day of the welfare

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of his Wife and family: Things that (I presume) are below the consideration of a Wit and an *Ombre*-player. They are in perfect health. Tho' Mrs. *A*——'s Navel has been burnt, I hope the Doctor's own Belly is in absolute ease and contentment. Now I speak of those Regions about the *Abdomen*, pray, dear *Gay*, consult with him and Dr. *Cheyne* to what exact pitch yours may be suffer'd to swell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your Betters. Pray tell Dr. *Arbuthnot* that even Pigeon-pyes, and Hogs-puddings are thought dangerous by our Governors; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of *Rochester*, are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the *Tower*: 'Tis the first time dead Pigeons have been suspected of carrying Intelligence. To be serious, you, and Mr. *Congreve* (nay and the Doctor if he has not dined) will be sensible of my concern and surprize at the commitment of that Gentleman, whose welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think my self a most unfortunate wretch; I no sooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my esteem to any man; but he either dies like Mr. *Craggs*, or is sent to Imprisonment like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his Enemies know him as well as I do, that they

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they may love him and think of him as well!

If you apprehend this Period to be of any danger in being addreſs'd to you; tell Mr. *Congreve* or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

July 13, 1723.

Dear Sir,

I WAS very much pleas'd, not to ſay oblig'd, by your kind letter, which ſufficiently warm'd my heart to have anſwer'd it ſooner, had I not been deceiv'd (a way one often is deceiv'd) by hearkening to Women; who told me that both Lady *Burlington* and yourſelf were immediately to return from *Tunbridge*, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furniſhes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and I aſſure you, none of them touch and grieve me ſo much as what relates to you. I think your Sentiments upon it are the very ſame I ſhould entertain: I wiſh thoſe we call Great Men had the ſame Notions, but they are really the moſt Little Creatures in the world; and the moſt intereſted, in all but one Point; which is, that they want Judg-

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ment to know their greateſt Intereſt, to encourage and chuſe Honeſt men for their Friends.

I have not once ſeen the Perſon you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apoſtle admoniſheth, *one Fleſh with his Wife.*

Pray make my ſincere compliments to Lord *Burlington*, whom I have long known to have more Mind to be a Good and honourable man, than almoſt any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord *Bolingbroke*, (tho' I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller opportunity) he returns for *Flanders* and *France*, next Month.

Mrs. *Howard* has writ you ſomething or other in a letter which ſhe ſays ſhe repents. She has as much Good-nature as if ſhe had never ſeen any Ill-nature, and had been bred among Lambs and Turtle-doves, inſtead of Princes and Court-Ladies.

By the end of this week, *Forteſcue* will paſs a few days with me. We ſhall remember you in our Potations, and wiſh you a Fiſher with us, on my Graſs-plat. In the mean time we wiſh you Succeſs as a Fiſher of Women, at the Wells, a Rejoycer of the Comfortleſs and Widow, an Impregnator of the Barren, and a Playfellow of the Maiden. I am

Your, &c.

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Dear Sir,

I Faithfully aſſure you, in the midſt of that melancholy with which I have been ſo long encompaſſed, in an hourly Expectation almoſt of my Mother's death; there was no circumſtance that render'd it more inſupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to ſee you. Your own preſent Eſcape from ſo imminent danger, I pray God may prove leſs precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whoſe Life at her age can at beſt be but a ſhort Reprieve, or a longer Dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will pleaſe to grant me; for, theſe two days paſt, her moſt dangerous Symptoms are returned upon her; and unleſs there be a ſudden change, I muſt in a few days, if not in a few Hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting Proſpect before me, I know nothing that can ſo much alleviate it as the View now given me (Heaven grant it may encreaſe!) of your recovery. In the ſincerity of my heart, I am exceſſively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear *Gay*, any part of the debt I very gratefully remember I owe you, on a like ſad occaſion, when you was here comforting me in her laſt great Illneſs. May your

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health augment as fast as I fear it pleases God hers must decline: I believe that would be very fast —— may the Life that is added to you be past in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to your self, than from any Expectations or Trust in others. —— May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without obligations to Greatness —— God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my Mother. Adieu, dear *Gay*, and believe me (while you live, and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. *Howard*, and Mrs. *Blount* give me daily accounts of you.

Sunday Night.

Dear Sir,

I Truly rejoyc'd to see your hand-writing, tho' I fear'd the trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week

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a week paſt I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to ſee you. But my poor Mother advances not at all, gains no ſtrength, and ſeems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold Day to throw her into a Diarrhœa that muſt, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a day from her, leſt that ſhould prove to be her Laſt. God ſend you a ſpeedy recovery, and ſuch a total one as at your time of Life may be expected. You need not call the few Words I writ to you either kind, or good; That was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my Nature of Kindneſs, I really have for you, and whatever Good I could do, I wou'd among the very firſt be glad to do to you. In your circumſtance the old *Roman* farewell is proper. *Vive! memor noſtri.*

Your, &c.

I ſend you a very kind letter of Mr. *Digby*, between whom and me two letters have paſs'd concerning you.

Dear Gay,

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I aſſure you it was

was not, and is not leſſen'd, by the immediate apprehenſion I have now every day lain under of loſing my Mother. Be aſſur'd, no Duty leſs than that, ſhould have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a Room by you at *Hampſtead*, to be with you daily, were ſhe not ſtill in danger of death. I have conſtantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preſerve your life, and reſtore your health. I really beg it for my own ſake, for I feel I love you more than I thought, in health, tho' I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime as the Southern Part of *France*, may be thought uſeful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd ſtate already in which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other Cares and Duties. Dear *Gay*, be as chearful as your Sufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court: Even any honeſt man is a better. I promiſe you my entire friendſhip

in

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in all events, heartily praying for your recovery.

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever ſo able: The Doctor tells me all.

Dear Sir,

I AM glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the Conſolation you were to me in my Mother's former Illneſs, that it doubles my Concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I wou'd have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſt five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord *Bolingbroke* and Mr. *Bethel* have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mrs. *Blount* once) were contented to ſend meſſages. I never paſs'd ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr. *Congreve*'s death touches me nearly. It is twenty years that I have known him. Every year carries away ſomething

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thing dear with it, till we out-live all tenderneſſes, and become wretched Individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my Birth-day, and this is my Reflection upon it:

With added Days if life give nothing new,
But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleaſure thro';
Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain Year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more!
Is this a Birth-day?——'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Funeral of the former Year.

I am Yours, *&c.*

Twick'nam, July 21.

Dear Gay,

YOU have the ſame ſhare in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you ſhould be in my mind; only I reflect too ſeldom. However, you ought to allow me the Indulgence I allow all my Friends, (and if I did not, They would take it) in conſideration that they have other avocations; which may prevent the *Proofs* of their remembring me, tho' they preſerve for me all the friendſhip, and good-will which I deſerve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my paſt life

of

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of twenty years may be ſet againſt the omiſſion of (perhaps) one month: And if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the ſpleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter ſplenatick, conſider I have juſt receiv'd the News of the death of a Friend, whom I eſteem'd almoſt as many years as you; poor *Fenton*: He died at *Eaſthampſtead*, of Indolence and Inactivity; let it not be your fate, but uſe Exerciſe. I hope the Ducheſs will take care of you in this reſpect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to ſerve inſtead of Exerciſe abroad. Mrs. *Howard* is ſo concern'd about you, and ſo angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. *Blount* for not doing the ſame, that I am piqu'd with Jealouſy and Envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great Place at Court; which you will confeſs a proper cauſe of Envy and Hatred, in any Poet-militant, or unpenſion'd. But to ſet matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am as I ever was, and juſt as I ever ſhall be,

Yours, &c.

Twicken-

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Twickenham, Oct. 16, 1727.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; *Bleſſed is he who expects nothing, for he ſhall never be diſappointed.* I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy diſmiſſion from all Court-Dependance; I dare ſay I ſhall find you the Better and the Honeſter Man for it, many years hence; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many curſed ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious habits, of which few or no men eſcape the Infection, who are hackney'd and trammelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the Lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the Fools of Peers) will ſmile on you the leſs; but Men of Worth, and real Friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you, (for they have it not to give) *Liberty*, which is worth all they have; and which, as yet, I hope *Engliſhmen* need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy That, and your own Integrity, and the ſatisfactory

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tisfactory Conſciouſneſs of having *not* merited ſuch Graces from them, as they beſtow only on the mean, ſervile, flattering, intereſted, and undeſerving. The only Steps to their favour are ſuch complacencies, ſuch compliances, ſuch diſtant decorums, as delude them in their Vanities, or engage them in their Paſſions. He is their *Greateſt* favourite, who is their *Falſeſt*: and when a man, by ſuch vile Gradations, arrives at the height of Grandeur and Power, he is then at beſt but in a circumſtance to be *hated*, and in a condition to be *hanged*, for ſerving their Ends: So many a Miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want Advice, in the letter you ſent by my Lord *Grantham*. I preſume you writ it not, without: And you cou'd not have better, if I gueſs right at the perſon who agreed to your doing it, in reſpect to any *Decency* you ought to obſerve: for I take that perſon to be a perfect Judge of Decencies and Forms. I am not without fears even on that perſon's account: I think it a bad Omen: but what have I to do with Court-Omens? -- Dear *Gay*, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly Speech: While you are no body's Servant, you may be any one's Friend; and as ſuch I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a ſhilling, you ſhall have ſix-pence, nay eight pence,

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pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, &c.

Aug. 18.

Dear Gay,

IF my friendſhip were as effectual as it is ſincere, you would be one of thoſe people who would be vaſtly advantag'd and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd thoſe Popes who were moſt famous for Nepotiſm; 'tis a ſign that the old fellows *loved Somebody*, which is not uſual in ſuch advanced years. And I now honour Sir *Robert Walpole*, for his extenſive Bounty and Goodneſs to his private Friends and Relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendſhip is ſo much leſs effectual than theirs; nay ſo utterly uſeleſs that it cannot give you any thing, not even a Dinner, at this diſtance, nor help the General, whom I greatly love, to catch one fiſh. My only conſolation is to think you happier than myſelf, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating (an excellent Remedy for Love.) How comes it that Providence has been ſo unkind to me, (who am a greater object of compaſſion than any fat man alive) that I am forc'd to drink wine, while you riot

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riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Ducheſs of *Queensberry?* that I am condemn'd to live on a High-way ſide, like an old Patriarch, receiving all Gueſts, where my Portico (as *Virgil* has it)

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are rapt into the *Idalian* Groves, ſprinkled with Roſe-water, and live in Burrage, Balm and Burnet up to the chin, with the Ducheſs of *Queensberry?* that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at Court with the Ladies in waiting at *Windſor*, while you are happily baniſh'd with the Ducheſs of *Queensberry?* So partial is Fortune in her diſpenſations! for I deſerv'd ten times more to be baniſh'd than you, and I know ſome Ladies, who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I muſt not name any, who dare do ſo much for you, as to ſend you their Services: But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I ſuppoſe to prevent or excuſe her not doing it herſelf; ſhe ſeems (for that is all I'll ſay for a Courtier) to wiſh you mighty well. Another who is no Courtier frequently mentions you, and does certainly wiſh you well —— I fancy, after all, they both do ſo.

I writ to Mr. *Forteſcue* and told him the pains you took to ſee him. Dr. *A.* for all

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that I know, may yet remember you and me, but I never hear of it. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from *Iriſh* Evidence, but only two Letters theſe four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: He is in the North of *Ireland*, doing I know not what with I know not whom. *Cleland* always ſpeaks of you: he is at *Tunbridge*, wondring at the ſuperior Carnivoracity of the Dr. He plays now with the old Ducheſs of *M*——, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other News know I not, but that Counſellor *Bickford* has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrangeſt walking-ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a viſit at *Amesbury*. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Ducheſs's, Mr. *Dormer*'s, General *Dormer*'s, and

Your, &c.

Sept. 11, 1730.

Dear Sir,

I May with great Truth return your Speech, that I think of you daily; oftner indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man; who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him, than uneaſy with

with thoſe which are not. And you, whoſe Abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembred as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with Spirits of a higher kind: ſuch I reckon his Grace and her Grace, ſince their Baniſhment from an earthly Court to an heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for I conclude none but true friends will conſort or aſſociate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myſelf (ſo unworthy as a man of *Twitnam* ſeems to be rank'd with ſuch rectify'd and ſublimated Beings as you as a ſeparated Spirit too from Courts and Courtly Fopperies. But I own, not altogether ſo diveſted of terrene Matter, nor altogether ſo ſpiritualized, as to be worthy admiſſion to your Depths of Retirement and Contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the Capital. I am within Ear-ſhot of Reports, within the Vortex of Lyes and Cenſures. I hear ſometimes of the Lampooners of Beauty, the Calumniators of Virtue, the Jokers at Reaſon and Religion. I preſume theſe are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty Orb are to the Inhabitants of the

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Planet *Jupiter*: Except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the poſt, from two or three of your zealous Votaries at this diſtance; as one Mrs. *Howard*, who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midſt of the *Colluvies* and Sink of Human Greatneſs at *W——r*: One Mrs. *B.* that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too tranſitory State at *Peterſham*: One Lord *B.* who admir'd the Ducheſs before ſhe grew quite a Goddeſs; and a few others.

To deſcend now to tell you what are our Wants, our Complaints, and our Miſeries here; I muſt ſeriouſly ſay, the Loſs of any one Good woman is too great to be born eaſily: and poor Mrs. *Rollinſon*, tho' a private woman, was ſuch. Her Husband is gone into *Oxfordſhire* very melancholy, and thence to the *Bath*, to *live on*, for ſuch is our Fate, and Duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as ſeldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, &c.

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Oct. 1, 1730.

Dear Sir,

I AM something like the Sun at this Season, withdrawing from the World, but meaning it mighty well, and resolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the Clouds of a long Winter will overcome me to such a degree, that any body will take a farthing-candle for a better Guide, and more serviceable companion. My Friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the *Irishman*) that the *Moon* is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't say this with any allusion to my Poetical capacity as a Son of *Apollo*, but in my Companionable one, (if you'll suffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of *Clarendon*'s) For I shall see or be seen of few of you, this Winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as *Dryden* fairly says, *Feel my Notes decay* as a Poet; but feel my Spirits flag as a Companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my Books. I have been putting my Library in order, and enlarging the Chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my Mind and Body (if I can) to some Life. A Friend,

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(a Woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have ſpent three or four hours a day theſe fifteen years, adviſed me to paſs more time in my ſtudies: I reflected, ſhe muſt have found ſome Reaſon for this admonition, and concluded ſhe wou'd compleat all her kindneſſes to me by returning me to the Employment I am fitteſt for; Converſation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a Beatify'd Spirit, comparing your life with my ſtupid ſtate. For as to my living at *Windſor* with Ladies, *&c.* it is all a dream; I was there but two nights and all the day out of that company. I ſhall certainly make as little Court to others, as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-Weather-Friends of the Summer are going away for *London*, and I ſhall ſee Them and the Butterflies together, if I live till next Year; which I would not deſire to do, if it were only for their ſakes. But we that are writers, ought to love Poſterity, that Poſterity may love us; and I would willingly live to ſee the Children of the preſent Race, meerly in hope they may be a little wiſer than their Parents.

I am, *&c.*

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To J. GAY, *Esq;*

Dec. 16, 1731.

I Am astonished at the Complaints occasion'd by a late *Epistle* to the *Earl* of *Burlington*; and I should be afflicted were there the least just Ground for 'em. Had the Writer attack'd *Vice*, at a Time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being concealed as a *Defect*, that it is proclaimed with Ostentation as a *Merit*; I should have been apprehensive of the Consequence: Had he satirized Gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds Fortune, acquired by such Methods as are in daily practice, and almost universally encouraged: Had he overwarmly defended the *Religion of his Country*, against such Books as come from every Press, are publickly vended in every Shop, and greedily bought by almost every Rank of Men; or had he called our excellent *Weekly Writers* by the same Names which they openly bestow on the greatest Men *in* the Ministry, and *out* of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded:

In

In any of these Cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his Rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attacks *no one Vice* whatsoever; which deals only in *Folly*, and not Folly in general, but a single Species of it; that only Branch, for the opposite Excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape Censure, especially seeing how tenderly these Follies are treated, and really less accused, than Apologized for.

> *Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,*
> *Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread*
> *The Lab'rer bears.*

Is this such a *Crime*, that to impute it to a Man must be a grievous Offence? 'Tis an *Innocent Folly*, and much more *Beneficent* than the Want of it; for *Ill Taste* employs more hands, and diffuses Expence more than a *Good* one. Is it a *Moral* Defect? No, it is but a *Natural* one; a *Want of Taste*. It is what the best good Man living may be liable to: The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd House, and the best reputed Citizen be pleased with a vile Garden. I thought (I say) the Author had the

the common Liberty to obſerve a Defect, and to compliment a Friend for a Quality that diſtinguiſhes him: which I know not how any Quality ſhould do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they ſay, the Satire is *Perſonal.* I thought it could not be ſo, becauſe all its Reflexions are on *Things.* His Reflexions are not on the *Man*, but his Houſe, Garden, *&c.* Nay, he reſpects (as one may ſay) the *Perſons* of the Gladiator, Amphitheatre, the Nile and the Triton: He is only ſorry to ſee them (as he might be to ſee any of his *Friends*) ridiculous, by being in the wrong Place, and in bad Company. Some fancy, that to ſay a Thing is *Perſonal*, is the ſame as to ſay it is *Unjuſt*, not conſidering, that nothing can be *Juſt* that, is not *Perſonal.* I am afraid that "all ſuch Writings and Diſcourſes as *touch no Man*, will *mend no Man.*" The Good-Natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like Satire; and the *Guilty* readily concur with the *Weak* for a plain Reaſon, becauſe the Vicious look upon Folly as their *Frontier:*

——*Jam proximus ardet*
Ucalegon——

No wonder thoſe who know Ridicule belongs to them, find an inward Conſolation in

in removing it from themſelves as far as they can; and it is never ſo far, as when they can get it fixed on the *beſt Characters*. No wonder thoſe who are Food for Satirifts, ſhould rail at them as Creatures of Prey; every Beaſt born for our Uſe would be ready to call a Man ſo.

I know no Remedy, unleſs people in our Age would as little frequent the Theatres, as they begin to do the Churches; unleſs Comedy were forſaken, Satire ſilent, and every man left to do what ſeems good in his own Eyes, as if there were no King, no Prieſt, no Poet in *Iſrael*.

But I find myſelf obliged to touch a Point, on which I muſt be more ſerious; it well deſerves I ſhould: I mean the malicious Application of the Character of *Timon*, which I will boldly ſay, they would impute to the Perſon the moſt different in the World from a *Man-hater*, and the Perſon whoſe *Taſte* and *Encouragement* of *Wit* have often been ſhewn in the *righteſt Place*. The Author of that Epiſtle muſt certainly think ſo, if he has the ſame Opinion of his own Merit as Authors generally have; for he has been favoured by this very Perſon.

Why, in God's Name, muſt a *Portrait*, apparently collected from twenty different Men, be applied to one only? Has it his *Eye?* No, it is very unlike. Has it his *Noſe*

or

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or *Mouth?* No, they are totally differing. What then, I beſeech you? Why, it has the *Mole on his Chin.* Very well; but muſt the Picture therefore be his, and has no other man that Blemiſh?

Could there be a more melancholy Inſtance how much the Taſte of the Publick is vitiated, and turns the moſt ſalutary and ſeaſonable Phyſick into Poiſon, than if amidſt the Blaze of a thouſand bright Qualities in a Great Man, they ſhould only remark there is a *Shadow* about him, as what Eminence is without? I am confident the Author was incapable of imputing any ſuch to One, whoſe whole Life (to uſe his own Expreſſion in Print of him) is *a continued Series* of good and generous Actions.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the leaſt Pain or Offence to any innocent Perſon; and none who would be leſs concerned, if the Satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the Freedom of one whoſe *Cenſures* are *juſt*, and who ſets his *Name* to them.

To

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To the Earl of Burlington.

March 7, 1731.

My LORD,

THE Clamour rais'd about my Epiſtle to you, could not give me ſo much pain, as I receiv'd pleaſure in ſeeing the general Zeal of the world in the cauſe of a great Man who is Beneficent, and the particular Warmth of your Lordſhip in that of a private Man who is innocent.

It was not the *Poem* that deſerv'd this from you; for as I had the Honour to be your Friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a Poet: but ſure the *Writer* deſerv'd more Candor, even from thoſe who knew him not, than to promote a Report, which in regard to that Noble Perſon was *Impertinent*; in regard to me, *Villainous*. Yet I had no great cauſe to wonder, that a Character belonging to *twenty* ſhou'd be applied to *one*; ſince, by that means, *nineteen* wou'd eſcape the Ridicule.

I was too well content with my Knowledge of that Noble Perſon's Opinion in this Affair, to trouble the publick about it. But

ſince

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ince Malice and Miſtake are ſo long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third Edition to declare *His Belief*, not only of *My Innocence*, but of *Their Malignity*, of the former of which my own heart is as conſcious, as I fear ſome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His Humanity feels a Concern for the Injury done to *Me*, while his Greatneſs of Mind can bear with Indifference the Inſult offer'd to *Himſelf*. *

However, my Lord, I own, that Critics of *this Sort* can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That wou'd be making the Town a Compliment which I think it deſerves; and which ſome, I am ſure, wou'd take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as Slander rais'd by Fools of the loweſt Rank can find any countenance from thoſe of a Higher. Even from the Conduct ſhewn on this occaſion, I have learnt there are ſome who wou'd rather be *wicked* than *ridiculous*; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack *Vices* than *Follies*. I will therefore leave my Betters in the quiet Poſſeſſion of their *Idols*, their *Groves*, and their *High-Places*; and change my Subject from

* Alludes to the Letter the Duke of *Ch* —— wrote to Mr. *Pope* on this occaſion, a Copy of which, together with Mr. *Pope*'s to his Grace, we hope to procure for the next Volume.

their

their *Pride* to their *Meanneſs*, from their *Vanities* to their *Miſeries*: And as the only certain way to avoid Miſconſtructions, to leſſen Offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd Applications, I may probably, in my next, make uſe of *Real* Names and not of Fictitious Ones. †

I am, my Lord,

Your Faithful,

Affectionate Servant,

A. POPE.

Dr. ARBUTHNOT *to Mr.* POPE.

Hampſtead, July 17, 1734.

Dear Sir,

I Little doubt of your kind Concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my Friends with at preſent, but prayers and good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerv'd by my Friends, as he that has thouſands to leave in Legacies; beſides the Aſſurance of their Sincerity.

† This he did in his next Piece, which was the Epiſtle to the Lord *Bathurſt* of the uſe of Riches.

God

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God Almighty has made my bodily diſtreſs as eaſy as a thing of that nature can be: I have found ſome relief, at leaſt ſometimes, from the Air of this Place. My Nights are bad, but many poor Creatures have worſe.

As for you, my good Friend, I think ſince our firſt acquaintance there has not been any of thoſe little Suſpicions or Jealouſies that often affect the ſincereſt Friendſhips; I am ſure not on my ſide. I muſt be ſo ſincere as to own, that tho' I could not help valuing you for thoſe Talents which the World prizes, yet they were not the Foundation of my Friendſhip: They were quite of another ſort; nor ſhall I at preſent offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Laſt Requeſt, that you continue that noble *Diſdain* and *Abhorrence* of Vice, which you ſeem naturally endu'd with, but ſtill with a due regard to your own Safety; and ſtudy more to reform than chaſtiſe, tho' the one often cannot be effected without the other.

Lord *Bathurſt* I have always honour'd for every good Quality, that a Perſon of his Rank ought to have: Pray give my Reſpects and kindeſt Wiſhes to the Family. My Veniſon Stomach is gone, but I have thoſe about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his Preſent. If it is left

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at my houſe it will be tranſmitted ſafe to me.

A Recovery in my Caſe, and at my Age, is impoſſible; the kindeſt Wiſh of my Friends is *Euthanaſia*. Living or dying, I ſhall always be

Your moſt faithful Friend,

And humble Servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

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Mr Addison.

Sr G. Kneller pinx.t

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LETTERS

OF

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, and Mr. POPE. From 1711 to 1715.

* *Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

I HAVE this moment receiv'd the favour of yours of the 8th inſtant, and will make you a true excuſe, (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I defer'd the troubling you with a letter, when I ſent back your Papers, in hopes of ſeeing you at *Binfield* before this time. If I had met with any fault in your performance, I ſhould freely now (as I have done too preſumptuouſly in converſation with you) tell

* *Secretary of State to King* William *the Third.*

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you my opinion; which I have frequently ventur'd to give you, rather in compliance with your desires, than that I could think it reasonable. For I am not yet satisfied upon what grounds I can pretend to judge of Poetry, who never have been practis'd in the Art. There may possibly be some happy genius's, who may judge of some of the natural beauties of a Poem, as a man may of the proportions of a building, without having read *Vitruvius*, or knowing any thing of the rules of architecture: But this, tho' it may sometimes be in the right, must be subject to many mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial knowledge; without entring into the art, the methods, and the particular excellencies of the whole composure, in all the parts of it.

Besides my want of skill, I have another reason why I ought to suspect my self, by reason of the great affection I have for you, which might give too much biass, to be kind to every thing that comes from you; but after all, I must say (and I do it with an old-fashion'd sincerity) that I entirely approve of your Translation of those Pieces of *Homer*, both as to the versification and the true sense that shines thro' the whole; nay I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion, that you wou'd

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wou'd proceed in translating that incomparable Poet, to make him speak good *English*, to dress his admirable characters in your proper, significant, and expressive conceptions, and to make his works as useful and instructive to this degenerate age, as he was to our friend *Horace*, when he read him at *Præneste*, *Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non*, &c. I break off with that *quid non?* with which I confess I am charm'd.

Upon the whole matter, I intreat you to send this presently to be added to the Miscellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that purpose.

I have nothing to say of my Nephew *B*'s observations, for he sent them to me so late, that I had not time to consider them; I dare say he endeavour'd very faithfully (tho' he told me very hastily) to execute your commands.

All I can add is, that if your excess of modesty shou'd hinder you from publishing this *Essay*, I shall only be sorry that I have no more credit with you, to persuade you to oblige the publick, and very particularly, dear Sir,

Your most faithful

April 9, 1708.

humble Servant,

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Mr. POPE *to the Hon.* J. C. Esq;

June 15, 1711.

I Send you *Dennis*'s remarks on the * *Essay*, which equally abound in just Criticisms and fine Railleries: The few observations in my hand in the margins, are what a morning's leisure permitted me to make, purely for your perusal. For I am of opinion, that such a Critic as you will find him by the latter part of his book, is but one way to be properly answer'd, and that way I wou'd not take after what he informs me in his preface, that he is at this time persecuted by Fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his name had been spar'd in the *Essay*, for that only reason. I can't conceive what ground he has for so excessive a resentment; nor imagine how those † three lines can be call'd a reflection on his *Person*, which only describe him subject a little to Anger on some occasions. I have heard of combatants so very furious, as to fall

* *On Criticism.*

† *But* Appius *reddens at each word you speak,*
And stares tremendous with a threatning eye,
Like some fierce Tyrant in old Tapestry.

down

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down themſelves with that very blow which they deſign'd to lay heavy on their antagoniſts. But if Mr. *Dennis*'s rage proceeds only from a zeal to diſcourage young and unexperienc'd writers from ſcribling, he ſhou'd frighten us with his Verſe not Proſe: for I have often known, that when all the precepts in the world would not reclaim a ſinner, ſome very ſad example has done the buſineſs.* Yet to give this man his due, he has objected to one or two lines with reaſon, and I will alter 'em in caſe of another edition; I will make my enemy do me a kindneſs where he meant an injury, and ſo ſerve inſtead of a friend. What he obſerves at the bottom of page 20th of his reflections, was objected to by yourſelf, and had been mended but for the haſte of the preſs: 'Tis right *Hibernian*, and I confeſs it what the *Engliſh* call a *Bull* in the expreſſion, tho' the ſenſe be manifeſt enough: Mr. *Dennis*'s Bulls are ſeldom in the expreſſion, they are always in the ſenſe.

I ſhall certainly never make the leaſt reply to him, not only becauſe you adviſe me, but becauſe I have ever been of opinion, that if a book can't anſwer for itſelf

* *This Thought we find afterwards put into Verſe in the* Dunciad, Book 1.

to

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to the publick, 'tis to no sort of purpose for its author to do it. If I am wrong in any sentiment of that *Essay*, I protest sincerely, I don't desire all the world should be deceiv'd (which wou'd be of very ill consequence) meerly that I my self may be thought right, which is of very little consequence.) I'd be the first to recant, for the benefit of others, and the glory of my self; for (as I take it) when a man owns himself to have been in an error, he does but tell you in other words, that he is wiser than he was. But I have had an advantage by the publishing that book of D—r's, which otherwise I should never have known: It has been the occasion of making me friends, and open abetters, of several gentlemen of known sense and wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my writings are taken some notice of by the world in general, or I should never be attack'd thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a custom among the *Romans*, while a General rode in triumph, to have common soldiers in the streets that rail'd at him and reproach'd him; to put him in mind, that tho' his services were in the main approved and rewarded, yet he had faults enough to keep him humble.

You

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for wit in these days, ought to have the constancy of a primitive Christian, and be prepar'd to suffer martyrdom in the cause of it. But sure this is the first time that a Wit was attack'd for his *Religion*, as you'll find I am most zealously in this treatise: and you know, Sir, what alarms I have had from the * opposite side on this account. Have I not reason to cry out, with the poor fellow in *Virgil*,

Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?
Cui neque apud Danaos *usquam locus, & super ipsi*
Dardanidæ *infensi pœnas cum Sanguine poscunt!*

'Tis however my happiness that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove *was alike to* Latian *and to* Phrygian;
For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion.

The manner in which Mr. *D.* takes to pieces several particular lines, detach'd from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a caviller to give a new sense, or

* *See the ensuing Letters.*

a new

a new nonsense to any thing. And indeed his constructions are not more wrested from the genuine meaning, than theirs who objected to the heterodox parts, as they call'd 'em.

Our friend the *Abbè* is not of that sort, who with the utmost candour and freedom, has modestly told me what others thought, and shewn himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a *Number* than a *Party*. The only difference between us in relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks most sorts of learning flourish'd among 'em, and I am of opinion that only some sort of learning was barely kept alive by 'em: he believes, that in the most natural and obvious sense, that line (*A second deluge Learning over-run*) will be understood of Learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be understood only (as 'tis meant) of polite Learning, Criticism, Poetry, *&c.* which is the only learning concern'd in the subject of the *Essay*. It is true, that the *Monks* did preserve what learning there was, about *Nicholas* the Fifth's time; but those who succeeded fell into the depth of Barbarism, or at least stood at a stay while others rose from thence, insomuch that even *Erasmus* and *Reuchlin* could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly oblig'd to the *Abbè*'s zeal in my commendation, and goodness

neſs in not concealing what he thinks my error. And his teſtifying ſome eſteem for the book, juſt at a time when his brethren rais'd a clamour againſt it, is an inſtance of great generoſity and candor, which I ſhall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

To the ſame.

June 18, 1711.

IN your laſt you inform'd me of the miſtaken zeal of ſome people, who ſeem to make it no leſs their buſineſs to perſuade men they are erroneous, than Doctors do that they are ſick; only that they may magnify their own cure, and triumph over an imaginary diſtemper. The Simile objected to in my *Eſſay*,

(Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall Sect, and all are damn'd beſide.)

plainly concludes at this ſecond line, where ſtands a full ſtop: and what follows (*Meanly they ſeek*, &c.) ſpeaks only of *Wit*, (which is meant by *that bleſſing*, and *that ſun*) for how can the ſun of *faith* be ſaid

to *ſublime the ſouthern wits*, and to *ripen the genius's of northern climates?* I fear theſe gentlemen underſtand grammar as little as they do criticiſm; and perhaps out of good nature to the Monks, are willing to take from 'em the cenſure of ignorance, and to have it to themſelves. The word *They* refers (as I am ſure I meant, and as I thought every one muſt have known) to thoſe critics there ſpoken of, who are partial to ſome particular ſett of writers, to the prejudice of all others. And the very ſimile it ſelf, if twice read, may convince them, that the cenſure here of damning, lies not on our Church at all, unleſs they call our Church *one ſmall Sect:* and the cautious words, (*by each Man*) manifeſtly ſhow it a general reflection on all ſuch (whoever they are) who entertain thoſe narrow and limited notions of the mercy of the Almighty; which the Reform'd miniſters and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any people living.

Yet after all, I promiſe you, Sir, if the alteration of a word or two will gratify any man of ſound faith tho' weak underſtanding, I will (tho' it were from no other principle than that of common good nature) comply with it. And if you pleaſe but to particularize the ſpot where their objection lies, for it is in a very narrow com-

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compaſs) that ſtumbling-block, tho' it be but a little pebble, ſhall be removed out of their way. If the heat of theſe good diſputants (who, I am afraid, being bred up to wrangle in the ſchools, cannot get rid of the humor all their lives) ſhou'd proceed ſo far as to perſonal reflections upon me, I aſſure you notwithſtanding I will do, or ſay nothing, however provok'd (for ſome people can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the character of a true Catholick. I will ſet before me the example of that great man, and great Saint *Eraſmus*; who in the midſt of calumny proceeded with all the calmneſs of innocence, and the unrevenging ſpirit of primitive chriſtianity. However I wou'd adviſe them to ſuffer the mention of *him* to paſs unregarded, leſt I ſhould be forc'd to do that for his reputation which I wou'd never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate ſo great a light of our Church from the malice of paſt times, and the ignorance of the preſent, in a language which may extend farther than that in which the Triſle about Criticiſm is written. I wiſh theſe gentlemen wou'd be contented with finding fault with me only, who will ſubmit to 'em right or wrong, as far as I only am concern'd; I have a greater regard to the quiet of mankind than to diſturb it

for things of so little consequence as my credit and my sense. A little humility can do a Poet no hurt, and a little Charity wou'd do a Priest none: For as St *Austin* finely says, *Ubi Charitas, ibi Humilitas; ubi Humilitas, ibi Pax.*

Yours, &c.

To the same.

July 19, 1711.

THE concern which you more than seem to be affected with for my reputation, by the several accounts you have so obligingly given of what reports and censures the holy *Vandals* have thought fit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a friend my whole thoughts of this matter; and of setting before you in a clear light the true state of it.

I have ever believ'd the best piece of service one cou'd do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and *Piæ fraudes*, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

Nothing

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Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and seemingly-uncharitable assertion of an utter *Impossibility* of *Salvation* to all but ourselves; *invincible* ignorance excepted, which indeed some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunder-bolts of God (which are hurl'd about so freely on almost all mankind by the Hands of ecclesiasticks) than as a real exception to almost-universal damnation. For, besides the small number of the truly faithful in our Church, we must again subdivide; the *Jansenist* is damned by the *Jesuit*, the *Jesuit* by the *Jansenist*, the *Scotist* by the *Thomist*, and so forth.

There may be errors I grant, but I can't think 'em of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greatest bond in which we are engag'd by God to one another. Therefore I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are commonly charg'd with; and I hop'd, a slight insinuation, introduc'd so easily by a casual similitude only, cou'd never have given offence; but on the contrary must needs

needs have done good; in a nation and time, where we are the ſmaller party, and conſequently moſt miſrepreſented, and moſt in need of vindication.

For the ſame reaſon, I took occaſion to mention the *Superſtition* of ſome ages after the ſubverſion of the *Roman Empire*, which is too manifeſt a truth to be deny'd, and does in no ſort reflect upon the preſent profeſſors of our faith who are free from it. Our ſilence in theſe points may with ſome reaſon make our adverſaries think we allow and perſiſt in thoſe bigottries; which yet in reality all good and ſenſible Men deſpiſe, tho' they are perſuaded not to ſpeak againſt 'em; I can't tell why, ſince now 'tis no way the intereſt even of the worſt of our Prieſthood (as it might have been then) to have them ſmother'd in ſilence: For as the oppoſite Sects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our church from being ſlander'd; 'tis our buſineſs now to ſhow it is ſlander'd unjuſtly, and to vindicate ourſelves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't ſo well be brought about with ſerious faces; we muſt laugh with them at what deſerves it; and then we need not doubt of being clear'd, ev'n in their opinions.

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As to particulars: you cannot but have obſerv'd that at firſt the whole objection againſt the ſimile of wit and faith lay to the word *They:* When that was beyond contradiction removed (the very Grammar ſerving to confute 'em) then the objection lies againſt the *Simile itſelf*; or if that ſimile will not be objected to (ſenſe and common reaſon being indeed a little ſtubborn, and not apt to give way to every body) next the mention of *Superſtition* muſt become a crime (as if *Religion* and ſhe were ſiſters, or that it were a ſcandal upon the family of *Chriſt*, to ſay a word againſt the Devil's baſtard.) Afterwards, more miſchief is diſcover'd in a place that ſeem'd innocent at firſt, the two lines about *Schiſmatics*, at the bottom of page 24. An ordinary man wou'd imagine the author plainly declar'd againſt thoſe ſchiſmatics, for quitting the true faith out of contempt of the underſtanding of ſome few of its believers: But theſe believers are call'd *Dull*, and becauſe I ſay that *thoſe Schiſmatics* think *ſome* believers *dull*, therefore theſe charitable interpreters of my meaning will have it, that *I* think *all* believers dull. I was telling lately Mr. —— theſe objections: who aſſured me I had ſaid nothing which a Catholick need to diſown,

and

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and I have cause to know that gentleman's fault (if he has any) is not want of zeal: He put a notion into my head, which I confess I can't but perfectly acquiesce in; that when a sett of people are piqu'd at any truth which they think to their own disadvantage, their method of revenge on the truth-speaker is to attack his reputation a By-way, and not openly to object to the place they are really gall'd by: What these therefore (in his opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that *Erasmus* whom their tribe oppress'd and persecuted shou'd be vindicated after an age of obloquy by one of their own people, willing to utter an honest truth in behalf of the dead, whom no man sure will flatter, and to whom few will do justice. Others, you know, were as angry that I mention'd Mr. *Walsh* with honour; who as he never refused to any one of merit of any party the praise due to him, so honestly deserv'd it from all others, tho' of ever so different interests or sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this sort of liberty, and latitude of principle! which gives us the hardiness of speaking well of those whom envy oppresses ev'n after death. As I wou'd always speak well of my living friends when they are absent, nay because they

they are abſent; ſo would I much more of the dead, in that eternal abſence; and the rather becauſe I expect no thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you ſee I do in my conſcience perſiſt in what I have written; yet in my friendſhip I will recant and alter whatever you pleaſe, in caſe of a ſecond edition (which I think the book will not ſo ſoon arrive at, for *Tonſons's* printer told me he drew off a thouſand copies in this firſt impreſſion, and I fancy a treatiſe of this nature, which not one gentleman in threeſcore even of a liberal education can underſtand, can hardly exceed the vent of that number.) You ſhall find me a true *Trojan* in my faith, and friendſhip, in both which I will preſevere to the end.

Your, &c.

To General ..... upon his having tranſlated into French *Verſe the* Eſſay on Criticiſm.

IF I could as well expreſs, or (if you will allow me to ſay it) tranſlate the ſentiments of my heart, as you have done

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those of my head, in your excellent version of my Essay; I should not only appear the best writer in the world, but what I much more desire to be thought, the most your servant of any man living. 'Tis an advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great honour and a great improvement. This, Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same time made others take my sense and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own, which is indeed more properly yours: Your verses are no more a translation of mine, than *Virgil*'s are of *Homer*, but are, like his, the justest Imitation, and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a *French* dress, you have not only adorned my outside, but mended my shape; and if I am now a good figure, I must consider you have naturaliz'd me into a country which is famous for making every man a fine gentleman. It is by your means, that (contrary to most young travellers) I am come back much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a bill of commerce for Translation established the next parliament; we could not fail of being gainers by that, nor of making our selves amends for all we have lost by the war. Nay tho' we should insist upon the *demo-*

lishing

lishing of Boileau's works; the French as long as they have writers of your form, might have as good an Equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our ministers can be, of the terms I have gain'd from abroad; and I design, like them, to publish speedily to the world the benefits accruing from them; for I cannot resist the temptation of printing your admirable translation here *; to which if you will be so obliging to give me leave to prefix your name, it will be the only addition you can make to the honour already done me. I am,

Your, &c.

The Hon. J. C. *to Mr.* POPE.

May 23, 1712.

I AM very glad for the sake of the Widow, and for the credit of the de-

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* *This was never done, for the two printed* French *Versions are neither of this hand. The one was the work of Monsieur* Roboton, *private secretary to King* George *the first, printed in* 4° *at Amsterdam and at London* 1717. *The other by the Abbé* Resnel, *in* 8° *with a large Preface and Notes, at* Paris, 1730.

ceas'd;

ceas'd, that † *Betterton*'s remains are fallen into such hands as may render 'em reputable to the one and beneficial to the other. Besides the publick acquaintance I long had with that poor man, I also had a slender knowledge of his parts and capacity by private conversation, and ever thought it pity, he was necessitated by the straitness of his fortune, to act (and especially to his latest hours) an imaginary and fictitious part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with credit to himself and advantage to his neighbour.

I hope your health permitted you to execute your design of giving us an imitation of *Pollio*; I am satisfy'd 'twill be doubly *Divine*, and I shall long to see it. I ever thought church-musick the most ravishing of all harmonious compositions, and must also believe sacred subjects, well handled, the most inspiring of all Poetry.

But where hangs the *Lock* now? (tho' I know that rather than draw any just reflection upon your self, of the least shadow of ill-nature, you would freely have suppress one of the best of Poems.) I hear no more of it — will it comee out in *Lintot*'s

† *A Translation of some Part of* Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, *the* Prologues, &c. *printed in a Miscellany with some works of Mr.* Pope, *in* 2 *Vol.* 12° *by* B. Lintot.

Miscel-

Miſcellany or not? I wrote to Lord *Petre* upon the ſubject of the Lock, ſome time ſince, but have as yet had no anſwer, nor indeed do I know when he'll be in *London*. I have ſince I ſaw you correſponded with Mrs. *W.* I hope ſhe is now with her Aunt, and that her journey thither was ſomething facilitated by my writing to that Lady as preſſingly as poſſible, not to let any thing whatſoever obſtruct it. I ſent her obliging anſwer to the party it moſt concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. *W.* is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as poſſible the effecting the only thing that in my opinion can make her Niece eaſy. I have run out my extent of paper, and am,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Anſwer.*

May 28, 1712.

IT is not only the diſpoſition I always have of converſing with you, that makes me ſo ſpeedily anſwer your obliging letter, but the apprehenſion leſt your charitable intent of writing to my Lady *A.* on

on Mrs. *W*'s affair should be frustrated, by the short stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that mixture of expectation and anxiety, with which people usually go into unknown or half-discover'd countries, utterly ignorant of the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the treatment they are to meet with. The Unfortunate of all people are the most unfit to be left alone; yet we see the world generally takes care they shall be so. Whereas if we took a considerate prospect of human nature, the business and study of the happy and easy shou'd be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity, the distressed. I cannot therefore excuse some near Allies of mine for their conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of anger as well as sorrow. All I shall say to you of 'em at present is, that they have not been my relations these two months: The consent of opinions in our minds is certainly a nearer tye than can be contracted by all the blood in our bodies; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the favours and kind offices you have shown towards Me, have not so strongly cemented me yours, as the discovery of that generous and manly compassion you manifested

feſted in the caſe of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to inſinuate to you how much I eſteem you: Flatterers have taken up the ſtyle which was once peculiar to friends, and an honeſt man has now no way left to expreſs himſelf, beſides the common one of knaves: So that true friends now-a-days differ in their addreſs from flatterers, much as right maſtiffs do from ſpaniels, and ſhow themſelves by a dumb ſurly ſort of fidelity, rather than by their complaiſant and open kindneſs. — Will you never leave commending my Poetry? In fair truth, Sir, I like it but too well myſelf already — Expoſe me no more, I beg you, to the great danger of Vanity, (the rock of all men, but moſt of young men) and be kindly content for the future, when you wou'd pleaſe me throughly, to ſay only you like what I write.

Your, &c.

Mr. STEELE *to Mr.* POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I AM at a ſolitude, an houſe between *Hampſtead* and *London* wherein Sir *Charles Sedley* died. This circumſtance ſet me

me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which Men of wit exerciſe themſelves. It was ſaid of Sir *Charles*, who breath'd his laſt in this room,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
Which can with a reſiſtleſs charm impart,
The looſeſt wiſhes to the chaſteſt heart;
Raiſe ſuch a conflict, kindle ſuch a fire
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In dreams all night, in ſighs and tears all day.

This was an happy talent to a man of the Town, but I dare ſay, without preſuming to make uncharitable conjectures on the author's preſent condition, he would rather have had it ſaid of him that he had pray'd,

——— *Oh thou my voice inſpire,*
Who touch'd Iſaiah's *hallow'd lips with fire!*

I have turn'd to every verſe and chapter, and think you have preſerv'd the ſublime heavenly ſpirit throughout the whole, eſpecially at — *Hark a glad voice* — and —— *The lamb with wolves ſhall graze* — There is but one line which I think below the original,

He

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He wipes the tears for ever from our eyes.

You have expreſs'd it with a good and pious, but not with ſo exalted and poetical a ſpirit as the prophet. *The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.* If you agree with me in this, alter it by way of paraphraſe or otherwiſe, that when it comes into a volume it may be amended. Your Poem is already better than the *Pollio.* I am,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have oblig'd me with a very kind letter, by which I find you ſhift the ſcene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mix'd ſtate which wiſe men both delight in, and are qualify'd for. Methinks the Moraliſts and Philoſophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending intirely either ſolitude, or publick life. In the former, men for the moſt part grow uſeleſs by too much reſt, and in the latter are deſtroy'd by too much precipitation; as waters lying ſtill, putrify and are good for nothing, and

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running violently on do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallow'd up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide thro' lonely valleys and forests amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem design'd for solitude, such I mean as have more to hide than to show: As for my own part, I am one of those of whom *Seneca* says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse quicquid in luce est.* Some men like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and I believe such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters which may be forc'd into fountains and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would

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These foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into Verse some years before, and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's *Poem on* Mixt Life. *We find him apparently in the Versification of them, as they are since printed in* Wycherley's *posthumous Works*, 8° Page 3d and 4th.

make

make me very well contented with the poſſeſſion only of that Quiet which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of obſcurity*. But whoever has the Muſes too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneaſy. Thus Sir, you ſee I would flatter myſelf into a good opinion of my own way of living. *Plutarch* juſt now told me, that 'tis in human life as in a game at tables, where a man may wiſh for the higheſt caſt, but if his chance be otherwiſe, he is even to play it as well as he can, and to make the beſt of it. I am,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

June 15, 1712.

YOU formerly obſerv'd to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and I hope have receiv'd ſome advan-

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advantage by it, if what Mr. *Waller* ſays be true, that

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the inward ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependance upon our out-works. Youth at the very beſt is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: 'Tis like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded ſeveral Proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world

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world have nor dazzled me very much; and I begin where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures. When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honeſt *Hibernian*, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer, What care I for the houſe? I am only a lodger. I fancy 'tis the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour, and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atome every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a ſhame to be concern'd at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my Exit, the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt as they were us'd to do. The memory of man, (as it is elegantly expreſs'd in the wiſdom of *Solomon*)

paſſeth

passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man concerned with the prospect of death. *For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,* &c. I am

Your, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor *Adrian* spoke on his deathbed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of Gaiety unworthy of that Prince in those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: Methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure; in which sense I naturally took the

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the verſes at my firſt reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut ſoles) dabis joca!

"Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion "of this body, thou fleeting thing that art "now deſerting it! whither art thou fly-"ing? to what unknown Scene? all trem-"bling, fearful, and penſive. Now what is "become of thy former wit and humour? "thou ſhalt jeſt and be gay no more."

I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this? 'Tis the moſt natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man; and if we conſider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future fate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; not to mention that here is a plain confeſſion included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the reſt,

reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as we find in *Catullus*, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are uſed to expreſs the utmoſt love and tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes.—If you think me right in my notion of the laſt words of *Adrian*, be pleaſed to inſert it in the *Spectator*, if not, to ſuppreſs it. I am

Your, &c.

ADRIANI Morientis

AD

ANIMAM,

Tranſlated.

AH fleeting Spirit! wand'ring Fire,
That long haſt warm'd my tender breaſt,
Muſt thou no more this Frame inſpire?
No more a pleaſing, chearful Gueſt?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiſcover'd Shore?
Thou ſeem'ſt all trembling, ſhiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

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Mr. STEELE *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

I HAVE read over your *Temple of Fame* twice, and cannot find any thing amiss of weight enough to call a fault, but see in it a thousand thousand beauties. Mr. *Addison* shall see it to morrow: After his perusal of it, I will let you know his thoughts. I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

Nov. 16, 1712.

YOU oblige me by the indulgence you have shewn the Poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind severity I hope for from you. No errors are so trivial, but they deserve to be mended;

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but since you say you see nothing that may be call'd a fault, can you but think it so, that I have confined the attendance of *Guardian spirits to Heaven's favourites only? I could point you to several, but 'tis my business to be informed of those faults I *do not* know, and as for those *I do*, not to talk of 'em, but to correct 'em. You speak of that Poem in a style I neither merit, nor expect; but I assure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your blots to be its greatest beauties. I mean, if Mr. *Addison* and yourself shou'd like it in the whole; otherwise the trouble of correction is what I would not take; for I was really so diffident of it, as to let it lie by me these † two years, just as you now see it. I am afraid of nothing so much as to impose any thing on the world which is unworthy of its acceptance.

As to the last period of your letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which I am sure all yours do. I wish I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle: (a sign I have not much capacity.)

* *This is not now to be found in the* Temple of Fame, *of which Poem he speaks here.*

† *Hence it appears this Poem was wrote before the Author was 20 Years old.*

If

If you will entertain the beſt opinion of me, be pleaſed to think me your friend. Aſſure Mr. *Addiſon* of my moſt faithful ſervice, of every one's eſteem he muſt be aſſur'd already. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I AM ſorry you publiſh'd that notion about *Adrian*'s *Verſes* as mine; had I imagin'd you wou'd uſe my name, I ſhou'd have expreſs'd my ſentiments with more modeſty and diffidence. I only ſent it to have your opinion, and not to publiſh my own, which I diſtruſted. But I think the ſuppoſition you draw from the notion of *Adrian*'s being addicted to Magick, is a little uncharitable, (" that he might fear no ſort of Deity, good or bad") ſince in the third verſe he plainly teſtifies his apprehenſion of a future ſtate, by being ſollicitous *whither* his ſoul was going? As to what you mention of his uſing gay and ludicrous expreſſions, I have owned my opinion to be that the expreſſions are not ſo, but

that diminutives are often in the *Latin* tongue uſed as marks of tenderneſs and concern.

Anima is no more than my ſoul, *Animula* has the force of my dear ſoul. To ſay *Virgo Bella* is not half ſo endearing as *Virguncula Bellula*, and had *Auguſtus* only call'd *Horace Lepidum Hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleaſant fellow: 'Twas the *Homunciolum* that expreſt the love and tenderneſs that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I ſhould myſelf be much better pleas'd, if I were told you call'd me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the Title of a great Genius, or an Eminent hand (as *Jacob* does all his authors.) I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to* .....

Decemb. 5, 1712.

YOU have at length comply'd with the requeſt I have often made you, for you have ſhown me, I muſt confeſs, ſeveral of my faults in the ſight of thoſe letters. Upon a review of them, I find many

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many things that would give me ſhame, if I were not more deſirous to be thought honeſt than prudent: ſo many things freely thrown out, ſuch lengths of unreſerv'd friendſhip, thoughts juſt warm from the brain, without any poliſhing or dreſs, the very diſhabille of the underſtanding. You have prov'd yourſelf more tender of another's embryo's than the fondeſt mothers are of their own, for you have preſerv'd every thing that I miſcarry'd of. Since I know this, I ſhall in one reſpect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careleſs rate, becauſe I ſee my evil works may again riſe in judgment againſt me; Yet in another reſpect I ſhall be leſs afraid, ſince this has given me ſuch a proof of the extreme indulgence you afford to my ſlighteſt thoughts. The reviſal of theſe letters has been a kind of examination of conſcience to me; ſo fairly and faithfully have I ſet down in 'em from time to time the true and undiſtinguiſh'd ſtate of my mind. But I find that theſe, which were intended as ſketches of my friendſhip, give as imperfect images of it, as the little landſcapes we commonly ſee in black and white, do of a beautiful country; they can repreſent but a very ſmall part of it, and that depriv'd of the life and luſtre of nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd

deavour'd to render manifeſt the real affection and value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by repreſenting leſs and leſs of it: as glaſſes which are deſign'd to make an object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when people have a full idea of a thing, firſt, upon their own knowledge, the leaſt traces of it ſerve to refreſh the remembrance, and are not diſpleaſing on that ſcore: So I hope the foreknowledge you had of my eſteem for you, is the reaſon that you do not diſlike my letters.

They will not be of any great ſervice (I find) in the deſign I mentioned to you: I believe I had better ſteal from a richer man, and plunder your letters, (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, ſince they intitle me to what I more value than titles of honour.) You have ſome cauſe to apprehend this uſage from me, if what ſome ſay be true, that I am a great Borrower; however I have hitherto had the luck that none of my creditors have challeng'd me for it: and thoſe who ſay it are ſuch, whoſe writings no man ever borrow'd from, ſo have the leaſt reaſon to complain: Their works are granted on all hands to be but too much their own. — Another has been pleaſed to declare, that my Verſes are corrected by other

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other men: I verily believe their's were never corrected by any man! But indeed, if mine have not, 'twas not my fault, I have endeavoured my utmost that they should. But these things are only whisper'd, and I will not encroach upon *Bayes*'s province and *pen Whispers*; so hasten to conclude

Your, &c.

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL *to Mr.* POPE.

March 6, 1713.

I Think a hasty scribble shows more what flows from the heart, than a letter after *Balzac*'s manner in studied phrases; therefore I will tell you as fast as I can, that I have received your favour of the 26th past, with your kind present of *The Rape of the Lock*. You have given me the truest satisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the just opinion I have ever had of your reach of thought, and my Idea of your comprehensive genius; but likewise in that pleasure I take as an *Englisb* Man to see the *French*, even *Boileau* himself in his *Lutrin*, outdone in your Poem: For you descend, *leviore plectro*, to all the nicer touches

touches, that your own observation and wit furnish, on such a subject as requires the finest strokes, and the liveliest imagination. But I must say no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleases me so much: and henceforth I hope you will never condemn me of partiality, since I only swim with the stream, and approve what all men of good taste (notwithstanding the jarring of Parties) must and do universally applaud. I now come to what is of vast moment, I mean the preservation of your health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all Tavern-company, and fly away *tanquam ex incendio*. What a misery it is for you to be destroyed by the foolish kindness (tis all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the Poison of bad Wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat! As to *Homer*, by all I can learn your business is done; therefore come away and take a little time to breathe in the country. I beg now for my own sake, but much more for yours; methinks Mr.—has said to you more than once,

Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

I am,

Your, &c.

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Mr. POPE *to Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

March 12, 1713.

THough any thing you write is ſure to be a pleaſure to me, yet I muſt own your laſt letter made me uneaſy: You really uſe a ſtyle of compliment, which I expect as little as I deſerve it. I know 'tis a common opinion that a young ſcribler is as ill pleas'd to hear truth of a young Lady. From the moment one ſets up for an author, one muſt be treated as ceremoniouſly, that it is, as unfaithfully,

As a King's Favourite, or as a King.

This proceeding, join'd to that natural vanity which firſt makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I muſt grant it is but a juſt judgment upon Poets, that they whoſe chief pretence is Wit, ſhou'd be treated juſt as they themſelves treat Fools, that is, be cajol'd with praiſes. And I believe, Poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

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I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserv'd this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what *Cæsar* said of his Wife. *It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chast, himself, but she shou'd not be so much as suspected by others.*

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleas'd to tell me of myself; I treat it as you who are in the Secret treat common news, groundless reports of things at a distance, which I who look into the true springs of the affair at home, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all. For *Fame* tho' it be as *Milton* finely calls it, *The last Infirmity of noble Minds*, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: It can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the ancients are said to have done with that thought.) You, Sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy situation at that hour, can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the Wit, but may be gain'd by the sincere intentions of the Heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the ex-

tent

tent of the capacity: Friendſhip here is an emanation from the ſame ſource as Beatitude there; the ſame benevolence and grateful diſpoſition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmoſt point of my deſires in my preſent ſtate terminates in the ſociety and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earneſt and fore-taſte of the ſociety and alliance of happy ſouls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but cauſes me to ſet ſome value upon myſelf as a part of your care. The inſtances I daily meet with of theſe agreeable awakenings of friendſhip, are of too pleaſing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am,

Your, &c.

To the ſame.

April 30, 1713.

I Have been almoſt every day employ'd in following your advice, and amuſing myſelf in Painting, in which I am moſt parti-

cularly obliged to Mr. *Jervas*, who gives me daily instructions and examples. As to poetical affairs, I am content at present to be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an admirer, which is (as the world goes) not very usual. *Cato* was not so much the wonder of *Rome* in his days, as he is of *Britain* in ours; and tho' all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a Party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be apply'd to him, on this occasion:

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And Factions strive, who shall applaud him most.

The numerous and violent claps of the Whig-party on the one side of the theatre, were echo'd back by the Tories on the other; while the Author sweated behind the scenes with concern, to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case, too of the Prologue-writer, who was clapp'd into a stanch Whig, at almost ev'ry two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite Faction, my Lord *Bolingbroke* sent for *Booth* who play'd *Cato*, into the box, between

between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas; in acknowledgment (as he expresst it) for defending the cause of *Liberty* so well against a *Perpetual Dictator*. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanc'd this way, (as 'tis said) and therefore design a present to the same *Cato* very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a Sentence as the former on their side: So betwixt them, 'tis probable that *Cato* (as Dr. *Garth* expresst it) *may have something to live upon, after he dies.* I am

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* ADDISON.

July 30, 1713.

I AM more joy'd at your return than I should be at that of the Sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to Owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was *John Dennis*, whom I think you are best reveng'd upon, as the Sun was in the fable upon

upon those batts and beastly birds above-mention'd, only by *Shining on.* I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that, which all the great men and all the good men that ever liv'd have had their part of, Envy and Calumny. To be uncensur'd, and to be obscure, is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offer'd you my pen in any direct reply to such a Critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him. * But indeed your opinion, that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own, had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, (tho' indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry.) He has written against every thing the world has approv'd these many years: I apprehend but one danger from *Dennis*'s disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his disapprobation.

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*This relates to the Paper occasion'd by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd, Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Den...

I must

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I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. ———, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend, and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, tho' with that just contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is oblig'd to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves. I am

Your, &c.

Mr. ADDISON *to Mr.* POPE.

October 26, 1713.

I Was extreamly glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The *Work you mention will I dare say very sufficiently recommend itself, when your name appears with the Proposals: And if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them,

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* *The Translation of the* Iliad.

you

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you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me, than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my Friend, I shall be very proud of shewing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our Tongue and do Honour to our Country: for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the publick. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work wou'd cost you a great deal of time, and unless you undertake it will I am afraid never be executed by any other, at least I know none of this age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here sometime, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am

Your, &c.

Mr.

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Mr. ADDISON *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 2, 1713.

I Have receiv'd your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the Prose will require as much care as the Poetry, but the variety will give your self some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content your self with one half of the Nation for your Admirers, when you might command them all: If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you, but I already fancy that we have lived many years together, in an unreserved conversation, and that we may do many more, is the sincere wish of

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* ADDISON.

YOUR laſt is the more obliging, as it hints at ſome little niceties in my conduct, which your candor and affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which (ſo trivial as things of this nature ſeem) are yet of no ſlight conſequence, to people whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleaſes. 'Tis a ſort of Tax that attends an eſtate in *Parnaſſus*, which is often rated much higher than in proportion to the ſmall poſſeſſion an author holds. For indeed an author who is once come upon the town, is enjoy'd without being thanked for the pleaſure, and ſometimes ill-treated by thoſe very perſons that firſt debauch'd him. Yet to tell you the bottom of my heart, I am no way diſpleas'd that I have offended the violent of all Parties already; and at the ſame time I aſſure you conſcientiouſly, I feel not the leaſt malevolence or reſentment againſt any of thoſe who miſrepreſent me, or are diſſatisfied with me. This frame of mind is ſo eaſy, that I am perfectly content with my condition.

As

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As I hope and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so 'tis a pleasure to me that you guess'd so right in regard to the Author of that *Guardian* you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those Papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest *Jacobite* spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of his Party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me, that I writ with *Steele*, tho' upon never so indifferent subjects——— This I know you will laugh at as well as I do: yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sower dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls, of all parties, and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to pass that the few *Guardians* I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately: yet almost every body I met told me of it.

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The true reaſon that Mr. *Steele* laid down the Paper, was a quarrel between him and *Jacob Tonſon*. He ſtood engaged to his bookſeller, in articles of penalty, for all the *Guardians*; and by deſiſting two days and altering the title of the paper to that of the *Engliſhman*, was quit of his obligation: theſe papers being printed by *Buckley*.

As to his taking a more Politick turn, I cannot any way enter into that ſecret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the reſt of his politicks. Tho' 'tis ſaid, he will take into theſe papers alſo ſeveral ſubjects of the politick kind, as before: But I aſſure you as to myſelf, I have quite done with 'em, for the future. The little I have done, and the great reſpect I bear Mr. *Steele* as a Man of Wit, has rendered me a ſuſpected Whig to ſome of the Violent, but (as old *Dryden* ſaid before me) 'Tis not the Violent I deſign to pleaſe.

I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. *Jervas* *; and the evenings in the converſation of ſuch, as I think can moſt improve my mind, of whatever Party or Denomination they are. I ever muſt ſet the higheſt value upon men of truly great,

* *See Mr.* Pope's *Epiſtle to him in Verſe, writ about this time.*

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that is honeſt Principles, with equal capacities. The beſt way I know of overcoming Calumny and Miſconſtruction, is by a vigorous perſeverance in every thing we know to be right, and a total neglect of all that can enſue from it. 'Tis partly from this maxim that I depend upon your friendſhip, becauſe I believe it will do juſtice to my intention in every thing; and give me leave to tell you, that (as the world goes) this is no ſmall aſſurance I repoſe in you. I am

Your, &c.

To the ſame.

Dec. 14, 1713.

I Have been lying in wait for my own imagination, this week and more, and watching what thoughts came up in the whirl of the fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a letter. But I am at length convinc'd that my rambling head can produce nothing of that ſort; ſo I muſt e'en be contented with telling you the old ſtory, that I love you heartily. I have often found by experience, that nature

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ture and truth, tho' never so low or vulgar, are yet pleasing when openly and artlessly represented; it would be diverting to me, to read the very letters of an infant, could it write its innocent inconsistencies and tautologies just as it thought 'em. This makes me hope a letter from me will not be unwelcome to you, when I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me, since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

You can't wonder my thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Ev'ry hour of my life, my mind is strangely divided; this minute perhaps I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast Abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of creation, in dialogues with *W*——— and the Astronomers; the next moment I am below all trifles, groveling with *T*——— in the very center of nonsense. Now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and quick turns of wit, which Mr. *Steele* in his liveliest and

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and freeſt humours darts about him; and now levelling my application to the inſignificant obſervations and quirks of *Grammar* of Mr. —— and *D*———

Good God! What an incongruous animal is Man? how unſettled is his beſt part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his frame of Body? The conſtancy of the one ſhook by every Notion, the temperament of the other affected by every blaſt of wind! What is man altogether, but one mighty Inconſiſtency! Sickneſs and Pain is the lot of one half of us; Doubt and Fear the portion of the other! What a buſtle we make about paſſing our time, when all our ſpace is but a point? What aims and ambitions are crowded into this little inſtant of our life, which (as *Shakeſpear* finely words it) is *Rounded with a Sleep?* Our whole extent of Being no more, in the eyes of him who gave it, than a ſcarce perceptible moment of duration. Thoſe animals whoſe circle of living is limited to three or four hours, as the Naturaliſts aſſure us, are yet as long-lived and poſſeſs as wide a ſcene of action as man, if we conſider him with an eye to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what plots, what atchievements a mite may perform in his kingdom of a grain of duſt, within his life of ſome minutes? and of how much leſs con-

consideration than even this, is the life of man in the sight of that God, who is from Ever, and for Ever!

Who that thinks in this train, but must see the world and its contemptible grandeurs lessen before him at every thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupify'd, in a poize of inaction, void of all desires, of all designs, of all friendships.

But we must return (thro' our very condition of being) to our narrow selves, and those things that affect our selves: our passions, our interests, flow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into meer mortals. For my part, I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose friendship is one of the best comforts I have for the insignificancy of myself. I am

Your, &c.

To the same.

Jan. 30, 1713-4.

YOur letter found me very busy in my grand undertaking, to which I must wholly give myself up for some time, unless when I snatch an hour to please myself with a distant conversation with you

and

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and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable prospect to be reflecting, that so long a siege as that of *Troy* lies upon my hands, and the campagne above half over, before I have made any progress. Indeed the *Greek* fortification upon a nearer approach does not appear so formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter myself, that *Homer* secretly seems inclined to a correspondence with me, in letting me into a good part of his intentions. There are indeed, a sort of underling auxiliars to the difficulty of a work, called Commentators and Critics, who wou'd frighten many people by their number and bulk, and perplex our progress under pretence of fortifying their author. These lie very low in the trenches and ditches they themselves have digged, encompassed with dirt of their own heaping up, but I think there may be found a method of coming at the main works by a more speedy and gallant way than by mining under ground, that is, by using the Poetical Engines, Wings, and flying over their heads.

While I am engag'd in the fight, I find you are concern'd how I shall be paid, and are sollicitous that I may not have the ill fate of many discarded Generals, to be first envy'd and malign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and lastly neglected. The former (the

conſtant attendant upon all great and laudable enterprizes) I have already experienc'd. Some have ſaid I am not a Maſter in the *Greek*, who either are ſo themſelves or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechized me. But if they can read (for I know ſome Critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them, ſome ſpecimens of my tranſlation from this Author in the *Miſcellanies*, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much malignity another way, ſome calling me a Tory, becauſe the heads of that party have been diſtinguiſhingly favourable to me; ſome a Whig, becauſe I have been favoured with yours, Mr. *Congreve*'s, and Mr. *Craggs* his friendſhip, and of late with my Lord *Halifax*'s Patronage. How much more natural a concluſion might be formed, by any good-natur'd man, that a perſon who has been well uſed by all ſides, has been offenſive to none. This miſerable age is ſo ſunk between animoſities of Party and thoſe of Religion, that I begin to fear, moſt men have politicks enough to make (thro' violence) the beſt Scheme of Government a bad one; and faith enough to hinder their own Salvation. I hope for my own part, never to have more of either than is conſiſtent

ſiſtent with common juſtice and charity, and always as much as becomes a chriſtian and honeſt man. Tho' I find it an unfortunate thing to be bred a *Papiſt* here, where one is obnoxious to four parts in five as being ſo too much, and to the fifth part as being ſo too little; I ſhall yet be eaſy under both their miſtakes, and be what I more than ſeem to be, for I ſuffer for it. God is my witneſs, that I no more envy you Proteſtants your places and poſſeſſions, than I do our Prieſts their charity or learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good opinion of good men, on both ſides; for I know that one virtue of a free ſpirit is more worth, than all the virtues put together of all the narrow-ſoul'd people in the world. I am

Your, &c.

The Reverend Dean BERKLEY *to Mr.* POPE.

Leghorne, May 1, 1714.

AS I take Ingratitude to be a greater crime than Impertinence, I chuſe rather to run the riſque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return

you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your *Rape of the Lock* here, having never seen it before. Style, Painting, Judgment, Spirit, I had already admired in others of your Writings; but in this I am charmed with the magic of your *Invention*, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprizingly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it, than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in your thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning and good nature.

I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed design of coming to *Italy*. What might we not expect from a Muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of *England*, if she felt the same warm Sun, and breath'd the same Air with *Virgil* and *Horace*?

There are here an incredible number of Poets, that have all the inclination but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the Ancients. Some among them who understand *English*, begin to relish our Authors; and I am informed that at *Florence* they have translated *Milton* into *Italian* Verse.

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Verſe. If one who knows ſo well how to write like the old *Latin* Poets, came among them; it wou'd probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their Predeceſſors.

As Merchants, Antiquaries, Men of Pleaſure, *&c.* have all different views in travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's while, to travel, in order to ſtore his mind with ſtrong Images of Nature. Green fields and groves, flow'ry meadows and purling ſtreams, are no where in ſuch perfection as in *England:* But if you wou'd know lightſome days, warm ſuns, and blue ſkies, you muſt come to *Italy*; and to enable a man to deſcribe rocks and precipices, it is abſolutely neceſſary that he paſs the *Alps*.

You will eaſily perceive that it is ſelf-intereſt makes me ſo fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into theſe parts, I ſhou'd fly to ſee you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the Dean of St. *Patrick*'s) in quality of Chaplain to the Earl of *Peterborough*; who about three months ſince left the greateſt part of his family in this town. God knows how long we ſhall ſtay here. I am

Your, &c.

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Mr. POPE *to the Honourable .....*

June 8, 1714.

THE Queſtion you ask in relation to Mr. *Ad*—— and *Philips*, I ſhall anſwer in a few words. Mr. *Philips* did expreſs himſelf with much indignation againſt me one evening at *Button*'s Coffee-houſe (as I was told) ſaying, That I was entered into a Cabal with Dean *Swift* and others to write againſt the *Whig-Intereſt*, and in particular to undermine his own reputation, and that of his friends *Steel* and *Addiſon*. But Mr. *Philips* never open'd his lips to my face, on this or any like occaſion, tho' I was almoſt every night in the ſame room with him, nor ever offer'd me any indecorum. Mr. *Addiſon* came to me a night or two after *Philips* had talk'd in this idle manner, and aſſur'd me of his disbelief of what had been ſaid, of the friendſhip we ſhou'd always maintain, and deſir'd I wou'd ſay nothing further of it. My Lord *Hallifax* did me the honour to ſtir in this matter, by ſpeaking to ſeveral people to obviate a falſe aſperſion, which might have done me no ſmall prejudice with one Party. However *Philips* did all he

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he could, ſecretly to continue the report with the *Hanover* Club, and kept in his hands the Subſcriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The heads of it have ſince given him to underſtand, that they take it ill; but (upon the terms I ought to be with a man whom I think a ſcoundrel) I wou'd not even ask him for this money, but commiſſioned one of the *Players*, his equals, to receive it. This is the whole matter; but as to the ſecret grounds of *Philips*'s malignity, they will make a very pleaſant Hiſtory when we meet. Mr. *Congreve* and ſome others have been much diverted with it, and moſt of the Gentlemen of the *Hanover* Club have made it the ſubject of their ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this management of *Philips*, that the world owes Mr. *Gay*'s *Paſtorals*. The ingenious Author is extreamly your ſervant, and would have comply'd with your kind invitation, but that he is juſt now appointed Secretary to my Lord *Clarendon*, in his Embaſſy to *Hanover*.

I am ſenſible of the zeal and friendſhip with which I am ſure you will always defend your friend in his abſence, from all thoſe little tales and calumnies, which a Man of any genius or merit is born to. I ſhall never complain while I am happy in ſuch noble defenders, and in ſuch contemptible

temptible opponents. May their envy and ill nature ever increaſe, to the glory and pleaſure of thoſe they wou'd injure; may they repreſent me what they will, as long as you think me what I am,

Your, &c.

To the ſame.

July 13, 1714.

YOU mention the account I gave you ſome time ago of the things which *Philips* ſaid in his fooliſhneſs; but I can't tell from any thing in your Letter, whether you receiv'd a long one from me about a fortnight ſince. It was principally intended to thank you for the laſt obliging favour you did me; and perhaps for that reaſon you paſs it in ſilence. I there launched into ſome account of my temporal affairs, and intend now to give you ſome hints of my ſpiritual. The concluſion of your Letter draws this upon you, where you tell me, you *pray'd* for me: Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of moſt other Friends, who never talk of praying for a Man after they have done him

him a ſervice, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the hint you give me of the vanity of human Sciences, which I aſſure you I am daily more and more convinc'd of; and indeed I have for ſome years paſt, look'd upon all of 'em no better than amuſements. To make them the ultimate end of our purſuit, is a miſerable and ſhort ambition, which will drop from us at ev'ry little diſappointments here, and even in caſe of no diſappointment here, will infallibly deſert us hereafter. The utmoſt fame they are capable of beſtowing, is never worth the pains they coſt us, and the time they loſe us. If you attain the top of your deſires that way, all thoſe who envy you will do you harm; and of thoſe who admire you, few will do you good. The unſucceſsful writers are your declared enemies, and probably the ſucceſsful your ſecret ones: For thoſe hate not more to be excelled, than theſe to be rivalled. And at the upſhot, after a life of perpetual application, to reflect that you have been doing nothing for yourſelf, and that the ſame or leſs Induſtry might have gain'd you a Friendſhip that can never deceive or end, a ſatisfaction which praiſe cannot beſtow, nor vanity feel, and a glory which (tho' in one reſpect like fame, not to be had 'till after death,) yet

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ſhall be felt and enjoy'd to eternity. Theſe, dear Sir, are unfeignedly my ſentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the things that employ our heads deſerve not the name of thoughts, they are only ſtronger dreams or impreſſions upon the imagination: Our ſchemes of government, our ſyſtems of philoſophy, our golden worlds of poetry, are all but ſo many ſhadowy images, and airy proſpects, which ariſe to us but ſo much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more o'ercaſt with the darkneſs, and diſturb'd with the fumes of human vanity.

The ſame thing that makes old men willing to leave this world, makes me willing to leave poetry, long-habit, and wearineſs of the ſame track. *Homer* will work a cure upon me; fifteen thouſand verſes are equivalent to fourſcore years, to make one old in Rhime: And I ſhou'd be ſorry and aſhamed, to go on jingling to the laſt ſtep, like a waggoner's horſe, in the ſame road, and ſo leave my *Bells* to the next ſilly animal that will be proud of 'em. That man makes a mean figure in the eyes of reaſon, who is meaſuring ſyllables and coupling rhimes, when he ſhould be mending his own Soul, and ſecuring his own immortality. If I had not this opinion, I ſhould be unworthy even of thoſe ſmall and limited parts

which

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which God has given me; and unworthy of the friendſhip of ſuch a man as you. I am

Your, &c.

To the ſame.

July 25, 1714.

I Have no better excuſe to offer you, that I have omitted a task naturally ſo pleaſing to me as converſing upon paper with you; but that my time and eyes have been wholly employ'd upon *Homer*, whom I almoſt fear I ſhall find but one way of imitating, which is, in his blindneſs. I am perpetually afflicted with headach's, that very much affect my ſight; and indeed ſince my coming hither I have ſcarce paſſed an hour agreeably, except that in which I read your letter. I would ſeriouſly have you think, you have no man who more truly knows to place a right value on your friendſhip, than he who leaſt deſerves it on all other accounts than his due ſenſe of it. But let me tell you, you can hardly gueſs what a task you undertake, when you profeſs your ſelf my friend; there are ſome *Tories* who will take you for a *Whig*, ſome *Whigs*

who will take you for a *Tory*, ſome *Proteſtants* who will eſteem you a rank *Papiſt*, and ſome *Papiſts* who will account you a *Heretick*.

I find by dear experience, we live in an age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one man can be allowed to be juſt to all men. The notions of right and wrong are ſo far ſtrain'd, that perhaps to be in the right ſo very violently, may be of worſe conſequence than to be eaſily and quietly in the wrong. I really wiſh all men ſo well, that I am ſatisfied but few can wiſh me ſo; but if thoſe few are ſuch as tell me they do, I am content, for they are the beſt people I know: While you believe me what I profeſs as to Religion, I can bear any thing the Bigotted may ſay; while Mr. *Congreve* likes my poetry, I can endure *Dennis* and a thouſand more like him; while the moſt honeſt and moral of each party think me no ill man, I can eaſily ſupport it, tho' the moſt violent and mad of all parties roſe up to throw dirt at me.

I muſt expect an hundred attacks upon the publication of my *Homer*. Whoever in our times would be a profeſſor of learning above his fellows, ought at the very firſt to enter the world with the conſtancy and reſolution of a primitive Chriſtian, and be prepared to ſuffer all ſorts of publick Perſecution.

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cution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any man does but endeavour to diſtinguiſh himſelf, or gratify others by his ſtudies, he is immediately treated as a common enemy, inſtead of being look'd upon as a common friend; and aſſaulted as generally, as if his whole deſign were to prejudice the State, and ruin the publick. I will venture to ſay, no man ever roſe to any degree of perfection in writing, but thro' obſtinacy and an inveterate reſolution againſt the ſtream of mankind: So that if the world has receiv'd any benefit from the labours of the Learned, it was in its own deſpite. For when firſt they eſſay their parts, all people in general are prejudiced againſt new beginners; and when they have got a little above contempt, then ſome particular perſons who were before unfortunate in their own attempts, are ſworn foes to them, only becauſe they ſucceed. — Upon the whole, one may ſay of the beſt writers, that they pay a ſevere fine for their fame, which it is always in the power of the moſt worthleſs part of mankind to levy upon them when they pleaſe.

I am, &c.

To

To Mr. JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I Am just enter'd upon the old way of life again, sleep and musing. It is my employment to revive the old of past ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the young of the present, to the future. I am copying the great Master in one art, with the same love and diligence with which the Painter hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I should begin my Epistle to you, if it were a *Dedicatory* one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mentioned in your own praise but what only one in the world is witness to, your particular good-natur'd offices to me. Whatever mankind in general would allow you, that I am not to give you to your face; and if I were to do it in your absence, the world would tell me I am too partial to be permitted to pass any judgment of you.

So you see me cut out from any thing but common acknowledgments, or common discourse. The first you wou'd take ill, tho' I told you but half what I ought; so in short the last only remains.

And

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And as for the laſt, what can you expect from a man who has not talk'd theſe five days? who is withdrawing his thoughts as far as he can, from all the preſent world, its cuſtoms and its manners, to be fully poſſeſt and abſorpt in the paſt? When people talk of going to Church, I think of Sacrifices and Libations; when I ſee the parſon, I addreſs him as *Chryſes* prieſt of *Apollo*; and inſtead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin

—— *God of the Silver Bow*, &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the *Proteſtant* Succeſſion, I conſider only how *Menelaus* may recover *Helen*, and the *Trojan* war be put to a ſpeedy concluſion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wiſh to be at *Hector*'s funeral. The only things I regard in this life, are, whether my friends are well? whether my Tranſlation go well on? whether *Dennis* be writing criticiſms? whether any body will anſwer him, ſince I don't? and whether *Lintott* be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

To

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To the same.

August 16, 1714.

I Thank you for your good offices which are numberless. *Homer* advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern author,——

——— *Picture in the Front,*
With bays and wicked ryme upon't.

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of Poetry; for it takes me up so intirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow Poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My *Réverie* has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you, the next I shall dream of nothing but the taking of *Troy*, or the recovery of *Briseis*.

I fancy

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I fancy no friendſhip is ſo likely to prove laſting as ours, becauſe I am pretty ſure there never was a friendſhip of ſo eaſy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what Vanity we have, expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an Artiſt you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a Poet I am; but 'tis from the world abroad we hope (piouſly hope) to hear theſe things. At home we follow our buſineſs, when we have any; and think and talk moſt of each other when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy friendſhip of a ſtay'd man and his wife, who are ſeldom ſo fond as to hinder the buſineſs of the houſe from going on all day, or ſo indolent as not to find conſolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the laſt, by not expecting too much from human nature; while romantick friendſhips, like violent loves, begin with diſquiets, proceed to jealouſies, and conclude in animoſities. I have liv'd to ſee the fierce advancement, the ſudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of theſe enormous friendſhips, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a Maxim we once agreed in, That nothing hinders the conſtant agreement of people who live toge-

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ther, but meer vanity; a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity or merit, and an inward expectation of such an Over-measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale; and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to* EDWARD BLOUNT, *Esq*;

Aug. 27, 1714.

WHatever studies on the one hand, or amusements on the other, it shall be my fortune to fall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of 'em. The Task I undertook *, tho' of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary increase, by the inlarging my design of the *Notes*; and the necessity of consulting a number of books has carry'd me to *Oxford*: But I fear, thro' my Lord *Harcourt*'s and Dr. *Clark*'s means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of

* *The Translation of* Homer's Iliad.

the

the place, than with the Books and Manuſcripts of it.

I find ſtill more reaſon to complain of the negligence of the Geographers in their Maps of *old Greece*, ſince I look'd upon two or three more noted names in the publick libraries here. But with all the care I am capable of, I have ſome cauſe to fear the Engraver will prejudice me in a few ſituations. I have been forced to write to him in ſo high a ſtyle, that were my epiſtle intercepted, it would raiſe no ſmall admiration in an ordinary man. There is ſcarce an order in it of leſs importance, than to remove ſuch and ſuch mountains, alter the courſe of ſuch and ſuch rivers, place a large city on ſuch a coaſt, and raze another in another country. I have ſet bounds to the ſea, and ſaid to the land, *thus far ſhalt thou advance*, and *no further* *. In the mean time, I who talk and command at this rate, am in danger of looſing my horſe, and ſtand in ſome fear of a country juſtice. To diſarm me indeed, may be but prudential, conſidering what armies I have at preſent on foot, and in my ſervice: A hundred thouſand *Grecians* are no contemptible body; for all that I can tell, they may be as for-

* *This relates to the Map of antient* Greece, *laid down by our Author in his obſervations on the ſecond* Iliad.

midable as four thousand *Priests*; and they seem proper forces to send against those in *Barcelona*. That siege deserves as fine a poem as the *Iliad*, and the machining part of poetry would be the juster in it, as they say the inhabitants expect Angels from heaven to their assistance. May I venture to say, who am a *Papist*, and to say to you who are a *Papist*, that nothing is more astonishing to me, than that people so greatly warm'd with a sense of Liberty, should be capable of harbouring such weak Superstition, and that so much bravery and so much folly can inhabit the same breasts?

I could not but take a trip to *London*, on the death of the *Queen*, mov'd by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking upon other mens. I thank God, that as for myself, I am below all the accidents of State-changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors, or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement, is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of *Whig* and *Tory*; that the parties may love each other as well

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well as I love them both; or at least hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own people may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of *power* itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of *will* in them. I am sure, if all *Whigs* and all *Tories* had the spirit of one *Roman-Catholick* that I know, it would be well for all *Roman-Catholicks*; and if all *Roman-Catholicks* had always had that spirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charged with so wicked a spirit, as that of Persecution.

I agree with you in my sentiment of the state of our nation since this change: I find myself just in the same situation of mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the good, that is the quiet of my country, and hoping a total end of all the unhappy divisions of mankind by party-spirit, which at best is but the madness of many for the gain of a few.

I am, &c.

Mr.

Mr. JERVAS *to Mr.* POPE.

Aug. 26. 1714.

I Have a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I cou'd keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly that Mr. *Addison* and I have had a conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been plac'd behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length Picture to have heard. He assur'd me that he wou'd make use not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his Art of Poetry, but his Art at Court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself, than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread that he did not care you should prosper too much as a Poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, *&c.* He owns, he was afraid Dr. *Swift* might have carry'd you too far among the enemy during the heat of the animosity, but now

all

all is safe, and you are escap'd even in his opinion. I promis'd in your name, like a good Godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your friend merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done *Homer*'s head, shadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I inclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you wou'd have it so large, or reduc'd to make room for a feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the Busto? perhaps there is something more solemn in the Image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumenal in bringing you and Mr. *Addison* together with all sincerity, I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Answer.*

Aug. 27, 1714.

I Am just arriv'd from *Oxford*, very well diverted and entertain'd there —— all very honest fellows — much concern'd for the

the Queen's death. No panegyricks ready yet for the King.

I admire your *Whig-principles* of Reſiſtance exceedingly, in the ſpirit of the *Barcelonians*. I join in your wiſh for them. Mr. *Addiſon*'s verſes on Liberty, in his letter from *Italy*, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou Goddeſs heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mention'd of the friendly office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. *Addiſon* and me, deſerves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propenſity to teſtify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the ſcandalous meanneſs of that proceeding which was uſed by *Philips*, to make a man I ſo highly value, ſuſpect my diſpoſitions toward him. But as, after all, Mr. *Addiſon* muſt be the judge in what regards himſelf, and has ſeem'd to be no very juſt one to me; ſo I muſt own to you I expect nothing but civility from him, how much ſoever I wiſh for his friendſhip: And as for any offices of real kindneſs or ſervice which it is in his power to do me, I ſhould be aſhamed to receive 'em from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party-man; nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning,

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ligning or envying another's reputation as a Poet. So I leave it to Time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who mis-inform'd him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore asham'd to flatter. In a word, Mr. *Addison* is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that pass'd betwixt Dr. *Swift* and me, you know the whole (without reserve) of our correspondence: The engagements I had to him were such as the actual services he had done me, in relation to the subscription for *Homer*, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the *Tory-party* ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the *Whig-party* than the same liberty. ——— A curse on the word *Party*, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present Reign may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and men of sense;

these two sorts must always be enemies, but for the rest, may all People do as you and I, believe what they please and be friends.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* ADDISON.

October 10, 1714.

I Have been acquainted by one of my friends who omits no opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleas'd to speak of me in a manner which nothing but the real respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late malevolencies have lost their effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your friend or not; but if you would judge by probabilities, I beg to know which of your poetical acquaintance has so little Interest in pretending to be so? Methinks no man should question the real friendship of one who desires no real service: I am only to get as much from the *Whigs*, as I got by the *Tories*, that is to say, Civility; being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble, as

not

not to dare heartily to deſpiſe any man who does me an injuſtice.

I will not value myſelf upon having ever guarded all the degrees of reſpect for you; for (to ſay the truth) all the world ſpeaks well of you, and I ſhould be under a neceſſity of doing the ſame, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have ſaid of me, I ſhall never believe that the Author of *Cato* can ſpeak one thing and think another. As a proof that I account you ſincere, I beg a favour of you: It is, that you would look over the two firſt books of my tranſlation of *Homer*, which are now in the hands of my Lord *Halifax*. I am ſenſible how much the reputation of any poetical work will depend upon the character you give it: 'tis therefore ſome evidence of the truſt I repoſe in your good will, when I give you this opportunity of ſpeaking ill of me with juſtice, and yet expect you will tell me your trueſt thoughts, at the ſame time that you tell others your moſt favourable ones.

I have a farther requeſt, which I muſt preſs with earneſtneſs. My Bookſeller is reprinting the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, to which you have done too much honour in your *Spectator* of N° 253. The period in that paper, where you ſay, "I have admitted "ſome ſtrokes of ill nature into that *Eſſay*,"

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is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written: but I would not desire it should be so, unless I had the merit of removing your objection: I beg you but to point out those strokes to me, and you may be assured they shall be treated without mercy.

Since we are upon proofs of sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn to the advantage of us both in each other's opinion) give me leave to name another passage in the same *Spectator*, which I wish you would alter. It is where you mention an observation upon *Homer*'s Verses of *Sysiphus*'s Stone, * *never having been made before by any of the Criticks*: I happen'd to find the same in *Dyonisius* of *Halicarnassus*'s Treatise, περὶ Συνθέσεως Ονομάτων, who treats very largely upon these Verses. I know you will think fit to soften your Expression, when you see the passage; which you must needs have read, tho' it be since slipt out of your memory. I am with the utmost esteem,

Your, &c.

* *These Words are since left out in Mr.* Tickel's *Edition, but were extant in all during Mr.* Addison's *Life.*

Mr. POPE

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Mr. POPE *to the Earl of* HALIFAX.

My LORD, *Dec.* 1, 1714.

I Am obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good: and if ever I become troublesome or sollicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: But if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much, (as I sincerely am)

My Lord, &c.

Mr. POPE

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CONGREVE.

Jan. 16, 1714-15.

METhinks when I write to you, I am making a confeſſion, I have got (I can't tell how) ſuch a cuſtom of throwing myſelf out upon paper without reſerve. You were not miſtaken in what you judg'd of my temper of mind when I writ laſt. My faults will not be hid from you, and perhaps it is no diſpraiſe to me that they will not. The cleanneſs and purity of one's mind is never better prov'd, than in diſcovering its own faults at firſt view: as when a Stream ſhows the dirt at its bottom, it ſhows alſo the tranſparency of the water.

My ſpleen was not occaſioned, however, by any thing an * abuſive, angry Critick could write of me. I take very kindly your heroick manner of congratulation upon this ſcandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the ſame fate with all the great

* Dennis, *who writ an abuſive Pamphlet this Year, intitled,* Remarks on Mr. *Pope's Homer.*

and

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M. Vr Gucht Sculp.

Mr William Congreve

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and the good that ever lived; that is, to be envy'd and cenſur'd by bad writers.

You do no more than anſwer my expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my freedom in ſometimes neglecting, as I do, to reply to your Letters ſo ſoon as I ought; thoſe who have a right taſte of the ſubſtantial part of friendſhip, can wave the ceremonial. A friend is the only one that will bear the omiſſion; and one may find who is not ſo, by the very trial of it.

As to any anxiety I have concerning the fate of my *Homer*, the care is over with me. The world muſt be the judge, and I ſhall be the firſt to conſent to the juſtice of its judgment, whatever it be. I am not ſo arrant an Author, as even to deſire, that if I am in the wrong, all mankind ſhould be ſo.

I am mightily pleas'd with a ſaying of Monſieur *Tourreil:* "When a Man writes, "he ought to animate himſelf with the "thoughts of pleaſing all the world: but "he is to renounce that deſire or hope, the "very moment the Book goes out of his "hands."

I write this from *Binfield*, whither I came yeſterday, having paſt a few days in my way with my Lord *Bolingbroke*: I go to *London* in three days time, and will not fail to pay a viſit to Mr. *M*——, whom I ſaw not long ſince at my Lord *Halifax*'s. I hoped from thence

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thence he had ſome hopes of advantage from the preſent adminiſtration: for few people (I think) but I, pay reſpects to great Men without any proſpects. I am in the faireſt way in the world of being not worth a groat, being born both a *Papiſt* and a *Poet*. This puts me in mind of reacknowledging your continued endeavours to enrich me: But I can tell you 'tis to no purpoſe, for without the *Opes*, *Æquum animum mi ipſe parabo*.

I am your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* CONGREVE.

March 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the *What-d'ye-call it*, has occaſioned many different ſpeculations in the town. Some look'd upon it as meer jeſt upon the tragic poets, others as a ſatire upon the late war. Mr. *Cromwell* hearing none of the words, and ſeeing the action to be tragical, was much aſtoniſhed to find the audience laugh; and ſays, the Prince and Princeſs muſt doubtleſs be under no leſs amazement on the ſame account. Several templers, and others of the more vociferous kind of criticks, went with a reſolution to hiſs, and confeſt they were forced to laugh ſo much, that they forgot the deſign they came with. The Court in general has in a very

very particular manner come into the jeſt, and the three firſt Nights, (notwithſtanding two of them were court-nights) were diſtinguiſh'd by very full audiences of the firſt quality. The common people of the pit and gallery receiv'd it at firſt with great gravity and ſedateneſs, ſome few with tears; but after the third day they alſo took the hint, and have ever ſince been very loud in their claps. There are ſtill ſome ſober men who cannot be of the general opinion, but the laughers are ſo much the majority, that one or two criticks ſeem determin'd to undeceive the town at their proper coſt, by writing grave diſſertations againſt it: To encourage them in which laudable deſign, it is reſolv'd a *Preface* ſhall be prefixt to the *Farce*, in vindication of the nature and dignity of this new way of writing.

Yeſterday Mr. *Steele*'s affair was decided: I am ſorry I can be of no other opinion than yours, as to his whole carriage and writings of late. But certainly he has not only been puniſh'd by others, but ſuffer'd much even from his own party in the point of character, nor (I believe) receiv'd any amends in that of intereſt, as yet; whatever may be his Proſpects for the future.

This Gentleman, among a thouſand others, is a great inſtance of the fate of all who are carried away by party-ſpirit, of any ſide. I wiſh all violence may ſucceed

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as ill; but am really amazed that so much of that sower and pernicious quality shou'd be joined with so much natural good humour as I think Mr. *Steele* is possess'd of.

I am, &c.

To Mr. CONGREVE.

April 7, 1715.

MR. *Pope* is going to Mr. *Jervas's*, where Mr. *Addison* is sitting for his picture; in the mean time amidst clouds of tobacco at a coffee-house I write this letter. There is a grand revolution at *Will's*, *Morrice* has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and *Titcomb* is restor'd to the great joy of *Cromwell*, who was at a great loss for a person to converse with upon the fathers and church history; the knowledge I gain from him, is intirely in painting and poetry; and Mr. *Pope* owes all his skill in astronomy to him and Mr. *Whiston*, so celebrated of late or his discovery of the longitude in an extraordinary copy of Verses.* Mr. *Rowe's Jane Gray* is to be play'd in *Easter-Week*, when Mrs. *Oldfield* is to personate a character directly opposite to female nature; for what woman ever despis'd Sovereignty? You know *Chaucer* has a tale where a knight

* *Called*, An Ode on the Longitude, *in* Swift's *and* Pope's *Miscellanies.*

saves

ſaves his head, by diſcovering it was the thing which all women moſt coveted. Mr. *Pope*'s *Homer* is retarded by the great rains that have fallen of late, which cauſes the ſheets to be long a drying; this gives Mr. *Lintot* great uneaſineſs, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his pariſh to pray for fair weather, that his work may go on. There is a ſix-penny *Criticiſm* lately publiſh'd upon the Tragedy of the *What-d'ye-call-it*, wherein he with much judgment and learning calls me a blockhead, and Mr. *Pope* a knave. His grand charge is againſt the *Pilgrims Progreſs* being read, which he ſays is directly level'd at *Cato*'s reading *Plato*; to back this cenſure, he goes on to tell you, that the *Pilgrims Progreſs* being mentioned to be the eighth edition, makes the reflection evident, the Tragedy of *Cato* having juſt eight times (as he quaintly expreſſes it) *viſited the Preſs*. He has alſo endeavoured to ſhow, that every particular paſſage of the play alludes to ſome fine part of Tragedy, which he ſays I have injudiciouſly and profanely abuſed.* Sir *Samuel Garth*'s Poem upon my Lord *Clare*'s houſe, I believe will be publiſh'd in the *Eaſter-week*.

Thus far Mr. *Gay* — who has in his letter foreſtall'd all the ſubjects of diverſion; unleſs

* *This curious Piece was entitled*, A compleat Key to the what-d'ye-call-it. *It was written by one* Griffin *a Player, aſſiſted by* Lewis Theobald.

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it shou'd be one to you to say, that I sit up till two a-clock over *Burgundy* and *Champagne*; and am become so much a rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short time to be thought to do any sort of business. I fear I must get the gout by drinking, purely for a fashionable pretence to sit still long enough to translate four books of *Homer*. I hope you'll by that time be up again, and I may succeed to the bed and couch of my predecessor: Pray cause the stuffing to be repaired, and the crutches shortened for me. The calamity of your gout is what all your friends, that is to say all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your turn to condole with us, who are under a persecution, and much afflicted with a distemper which proves grievous to many poets, a *Criticism*. We have indeed some relieving intervals of laughter, (as you know there are in some diseases;) and it is the opinion of divers good guessers, that the last fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for poets assail'd by critics, are like men bitten by *Tarantula's*, they dance on so much the faster.

Mr. *Thomas Burnet* hath play'd the precursor to the coming of *Homer*, in a treatise, called *Homerides*. He has since risen very much in his criticisms, and after assaulting *Homer*, made a daring attack upon the

the * *What-d'ye-call-it*, Yet is there not a proclamation iſſued for the burning of *Homer* and the *Pope* by the common hangman; nor is the *What-d'ye-call-it* yet ſilenc'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They ſhall ſurvive the conflagration of his father's works, and live after they and he are damned; (for that the B—p of *S.* already is ſo, is the opinion of Dr. *Sacheverel* and the Church of *Rome.*)

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to the Earl of* B----.

My LORD,

IF your Mare could ſpeak, ſhe wou'd give you an account of the extraordinary company ſhe had on the road; which ſince ſhe cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. *Lintott*, the redoubtable rival of Mr. *Tonſon*, who mounted on a ſtonehorſe, (no diſagreeable companion to your Lordſhip's mare) overtook me in *Windſor-foreſt*. He ſaid, he heard I deſign'd for *Oxford*, the ſeat of the muſes, and would, as my bookſeller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his horſe? He anſwered, he got it of his publiſher: "For "that rogue my printer, (ſaid he) diſap-

* *In one of his Papers call'd* The Grumbler, *long ſince dead.*

"pointed

" pointed me: I hoped to put him in good " humour by a treat at the tavern, of a " brown fricaſſee of rabbits which coſt two " ſhillings, with two quarts of wine, be- " ſides my converſation. I thought myſelf " cockſure of his horſe, which he readily " promiſed me, but ſaid, that Mr. *Tonſon* " had juſt ſuch another deſign of going to " *Cambridge*, expecting there the copy of " *a Comment upon the Revelations*; and if " Mr. *Tonſon* went, he was preingaged to " attend him, being to have the printing of " the ſaid copy."

So in ſhort, I borrow'd this ſtonehorſe of my publiſher, which he had of Mr. *Oldmixon* for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you ſee after me; he was a ſmutty dog yeſterday, and coſt me near two hours to waſh the ink off his face: but the Devil is a fair-condition'd Devil, and very forward in his catechiſe: if you have any more bags, he ſhall carry them.

I thought Mr. *Lintott*'s civility not to be neglected, ſo gave the boy a ſmall bagg, containing three ſhirts and an Elvezir *Virgil*, and mounting in an inſtant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous ſtationer beſide, and the aforeſaid Devil behind.

Mr. *Lintott* began in this manner. " Now " damn them! what if they ſhould put it " into the news-paper, how you and I went " together

"together to *Oxford?* why what would I "care? If I ſhould go down into *Suſſex*, "they would ſay I was gone to the ſpeaker. "But what of that? if my ſon were but "big enough to go on with the buſineſs, "by G—d I would keep as good company "as old *Jacob.*"

Hereupon I enquir'd of his ſon. "The "lad (ſays he) has fine parts, but is ſome-"what ſickly, *much as you are* —— I ſpare "for nothing in his education at *Weſtmin-"ſter.* Pray don't you think *Weſtminſter* "to be the beſt ſchool in *England?* moſt "of the *late Miniſtry* came out of it, ſo "did many of *this Miniſtry*; I hope the "boy will make his fortune."

Don't you deſign to let him paſs a year at *Oxford?* "To what purpoſe? (ſaid he) "the Univerſities do but make Pedants, "and I intend to breed him a man of Bu-"ſineſs."

As Mr. *Lintott* was talking, I obſerv'd he ſate uneaſy on his ſaddle, for which I expreſs'd ſome ſolicitude: Nothing, ſays he, I can bear it well enough; but ſince we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleaſant for you to reſt a while under the Woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty pretty *Horace* I "have in my pocket: what if you amus'd "yourſelf in turning an Ode, till we mount "again? Lord! if you pleas'd, what a

"clever

" clever *Miſcellany* might you make at lei-
" ſure hours." Perhaps I may, ſaid I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my ſpirits. Then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence enſu'd for a full hour; after which Mr. *Lintott* lugg'd the reins, ſtopt ſhort, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far
" have you gone?" I anſwered ſeven miles.
" Z—ds, Sir, ſaid *Lintott*, I thought you
" had done ſeven ſtanza's. *Oldſworth* in
" a ramble round *Wimbleton-hill*, would
" tranſlate a whole Ode in half this time.
" I'll ſay that for *Oldſworth*, (tho' I loſt by
" his *Timothy*'s) he tranſlates an Ode of
" *Horace* the *quickeſt* of any man in *England*.
" I remember Dr. *King* would write verſes
" in a tavern three hours after he could n't
" ſpeak; and there's Sir *Richard* in that
" rumbling old Chariot of his, between
" *Fleet-ditch* and St. *Giles*'s pound ſhall
" make you half a *Job*."

Pray Mr. *Lintott* (ſaid I) now you talk of Tranſlators, what is your method of managing them? " Sir (reply'd he) thoſe are
" the ſaddeſt pack of rogues in the world:
" In a hungry fit, they'll ſwear they under-
" ſtand all the languages in the univerſe: I
" have known one of them take down a
" *Greek* book upon my counter and cry,
" Ay this is *Hebrew*, I muſt read it from the
" latter

"latter end. By G—d I can never be ſure "in theſe fellows, for I neither underſtand "*Greek*, *Latin*, *French* nor *Italian* myſelf. "But this is my way: I agree with them "for ten ſhillings *per* ſheet, with a proviſo, "that I will have their doings corrected by "whom I pleaſe; ſo by one or other they "are led at laſt to the true ſenſe of an "author; my judgment giving the negative "to all my Tranſlators." But how are you ſecure that thoſe correctors may not impoſe upon you? "Why I get any civil "gentleman, (eſpecially any *Scotchman*) "that comes into my ſhop, to read the ori-"ginal to me in *Engliſh*; by this I know "whether my firſt Tranſlator be deficient, "and whether my Corrector merits his "money or no

"I'll tell you what happened to me laſt "month: I bargain'd with *S*———— for a "new verſion of *Lucretius* to publiſh againſt "*Tonſon*'s; agreeing to pay the author ſo "many ſhillings at his producing ſo many "lines. He made a great progreſs in a "very ſhort time, and I gave it to the cor-"rector to compare with the *Latin*; but "he went directly to *Creech*'s tranſlation, "and found it the ſame word for word, all "but the firſt page. Now, what d'ye think "I did? I arreſted the *Tranſlator* for a "cheat; nay, and I ſtopt the *Corrector*'s *pay*

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" too, upon this proof that he had made " uſe of *Creech* inſtead of the original.

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics. " Sir (ſaid he) nothing more eaſy. " I can ſilence the moſt formidable of them; " the rich ones for a ſheet a piece of the " blotted manuſcript, which coſts me no- " thing. They'll go about with it to their " acquaintance, and pretend they had it " from the author, who ſubmitted to their " correction: this has given ſome of them " ſuch an air, that in time they come to be " conſulted with, and dedicated too, as " the top critics of the town — As for the " poor Critics, I'll give you one inſtance of " my management, by which you may " gueſs at the reſt. A lean man that look'd " like a good ſcholar, came to me t'other " day; he turn'd over *Homer*, ſhook his " head, ſhrugg'd up his ſhoulders, and piſh'd " at every line of it; *One would wonder* " (ſays he) *at the ſtrange preſumption of men;* " Homer *is no ſuch eaſy task, that* every " *Stripling*, every *Verſifier*——he was going " on when my Wife called to dinner: Sir, " ſaid I, will you pleaſe to eat a *piece of* " *beef* with me? Mr. *Lintott*, ſaid he, *I* " *am ſorry you ſhould be at the expence of this* " *great book, I am really concern'd on your ac-* " *count*—Sir, I am much oblig'd to you: if " you can dine upon a piece of beef, toge- " ther with a ſlice of pudding—*Mr.* Lintott,

" *I do*

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" *I do not say but Mr.* Pope, *if he would con-*
" *descend to advise with men of learning*—Sir
" the *pudding* is upon the table, if you please
" to go in—My critic complies, he comes
" to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in
" the same breath, that the *Book* is com-
" mendable, and the *Pudding* excellent.

Now Sir, (concluded Mr. *Lintott*) in return to the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, "Is it the opinion of your friends at " Court, that my Lord *L*—will be brought " to the Bar or not?" I told him I heard *not*, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. " That may " be (reply'd Mr. *Lintott*) but by G—d if " he is not, I shall lose the printing of a " very good Trial."

These my Lord are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of my friend Mr. *Lintott*, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to *Oxford*, and paid a visit to my Lord *Carlton* at *Middleton*.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equal'd when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

I am, &c.

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Dr. PARNELLE *to Mr.* POPE.

Jun. 27, 1715.

I Am writing you a long letter, but all the tediousness I feel in it is, that it makes me during the time think more intently of my being far from you. I fancy if I were with you, I cou'd remove some of the uneasiness which you may have felt from the opposition of the world, and which you should be ashamed to feel, since it is but the testimony which one part of it gives you that your merit is unquestionable: What wou'd you have otherwise from ignorance, envy, or those tempers which vie with you in your own way? I know this in mankind, that when our ambition is unable to attain its end, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too at the vanity of its labours; then we speak ill of happier studies, and sighing condemn the excellence which we find above our reach.——

My * *Zoilus* which you us'd to write about, I finished last spring, and left in town; I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here before your book was out,

* *Printed for* B. Lintott 1715, 8° *under this Title,*

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imagin'd it a loſt piece of labour. If you will ſtill have it, you need only write me word.

I have here ſeen the *Firſt Book* of *Homer*, which came out at a time when it cou'd not but appear as a kind of ſetting up againſt you. My opinion is, that you may, if you pleaſe, give *them thanks who writ it*. Neither the numbers nor the ſpirit have an equal maſtery with yours; but what ſurprizes me more is, that, a ſcholar being concern'd, there ſhould happen to be ſome miſtakes in the author's ſenſe; ſuch as putting the light of *Pallas*'s eyes into the eyes of *Achilles*; making the taunt of *Achilles* to *Agamemnon*, (that he ſhould have ſpoils when *Troy* ſhould be taken) to be a cool and ſerious propoſal: the tranſlating what you call *ablution* by the word *Offals*, and ſo leaving *Water* out of the rite of Luſtration, *&c.* but you muſt have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to ſhew I always have you at heart.

I am, &c.

From a Letter of the Reverend Doctor BERKLEY, *Dean of* London-derry.

July 7, 1715.

——Some days ago, three or four Gentlemen and myſelf exerting that right which all

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all readers pretend to over Authors, fate in judgment upon the two new Translations of the first *Iliad*. Without partiality to my country-men, I assure you they all gave the preference where it was due; being unanimously of opinion, that yours was equally just to the sense with Mr. ——'s, and without comparison more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare subject, as your late performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

Extract from a Letter from Mr. GAY *to Mr.* POPE.

July 8, 1715.

—— I have just set down Sir *Samuel Garth* at the Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your Translation, but a few at *Button*'s; and that Sir *Richard Steele* told him, that Mr. *Addison* said *Tickel*'s translation was the best that ever was in any language *. He treated me with extream civility, and out of kindness gave me a

---

* *Sir* Richard Steele *afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the* Drummer, *a Comedy by Mr.* Addison, *shews it to be his opinion, that* "not Mr. *Tickel* but Mr. *Addison* himself "was the Person that translated this book.

squeeze

ſqueeze by the Sore finger.—I am inform'd that at *Button*'s your character is made very free with as to morals, *&c.* and Mr. *A*——ſays, that your tranſlation and *Tickel*'s are both very well done, but that the latter has more of *Homer*.

I am, &c.

Extract from a Letter of Dr. ARBUTHNOT *to Mr.* POPE.

July 9, 1715.

—I congratulate you upon Mr. *Tickel*'s firſt Book. It does not indeed want its merit; but I was ſtrangely diſappointed in my expectation of a Tranſlation nicely true to the original; whereas in thoſe parts where the greateſt exactneſs ſeems to be demanded, he has been the leaſt careful, I mean the Hiſtory of *ancient Ceremonies and Rites*, &c. in which you have with great judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to the Honourable* JAMES CRAGGS, *Eſq*;

July 15, 1715.

I Lay hold of the opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of *Shrewsbury*, to aſſure

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assure you of the continuance of that esteem and affection I have long borne you, and the memory of so many agreeable conversations as we have passed together. I wish it were a compliment to say such conversations as are not to be found on this side of the Wate: for the spirit of Dissension is gone forth among us: nor is it a wonder that *Button*'s is no longer *Button*'s, when *Old England* is no longer *Old England*, that region of hospitality, society, and good humour. Party affects us all, even the wits, tho' they gain as little by politicks as they do by their wit. We talk much of fine sense, refined sense, and exalted sense; but for use and happiness give me a little common sense. I say this in regard to some gentlemen, professed wits of our acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging fit of Politicks. For they tell me, the busy part of the nation are not more divided about *Whig* and *Tory*, than these idle fellows of the Feather about Mr. *Tickel*'s and my Translation. I (like the *Tories*) have the town in general, that is the mob, on my side; but 'tis usual with the smaller Party to make up in industry what they want in number, and that's the case with the little Senate of *Cato*. However, if our principles be well considered, I must

must appear a brave *Whig*, and Mr. *Tickel* a rank *Tory*; I translated *Homer* for the publick in general, he to gratify the inordinate desires of One man only. We have, it seems, a great *Turk* in Poetry, who can never bear a Brother on the throne; and has his Mutes too, a sett of Nodders, Winkers, and Whisperers, whose business is to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth. The new Translator of *Homer* is the humblest slave he has, that is to say, his first Minister; let him receive the honours he gives him, but receive them with fear and trembling: let him be proud of the approbation of his absolute Lord; I appeal to the People, as my rightful judges and masters; and if they are not inclined to condemn me, I fear no arbitrary high-flying proceedings from the small Court-faction at *Button*'s. But after all I have said of this great Man, there is no rupture between us: We are each of us so civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is obliged. And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the *Grand Monarch*; who has too many great qualities not to be respected, tho' we know he watches any occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of *Homer*, I must not forget the early present you made me of *Monsieur de la Motte*'s Book. And I can't con-

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clude this letter without telling you a melancholy piece of news which affects our very Entrails, —— is dead, and Soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. "This is not to the Minister, but to "the Friend."—However, it is some mark of uncommon regard to the Minister, that I steal an expression from a Secretary of State.

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Sir* WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Dec. 16, 1715.

IT was one of the Enigma's, of *Pythagoras*, *When the Winds rise, worship the Echo.* A modern Writer explains this to signify, "*When popular Tumults begin, retire* "*to Solitudes, or such places where Echo's are* "*commonly found*; *Rocks, Woods*, &c." I am rather of opinion it should be interpreted, "When Rumours increase, and when there "is abundance of Noise and Clamour, be"lieve the *second Report*:" This I think agrees more exactly with the *Echo*, and is the more natural application of the Symbol.

How-

However it be, either of these precepts is extreamly proper to be followed at this season; and I cannot but applaud your resolution of continuing in what you call your Cave in the forest, this winter; and preferring the noise of breaking Ice to that of breaking Statesmen, the rage of Storms to that of Parties, and fury and ravage of Floods and Tempests, to the precipitancy of some, and the ruins of others, which I fear will be our daily prospect in *London*.

I sincerely wish myself with you, to contemplate the wonders of God in the firmament, rather than the madness of men on the earth. But I never had so much cause as now to complain of my poetical star, that fixes me at this tumultuous time to attend the gingling of rhymes, and the measuring of syllables: To be almost the only trifler in the nation; and as ridiculous as the Poet in *Petronius*, who while all the rest in the ship were either labouring or praying for life, was scratching his head in a little room, to write a fine description of the tempest.

You tell me you like the sound of no arms but those of *Achilles*: for my part I like them as little as the others. I listed myself in the battles of *Homer*, and I am no sooner in war, but like most other folks, I wish myself out again.

I heartily join with you in wiſhing Quiet to our native country; Quiet in the ſtate, which like charity in religion, is too much the perfection and happineſs of either, to be broken or violated on any pretence or proſpect whatſoever: Fire and ſword, and fire and faggot are equally my averſion. I can pray for oppoſite parties, and for oppoſite religions, with great ſincerity. I think to be a lover of one's Country is a glorious Elogy, but I do not think it ſo great an one, as to be a lover of Mankind.

Mr. *J*—— and I ſometimes celebrate you under theſe denominations, and join your health with that of the whole world; a truly Catholick health; which far excels the poor narrow-ſpirited, ridiculous healths now in faſhion, to *this Church*, or *that Church*: Whatever our teachers may ſay, they muſt give us leave at leaſt to *wiſh* generouſly. Theſe, dear Sir, are my general diſpoſitions, but whenever I pray or wiſh for particulars, you are one of the firſt in the thoughts and affections of

Your, &c.

Sir

Sir W. TRUMBULL'S *Answer.*

Jan. 19, 1715-16.

I Should be asham'd of my long idleness, in not acknowledging your kind advice about *Echo*, and your most ingenious explanation of it, relating to Popular tumults; which I own to be very useful: and yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myself to a shorter receipt of the same *Pythagoras*, which is *Silence*; and this I shall observe, if not the whole time of his discipline, yet at least till Your return into this country. I am oblig'd further to this method, by the most severe weather I ever felt; when tho' I keep as near by the fire as may be, yet *gelidus concrevit frigore Sanguis*: and often I apprehend the circulation of the blood begins to be stop'd. I have further great losses (to a poor farmer) of my poor Oxen — *Intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora Magna Boum*, &c.

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your second Volume of *Homer* is not frozen; for it must be express'd very poetically to say now, that the Presses *sweat*.

I can-

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I cannot forbear to add a piece of artifice I have been guilty of, on occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the birthday of a friend of mine: When finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of *Martial*'s Epigram on *Antonius Primus**. This has been applauded so much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureat, (pray desire my good friend Mr. *Rowe* to enter a Caveat) provided you will further increase my stock in this bank. In which proceeding I have laid the foundation of my estate, and as *honestly* as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little tender, as young beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have concealed the true author) whether you will give me orders to declare who is the Father of this fine child, or not? Whatever you determine, my fingers, pen, and ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other faults of, *Dear Sir*,

Your, &c.

* Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c.

Sir William Trumbull *was born at* Easthamsted *in* Berkshire: *He was Fellow of* All Souls *College in* Oxford, *follow'd the Study of the Civil Law, and was sent by King* Charles *the Second Judge-Advocate to* Tangier, *thence Envoy to* Florence, Turin, &c. *and in his way back, Envoy Extraordinary to* France: *from*

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To Mr. JERVAS *in* Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO', as you rightly remark, I pay my Tax but once in half a Year, yet you ſhall ſee by this Letter upon the neck of my laſt, that I pay a double Tax, as we Non-Jurors ought to do. Your Acquaintance on this ſide the Sea are under terrible Apprehenſions, from your long ſtay in *Ireland*, that you may grow too Polite for them; for we think (ſince the great ſucceſs of ſo damn'd a Play as the Non-Juror) that Politeneſs is gone over the Water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the ſame time with *Frogs*, and with equal Succeſs. Poor *Poetry!* the little that's left of it here longs to croſs the Seas, and leave *Euſden* in full and peaceable Poſſeſſion of the *Britiſh* Lau-

from thence, ſent by King James *the Second Ambaſſador to the* Ottoman Porte. *Afterwards he was made Lord of the Treaſury, then Secretary of State with the Duke of* Shrewſbury, *which Office he reſign'd in* 1697. *He retir'd to* Eaſthamſted, *in* Windſor Foreſt, *and died in the Place of his Nativity in* December 1716, *aged* 77 *Years. Our Author celebrated that Retirement in his Poem on the Foreſt, and addreſt to him his firſt Paſtoral at* 16 *Years of Age.*

rel:

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rel: And we begin to wish you had the singing of our Poets, as well as the croaking of our Frogs, to yourselves in *Sæcula Sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if *Parnelle*, and two or three more of your Swans, would come hither, especially that Swan, who like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. *Swift*. I am (like the rest of the World) a Sufferer by his Idleness. Indeed I hate that any Man should be idle, while I must translate and comment: And I may the more sincerely wish for good Poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a Translator is no more a Poet, than a Taylor is a Man.

You are doubtless persuaded of the Validity of that famous Verse,

'Tis Expectation makes a Blessing dear.

but why would you make your Friends fonder of you than they are? There's no manner of need of it——We begin to expect you no more than *Anti-christ*. A Man that hath absented himself so long from his Friends, ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every Body here has great need of you. Many Faces have died for ever for want of your Pencil, and blooming Ladies have wither'd

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wither'd in expecting your return. Even *Frank* and *Betty* (that conſtant Pair) cannot conſole themſelves for your Abſence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own Picture in a pretty Babe, before you come home: 'Twill be a noble Subject for a Family Piece. Come then, and having peopled *Ireland* with a World of beautiful Shadows, come to us, and ſee with that Eye (which, like the Eye of the World, creates Beauties by looking on them) ſee, I ſay, how *England* has altered the Airs of all its heads in your Abſence; and with what ſneaking City Artitudes our moſt celebrated Perſonages appear in the meer mortal Works of our Painters.

Mr. *Forteſcue* is much yours; *Gay* commemorates you; and laſtly (to climb by juſt ſteps and degrees) my Lord *Burlington* deſires you may be put in mind of him. His Gardens flouriſh, his Structures riſe, his Pictures arrive, and (what is far nobler and more valuable than all) his own good Qualities daily extend themſelves to all about him: Whereof, I the meaneſt (next to ſome *Italian* Chymiſts, Fidlers, Bricklayers, and Opera-makers) am a living Inſtance.

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To the same.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my Life so pleasantly as to forget all Misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your Absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant Reasons to forget your Friends on this side the World. If a wish could transport me to you, and your present Companions, I could do the same. Dr. *Swift*, I believe, is a very good Landlord, and a chearful Host at his own Table; I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *Rupta non insanire lagena*. Else he would not make a proper Host for your humble Servant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a Glass as seldom as any Man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a Consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other Enormities, under my own Roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms of all friendly Lazineſs, and haven take an inviolable Oath to each other, always to do what we will; I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is by saying all

all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the Dean, and Dr. *Parnelle.*

Gay is yours and theirs. His Spirit is awakened very much in the Cause of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous Couplet or two upon Sir *Richard Bl*——He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other Reason, than that the said Sir *Richard* has abused Dr. *Swift.* I have also suffered in the like Cause, and shall suffer more; unless *Parnelle* sends me his *Zoilus* and *Bookworm* (which the bishop of *Clogher*, I hear, greatly extols) it will be shortly, *Concurrere Bellum atque Virum.*—I love you all as much as I despise most Wits in this dull Country. *Ireland* has turned the Tables upon *England*; and if I have no Poetical Friend in my own Nation, I'll be as proud as *Scipio*, and say, (since I am reduced to Skin and Bone) *Ingrata patria, ne* ossa *quidem habeas.*

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To the same.

Nov. 20, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your Correspondent, but to a ramble to *Oxford*, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Doctor *Clarke*: He entertained me with several Drawings, and particularly with the original designs of *Inigo Jones*'s *Whitehall*. I there saw and reverenced some of your first Pieces; which future Painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the *Culex* of *Virgil*, and *Batrachom* of *Homer*.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. *Parnelle* and his Frogs? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, might be *Horace*'s wish, but will never be mine, while I have such *meorums* as Dr. *Parnelle* and Dr. *Swift*. I hope the spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admired in your own Country, which so seldom happens to Prophets and Poets. But in this you have

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have the Advantage of Poets; you are Maſter of an Art that muſt proſper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themſelves, or their own perſons. However, you have ſtay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberleſs Hiſtories of old *Ogygiæ*. If you have begun to be Hiſtorical, I recommend to your hand the ſtory which every pious *Iriſhman* ought to begin with; that of St. *Patrick*: To the end you may be obliged (as Dr. P. was, when he tranſlated the *Batrachomuomachia*) to come into *England* to copy the Frogs, and ſuch other Vermine as were never ſeen in that land ſince the time of that Confeſſor.

I long to ſee you a Hiſtory Painter. You have already done enough for the Private, do ſomething for the Publick; and be not confined, like the reſt, to draw only ſuch filly ſtories as our own faces tell of us. The Ancients too expect you ſhould do them right; thoſe Statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of Gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their *Characters*. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that noble deſign.

As to your enquiry about your Houſe, when I come within the walls, they put me

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me in mind of those of *Carthage* where your Friend, like the wandring *Trojan*,

Animum Pictura pascit inani.

For the spacious Mansion, like a *Turkish* Caravanserah, entertains the Vagabond with only bare Lodging. I rule the Family very ill, keep bad Hours, and lend out your Pictures about the Town. See what it is to have a Poet in your House! *Frank* indeed does all he can in such a Circumstance, for considering he has a wild Beast in it, he constantly keeps the Door chain'd. Every time it is open'd, the Links rattle, the rusty Hinges roar, the House seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your Absence; but I still trust my self under its Roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many *Raphaels*, *Titian* and *Guido's*, as are lodg'd in your Cabinet. Surely the Sins of one Poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old House over the Heads of so many Painters. In a word, your House is falling, but what of that? I am only a Lodger.

Mr.

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Mr. Secretary Craggs, *to Mr.* Pope.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

LAST poſt brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th *Aug. O. S.* It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that 'twas a Witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleaſes me, and can aſſure you, it was a very Agreeable one. The proof I can give you of my ſincerity in this Opinion, is, that I hope and deſire you would not ſtop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where Pleaſure is continually flowing. The Princes ſet the Example, and the Subjects follow at a diſtance. The Ladies are of all parties, by which means the converſation of the Men is very much ſoftened and faſhioned from thoſe blunt diſputes on Politicks, and rough Jeſts, we are ſo guilty of, while the Freedom of the Women takes away all Formality and Conſtraint. I muſt own, at the ſame time, theſe Beauties are a little too artificial for my Taſte; you have ſeen a *French* Picture, the Original is more painted, and ſuch a cruſt of Powder and eſſence in their H[illegible], that you can ſee no difference bet[illegible]

black

black and red. By diſuſing Stays, and indulging themſelves at a Table, they are run out of all Shape; but as to that, they may give a good reaſon, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this means as ready, as they are generally willing to be Charitable.

I am ſurpriz'd to find I have wrote ſo much Scandal; I fancy I am either ſetting up for a Wit, or imagine I muſt write in this Style to a Wit; I hope you'll prove a good natured one, and not only let me hear from you ſometimes, but forgive the ſmall Encouragement you meet with. If you'll compleat your favours, pray give my humble Services to Lords *W—ck*, *St—*, and *H—y*. I have had my hopes and fears they would have abuſed me before this Time; I am ſure it is not my buſineſs to meddle with a neſt of Bees (I ſpeak only of the Honey.) I won't trouble my ſelf to finiſh finely, a true Compliment is better than a good one, and I can aſſure you without any, that I am very ſincerely,

SIR, *Yours*, &c.

The

The Revd Dean * BERKLEY, *to Mr.* POPE.

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred Miles. *Italy* is such an exhausted Subject, that, I dare say, you'd easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an Island, where I passed three or four Months, which, were it set out in its true Colours, might methinks amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The Island *Inarime* is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing within the compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic Confu-

* *Afterwards Bishop of* Cloyne *in* Ireland, *A celebrated Metaphysician, Author of the Dialogues of* Hylas *and* Philonous, *the* Minute Philosopher, *&c.*

sion. The Air is in the hottest Season constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and *Indian* Corn, but are mostly covered with Vineyards, intermixt with Fruit-trees. Besides the common kinds, as Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, *&c.* they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs, Water Melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climates, which lie every where open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater part covered to the top with Vines, some with Chesnut Groves, and others with thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields on the Northern side are divided by hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren Spots, and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, rising out of the middle of the Island (once a terrible *Volcano*, by the Ancients called *Mons Epomeus*) its lower parts are adorned with Vines and other Fruits, the middle affords Pasture to flocks of Goats and Sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest Prospect in the World, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant Islands lying at your Feet, a tract of *Italy* about three hundred Miles in length, from the Promontory of *Antium*, to

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he Cape of *Palinurus*. The greater part of which hath been ſung by *Homer* and *Virgil*, as making a conſiderable part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Iſlands *Capreæ*, *Prochyta*, and *Parthenope*, together with *Cajeta*, *Cumæ*, *Monte*, *Miſeno*, the Habitations of *Circe*, the *Syrens*, and the *Leſtrigones*, the Bay of *Naples*, the Promontory of *Minerva*, and the whole *Campagnia felice*, make but a part of this noble Landſcape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to deſcribe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Iſle, as they are without Riches and Honours, ſo are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much ſtrangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice or Ambition, they might in fact anſwer the poetical Notions of the Golden Age. But they have got, as an alloy to their Happineſs, an ill habit of murdering one another on ſlight Offences. We had an Inſtance of this the ſecond Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen, being ſhot dead by our Door: And yet by the ſole ſecret of minding our own buſineſs, we found a means of living ſecurely among theſe dangerous People. Would you know how we paſs the time at *Naples*? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours. Beſides the

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gayety of their Churches (where Folks go to ſee what they call *una Bella Devotione* (i. e.) a ſort of Religious Opera) they make Fire-works almoſt every Week out of Devotion; the Streets are often hung with Arras out of Devotion; and (what is ſtill more ſtrange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houſes, and treat them with Muſick and Sweetmeats, out of Devotion; in a word, were it not for this Devotion of its inhabitants, *Naples* would have little elſe to recommend it, beſide the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving ſtate here, as indeed no where elſe in *Italy*. However, among many pretenders, ſome Men of taſte are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me not long ſince, that being to viſit *Salvini* at *Florence*, he found him reading your *Homer*. He liked the Notes extreamly, and could find no other fault with the Verſion, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphraſe; which ſhews him not to be ſufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wiſh you Health to go on with that noble Work, and when you have that, I need not wiſh you Succeſs. You will do me the Juſtice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare, is ſincerely wiſhed, by

Yours, &c.

Mr.

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Mr. Pope *to* . . .

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a Window in the bosom, to render the Soul of Man visible, is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you'll die in *Ireland*, and that the Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, & in Hiberniam revertetis* — I shou'd be apt to think you in *Sancho*'s case; some Duke has made you Governor of an Island, or wet place, and you are administring Laws to the wild *Irish*. But I must own, when you talk of *Building* and *Planting*, you touch my String; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the Fellow that thought himself *Jupiter* would have pardon'd the other Madman who call'd himself his Brother *Neptune*. Alas Sir, do you know whom you talk to? One that had been a Poet, was degraded to a Translator, and at last thro' meer dulness is turn'd an Architect. You know *Martial*'s Censure — *Præconem facito, vel Architectum.* However I have one way left, to plan, to *elevate*, and

to

to *surprize* (as *Bays* says.) The next you may expect to hear, is that I am in Debt.

The History of my Transplantation and Settlement which you desire, would require a Volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my Life: Much more should I describe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perspectives, *&c.* of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that Faculty wherein all great Genius's excel, Imagination. At last, the Gods and Fate have fix'd me on the borders of the *Thames*, in the Districts of *Richmond* and *Twickenham*. It is here I have passed an entire Year of my life, without any fix'd abode in *London*, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a Month) on the pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, return'd in triumph from Eternizing the *Ireland* of *this Age*. For you my Structures rise; for you my Colonades extend their Wings; for you my Groves aspire, and Roses bloom. And to say truth, I hope Posterity (which no doubt will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal Motives of my Architecture, that it was a Mansion prepar'd to receive you, against your own

should

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should fall to dust, which is destin'd to be the Tomb of poor —— and ——, and the immortal Monument of the Fidelity of two such Servants, who have excell'd in Constancy the very Rats of your Family.

What more can I tell you of my self? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care, or know, how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon Paper, are as strong for telling it you in Person; and I am uneasy to be so long deny'd the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the *Irish* Sea, like the Ghosts in *Virgil*,

—Tristi palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, & novies Styx circumfusa coercet!

and I can't express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning Conferences in bed in the same Room, our evening Walks in the Park, our amusing Voyages on the Water, our philosophical Suppers, our Lectures, our Dissertations, our Gravities, our Reveries, our Fooleries, our what not?——This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor *Parnelle*, *Garth*, *Rowe*! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the Death of the last: *Parnelle* was too much in my mind, to

whole

whose Memory I am erecting the best Monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him, but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at *Chester*, or *Dublin*; and what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, *&c.* Yet I have not neglected my Devoirs to Mr. *Rowe*; I am writing this very day his Epitaph for *Westminster-Abbey* — After these, the best natur'd of Men, Sir *Samuel Garth*, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His Death was very Heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint, or a Philosopher famous: But ill Tongues, and worse Hearts have branded even his last Moments, as wrongfully as they did his Life, with Irreligion. You must have heard many Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. *Garth*.

I am, &c.

LETTERS

LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE *to* H. C. *Esq;*

From 1708, to 1711.

March 18, 1708.

I Believe it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many Men when they leave the World, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their Friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy *London*, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you

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will expect I ſhould recant this Expreſſion, when I tell you, that *Sapho* (by which heatheniſh Name you have chriſten'd a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany me into the Country. However, I will confeſs myſelf the leſs concern'd on that account, becauſe I have no very violent Inclination to loſe my Heart, eſpecially in ſo wild and ſavage a place as this Foreſt is: In the Town, 'tis ten to one but a young Fellow may find his ſtray'd Heart again, with ſome *Wild-ſtreet* or *Drury-lane* Damſel; but here, where I could have met with no redreſs from an unmerciful, virtuous Dame, I muſt for ever have loſt my little Traveller in a Hole, where I could never rummage to find him again.——Well, Sir, you have your Lady in the Town ſtill, and I have my Heart in the Country ſtill, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more room in it for my Friends, and does not want a Corner at your Service.——To be ſerious, you have extremely oblig'd me by your Frankneſs and Kindneſs to me: And if I have abus'd it by too much Freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural Openneſs of my Temper, which hardly knows how to ſhow Reſpect, where I feel Affection. I wou'd love my Friend, as my Miſtreſs, without Ceremony; and hope a little rough Uſage ſome-

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ſometimes may not be more diſpleaſing to the one, than it is to the other.

If you have any Curioſity to know in what manner I live, or rather loſe a Life, *Martial* will inform you in one Line: (the Tranſlation of which coſt a Friend of ours three in *Engliſh*,

(*One ſhort, one long,*
One ſoft, one ſtrong,
One right, one wrong.)

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quieſco:

Every Day with me is literally another yeſterday; for it is exactly the ſame; It has the ſame Buſineſs, which is Poetry; and the ſame Pleaſure, which is Idleneſs. A man might indeed paſs his Time much better, but I queſtion if any Man could paſs it much eaſier. If you will viſit our Shades this Spring, which I very much deſire, you may perhaps inſtruct me to manage my Game more wiſely; but at preſent I am ſatisfy'd to trifle away my Time any Way, rather than let it ſtick by me; as Shop-keepers are glad to be rid of thoſe Goods at any rate, which would otherwiſe always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me ſometimes with your Letters, it will be a great Satisfaction

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to me on ſeveral accounts; and on this in particular, That it will ſhow me (to my Comfort) that even a wiſe Man is ſometimes very idle; for ſo you muſt needs be when you can find leiſure to write to

Your, &c.

April 27, 1708.

I Have nothing to ſay to you in this Letter; but I was reſolv'd to write to tell you ſo. Why ſhould not I content myſelf with ſo many great Examples, of deep Divines, profound Caſuiſts, grave Philoſophers, who have written, not Letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatiſes about Nothing? Why ſhou'd a Fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be aſham'd to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll ſay, the whole World has ſomething to do, ſomething to talk of, ſomething to wiſh for, ſomething to be imploy'd about: But pray, Sir, caſt up the Account, put all theſe Somethings together, and what is the Sum Total but juſt Nothing? I have no more to ſay, but to deſire to give you my Service (that

is

is nothing) to your Friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

May 10, 1708.

YOU talk of Fame and Glory, and of the great Men of Antiquity: Pray tell me, what are all your great dead Men, but so many little living Letters? What a vast Reward is here for all the Ink wasted by Writers, and all the Blood spilt by Princes? There was in old time one *Severus* a *Roman* Emperor. I dare say you never call'd him by any other Name in your Life: and yet in his days he was styl'd *Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus,*—— and what not? What a prodigious waste of Letters has Time made! what a Number have here dropt off, and left the poor surviving Seven unattended! For my own part, Four are all I have to take care for; and I'll be judg'd by you if any man cou'd live in less compass? except it were one Monsieur *D.* and one *Romulus* *** But these, contrary to the common Calamity, came, in

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proceſs of time, to be call'd Monſieur *Boileau Deſpreaux*, and *Romulus Three-points*.——Well, Sir, for the future I'll drown all high Thoughts in the *Lethe* of Cowſlip-Wine; as for Fame, Renown, Reputation, take 'em, Critics!

Tradam protervis in mare Criticum
Ventis——

If ever I ſeek for Immortality here, may I be d——d! for there's not ſo much danger in a *Poet*'s being damn'd:

Damnation follows Death in other Men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.

November 1, 1708.

I Have been ſo well ſatisfy'd with the Country ever ſince I ſaw you, that I have not ſo much as once thought of the Town, or enquir'd of any one in it beſides Mr. *Wyckerley* and yourſelf. And from him I underſtand of your Journey this Summer into *Leiceſterſhire*; from whence I gueſs you are return'd by this time, to your old Apartment in the Widow's Corner, to your old Buſineſs of comparing Critics, and reconciling

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reconciling commentators; and to the old diversions of a losing game at Picquet with the ladies, and half a play, or a quarter of a play, at the theatre; where you are none of the malicious Audience, but the chief of amorous Spectators; and for the infirmity of one * Sense which there for the most part could only serve to disgust you, enjoy the vigour of another which ravishes you.

You know when one Sense is suppress,
It but retires into the rest.

(According to the poetical, not the learned, *Dodwell*; who has done one thing worthy of eternal memory; wrote two lines in his life that are not nonsense!) So you have the advantage of being entertain'd with all the beauty of the Boxes, without being troubled with any of the dulness of the Stage. You are so good a critic, that 'tis the greatest happiness of the modern Poets that you do not hear their works; and next, that you are not so arrant a critic, as to damn them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I talk of those critics, I have good news to tell you concerning myself, for which I expect you shou'd congratulate with me: It is, that beyond all my expectations, and

* His Hearing.

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far above my demerits, I have been moſt mercifully repriev'd by the ſovereign power of *Jacob Tonſon*, from being brought forth to publick puniſhment; and reſpited from time to time from the hands of thoſe barbarous executioners of the Muſes, whom I was juſt now ſpeaking of. It often happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty criminals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, deliver themſelves into the hands of Juſtice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their diſadvantage; and not out of any Ambition to ſpread their fame, by being executed in the face of the world, which is a fame but of ſhort continuance. That Poet were a happy man who cou'd but obtain a grant to preſerve his for ninety-nine years; for thoſe names very rarely laſt ſo many days, which are planted either in *Jacob Tonſon*'s, or the *Ordinary of Newgate*'s Miſcellanies.

I have an hundred things to ſay to you, which ſhall be deferr'd till I have the happineſs of ſeeing you in town; for the ſeaſon now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by Letters before this, if I had not been uncertain were you paſs'd your time the laſt ſeaſon: ſo much fine weather, I doubt not, has given you all the pleaſure you cou'd deſire from the country,

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try, and your own thoughts the beſt company in it. But nothing cou'd allure Mr. *Wycherley* to our Foreſt; he continu'd (as you told me long ſince he wou'd) an obſtinate lover of the town, in ſpite of friendſhip and fair weather. Therefore henceforward, to all thoſe conſiderable qualities I know you poſſeſt of, I ſhall add that of Prophecy. But I ſtill believe Mr. *Wycherley*'s intentions were good, and am ſatisfy'd that he promiſes nothing but with a real deſign to perform it: how much ſoever his other excellent qualities are above my imitation, his ſincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmoſt that I am,

Sir, &c.

Jan. 22, 1708-9.

I Had ſent you the inclos'd * Papers before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myſelf, and afterwards cou'd find no opportunity of ſending them

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* *This was a Tranſlation of the firſt Book of* Statius, *done when the Author was but* 14 *Years old, as appears by an Advertiſement before the firſt Edition of it in a Miſcellany publiſh'd by* B. Lintot, 8° 1711.

with-

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without ſuſpicion of their miſcarrying; not that they are of the leaſt value, but for fear ſomebody might be fooliſh enough to imagine them ſo, and inquiſitive enough to diſcover thoſe faults which I (by your help) wou'd correct. I therefore beg the favour of you to let them go no farther than your chamber, and to be very free of your remarks in the margins, not only in regard to the accuracy, but to the fidelity of the tranſlation; which I have not had time of late to compare with its original. And I deſire you to be the more ſevere, as it is much more criminal for me to make another ſpeak nonſenſe, than to do it in my own proper perſon. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire verſion of the firſt book. There is an omiſſion from the 168th line——*Jam murmura ſerpunt plebis agenoreæ* —— to the 312th —— *Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris*—— (between theſe * two *Statius* has a deſcription of the council of the Gods, and a ſpeech of *Jupiter*; which contain a peculiar beauty and majeſty, and were left out for no other reaſon, but becauſe the conſequence

* *Theſe he ſince tranſlated, and they are extant in the printed Verſion.*

of

of this machine appears not till the second book.) The translation goes on from thence to the words *Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentat*, where there is an odd account of a battle at fisty-cuffs between the two Princes on a very slight occasion, and at a time when one wou'd think the fatigue of their Journey in so tempestuous a night, might have render'd them very unfit for such a scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my own words, to which an author cannot but be partial enough of conscience; it was therefore omitted in this copy, which goes on above eighty lines farther, at the words——*Hic primum lustrare oculis*, &c.——to the end of the book.

You will find, I doubt not, that *Statius* was none of the discreetest Poets, tho' he was the best versifier next *Virgil*: In the very beginning he unluckily betrays his ignorance in the rules of Poetry, (which *Horace* had already taught the *Romans*) when he asks his Muse, where to begin his *Thebaid*, and seems to doubt whether it should not be *ab ovo Ledæo?* When he comes to the scene of his Poem, and the prize in dispute between the Brothers, he gives us a very mean opinion of it——

Pugna

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Pugna eſt de paupere regno.——Very different from the conduct of his maſter *Virgil*, who at the entrance of his Poem informs his reader of the greatneſs of its ſubject,——*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere Gentem.* [Boſſu *on Epic Poetry.*] There are innumerable little faults in him, among which I cannot but take notice of one in this book, where ſpeaking of the implacable hatred of the brothers, he ſays, *The whole world wou'd be too ſmall a prize to repay ſo much impiety.*

Quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque Poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eoo
Cardine, aut portu vergens proſpectat Ibero?

This was pretty well, one wou'd think already, but he goes on

Quaſque procul terras obliquo ſydere tangit
Avius, aut Boreæ gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti?

After all this, what cou'd a Poet think of but Heaven itſelf for the Prize? but what follows is aſtoniſhing.

——*Quid ſi Tyriæ Phrygiæve ſub unum*
Convectentur Opes?

I do

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I do not remember to have met with so great a fall in any antient author whatsoever. I shou'd not have insisted so much on the faults of this Poet, if I did not hope you wou'd take the same freedom with, and revenge it upon, his Translator. I shall be extremely glad if the reading this can be any amusement to you, the rather because I had the dissatisfaction to hear you have been confin'd to your chamber by an illness, which I fear was as troublesome a companion as I have sometimes been to you in the same place; where if ever you found any pleasure in my company, it must surely have been that which most men take in observing the faults and follies of another; a pleasure which you see I take care to give you even in my absence.

If you will oblige me at your leisure with the confirmation of your recovery, under your own hand, it will be extreme grateful to me; for next to the pleasure of seeing my friends, is that I take in hearing from them; and in this particular, I am beyond all acknowledgments oblig'd to our friend Mr. *Wycherley*, who, as if it were not enough to have excell'd all men in wit, is resolv'd to excel them in good-nature too. I know I need no apology to you for speaking of Mr. *Wycherley*, whose example as I am proud of following in all things,

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things, so in nothing more than in profes-sing myself, like him,

Your, &c.

May 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a Letter from me, but that I deferr'd it till I cou'd send you either the * Miscellany, or my continuation of the Version of *Statius*. The first I imagin'd you might have had before now; but since the contrary has happen'd, you may draw this Moral from it, That Authors in general are more ready to write nonsense, than Booksellers are to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary flux of rhyme upon me for three days together, in which time all the Verses you see added, have been written; which I tell you that you may more freely be severe upon them. 'Tis a mercy I do not assault you with a number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern Bards put forth in the spring-time, in as great abundance, as Trees do

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* Jacob Tonson's *sixth Volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr.* Pope's *Pastorals and some Versions of* Homer *and* Chaucer *were first printed.*

Blossoms,

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Blossoms, a very few whereof ever come to be Fruit, and please no longer than just in their birth. So that they make no less haste to bring their flowers of wit to the press, than gardeners to bring their other flowers to the market, which if they can't get off their hands in the morning, are sure to die before night. Thus the same reason that furnishes *Covent-Garden* with those nosegays you so delight in, supplies the *Muses Mercury*, and *British Apollo* (not to say *Jacob*'s Miscellanies) with Verses. And it is the happiness of this age, that the modern invention of printing Poems for pence apiece, has brought the Nosegays of *Parnassus* to bear the same price; whereby the publick-spirited Mr. *Henry Hills* of *Black-fryars* has been the cause of great ease and singular comfort to all the Learned, who never over-abounding in transitory coin, should not be discontented (methinks) even tho' Poems were distributed *gratis* about the streets, like *Bunyan*'s Sermons and other pious treatises, usually publish'd in a like Volume and Character.

The time now drawing nigh, when you use with *Sapho* to cross the Water in an Ev'ning to *Spring-Garden*, I hope you will have a fair opportunity of ravishing her:— I mean only (as *Oldfox* in the *Plain-dealer* says) thro' the ear, with your well-penn'd Verses.

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Verſes. I have been told of a very lucky Compliment of an Officer to his Miſtreſs in the very ſame place, which I cannot but ſet down (and deſire you at preſent to take it in good part inſtead of a *Latin* Quotation) that it may ſome time or other be improv'd by your pronunciation, while you walk *Solus cum Sola* in thoſe amorous ſhades.

When at Spring-garden Sapho *deigns t'appear,*
The flow'rs *march in her van,* musk *in her rear.*

I wiſh you all the pleaſures which the Seaſon and the Nymph can afford; the beſt Company, the beſt Coffee, and the beſt News you can deſire. And what more to wiſh you than this, I do not know; unleſs it be a great deal of patience to read and examine the Verſes I ſend you; and I promiſe you in return a great deal of deference to your judgment, and an extraordinary obedience to your ſentiments for the future, (to which you know I have been ſometimes a little refractory.) If you will pleaſe to begin where you left off laſt, and mark the margins, as you have done in the pages immediately before, (which you will find corrected to your ſenſe ſince your laſt peruſal) you will extremely oblige me, and improve my Tranſlation. Beſides thoſe places which may deviate from the ſenſe of the Author,

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it wou'd be very kind in you to obſerve any deficiencies in the Diction or Numbers. The *Hiatus* in particular I wou'd avoid as much as poſſible, to which you are certainly in the right to be a profeſs'd enemy; tho' I confeſs I cou'd not think it poſſible at all times to be avoided by any writer, till I found by reading *Malherbe* lately, that there is ſcarce any throughout his Poems. I thought your obſervation true enough to be paſs'd into a Rule, but not a rule without exceptions, nor that ever it had been reduc'd to practiſe: But this example of one of the moſt correct and beſt of their Poets has undeceiv'd me, and confirms your opinion very ſtrongly, and much more than Mr. *Dryden*'s Authority, who tho' he made it a rule, ſeldom obſerv'd it.

Your, &c.

June 10, 1709.

I Have received part of the Verſion of *Statius*, and return you my thanks for your remarks which I think to be juſt, except where you cry out (like one in *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*) *Pulchrè, benè, rectè!* There I have ſome fears, you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

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One of your objections, namely on that paſſage,

The reſt, revolving years ſhall ripen into Fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to its not being the exact ſenſe of the words— * *Cætera reliquo ordine ducam.* But the duration of the Action of *Statius*'s poem may as well be excepted againſt, as many things beſides in him: (which I wonder *Boſſu* has not obſerv'd) For inſtead of confining his narration to *one year*, it is manifeſtly exceeded in the very firſt two books: The Narration begins with *Oedipus*'s prayer to the *Fury* to promote diſcord betwixt his Sons; afterward the Poet expreſly deſcribes their entrlng into the agreement of reigning a year by turns; and *Polynices* takes his flight for *Thebes* on his brother's refuſal to reſign the throne. All this is in the firſt book; in next, *Tydeus* is ſent Ambaſſador to *Etheocles*, and demands his reſignation in theſe terms,

—Aſtriferum velox jam circulus orbem
Torſit, & amiſſæ redierunt montibus umbræ,
Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida triſtes
Exul agit caſus——

* *See the firſt book of* Statius, *Verſe* 302.

But

But *Bossu* himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the commencement of the Action; saying in Book 2. Cap. 8. that *Statius* opens it with *Europa*'s *Rape*, whereas the Poet at most only deliberates whether he shou'd or not:

——*Unde jubetis*
Ire, Deæ? Gentisne canam primordia, diræ,
Sidonios raptus? &c.

but then expresly passes all this with a *Longa retro series* ——and says,

——*Limes mihi carminis esto*
Oedipodæ *confusa domus*——

Indeed there are numberless particulars blame-worthy in our Author, which I have try'd to soften in the version:

——*Dubiamq; jugo fragor impulit Oeten*
In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmus,

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater piece of Tautology than

——*Vacua cum* solus *in Aula*
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosq; Minores,
Et nusquam par *stare* caput.

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In the Journey of *Polynices* is some geographical error,

—— *In mediis audit duo litora campis*

could hardly be; for the *Isthmus* of *Corinth* is full five miles over: And *Caligantes abrupto sole Mycænas*, is not consistent with what he tells us, in Lib. 4. lin. 305: "that "those of *Mycænæ* came not to the war at "this time, because they were then in con-"fusion by the divisions of the Brothers, "*Atreus* and *Thyestes*:" Now from the raising the *Greek* army against *Thebes*, back to the time of this journey of *Polynices*, is (according to *Statius*'s own account) three years.

Yours, &c.

July 17, 1709.

THE Morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophecy'd) all alone in an uneasy Stage-Coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoy'd the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a Book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with the *Moralists*, and had just receiv'd from them some

ſome cold conſolation for the inconveniencies of this life, and the incertainty of human affairs; when I perceiv'd my Vehicle to ſtop, and heard from the ſide of it the dreadful news of a ſick Woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not eaſy to gueſs at my mortification, but being ſo well fortify'd with Philoſophy I ſtood reſign'd with a Stoical conſtancy to endure the worſt of evils, a ſick Woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dreſs, that ſhe was Young and a Gentlewoman; but no ſooner was her hood remov'd, but I ſaw one of the fineſt faces I ever beheld, and to increaſe my ſurprize, heard her ſalute me by my name. I never had more reaſon to accuſe Nature for making me ſhort-ſighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever ſeen thoſe fair eyes which knew me ſo well, and was utterly at a loſs how to addreſs myſelf; till with a great deal of ſimplicity and innocence ſhe let me know (even before I diſcover'd my ignorance) that ſhe was the daughter of one in our Neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who having been conſulting her Phyſicians in Town, was returning into the Country, to try what good Air and a new Husband cou'd do to recover her. My Father, you muſt know, has ſometimes recommended the Study of Phyſick to me, but I never had any ambition

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to be a Doctor till this inſtant. I ventur'd to preſcribe ſome Fruit (which I happen'd to have in the Coach) which being forbidden her by her Doctors, ſhe had the more inclination to. In ſhort, I tempted, and ſhe eat; nor was I more like the Devil than ſhe like *Eve*. Having the good ſucceſs of the 'foreſaid Gentleman before my eyes, I put on the Gallantry of the old Serpent, and in ſpite of my evil Form accoſted her with all the Gaiety I was maſter of; which had ſo good effect, that in leſs than an hour ſhe grew pleaſant, her colour return'd, and ſhe was pleas'd to ſay my preſcription had wrought an immediate cure: In a word, I had the pleaſanteſt journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my Letter has ſomething of the air of a Romance, tho' it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greateſt of truths, That I think myſelf extremely oblig'd by you in all points, eſpecially for your kind and honourable Information and Advice in a matter of the utmoſt concern to me, which I ſhall ever acknowledge as the higheſt proof at once of your friendſhip, juſtice, and ſincerity. At the ſame time be aſſur'd, that Gentleman we ſpoke of, ſhall never by any alteration in me diſcover my knowledge of his Miſtake: the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of Return I can poſſibly make

make him for ſo many favours. And I may derive this pleaſure at leaſt from it, that whereas I muſt otherwiſe have been a little uneaſy to know my incapacity of returning to his Obligations; I may now, by bearing his Frailty, exerciſe my Gratitude and Friendſhip more than Himſelf either is, or perhaps ever will be ſenſible of.

Ille meos, primus, qui me ſibi junxit, Amores
Abſtulit; ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque Sepulchro!

But in one thing, I muſt confeſs you have yourſelf oblig'd me more than any man, which is, that you have ſhew'd me many of my Faults, to which as you are the more an implacable Enemy, by ſo much the more you are a kind Friend to me. I cou'd be proud, in revenge, to find a few ſlips in your Verſes, which I read in *London*, and ſince in the Country with more application and pleaſure: the thoughts are very juſt, and you are ſure not to let them ſuffer by the Verſification. If you wou'd oblige me with the truſt of any thing of yours, I ſhou'd be glad to execute any commiſſions you wou'd give me concerning them. I am here ſo perfectly at leiſure, that nothing wou'd be ſo agreeable an en-

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tertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your Letters as long as we are absent, if you wou'd not have him very unhappy who is very sincerely

Your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short *Ode* on *Solitude*, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continu'd in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

Happy the man, whose wish and care,
A few paternal Acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose Trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest,

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Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In Health of body, Peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; Study and Ease,
Together mixt; sweet Recreation,
And Innocence which most does please,
With Meditation.

Thus, let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

August 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my Letters wou'd be as bad as a Rent-charge; but tho' the one be but too little for your Good-nature, the other wou'd be too much for your Quiet, which is one blessing Good-nature shou'd indispensably receive from mankind, in return for those many it gives. I have been inform'd of late, how much I am indebted to that quality of yours, in speaking well of me in my absence; the only thing by which you

you prove yourself no Wit or Critic: Tho' indeed I have often thought, that a friend will show just as much indulgence (and no more) to my faults when I am absent, as he does severity to 'em when I am present. To be very frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I receiv'd so much Civility at first, I cou'd hardly have expected so much Sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, so you wou'd omit nothing to improve me.

I caus'd an acquaintance of mine to enquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been inform'd, that you have left your speculative Angle in the Widow's Coffee-house, and bidding adieu for some time to all the *Rehearsals, Reviews, Gazettes,* &c. have march'd off into *Lincolnshire.* Thus I find you vary your life in the scene at least, tho' not in the Action; for tho' life for the most part, like an old Play, be still the same, yet no w and then a new Scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my life a very regular Play, let it be a good mery Farce, a G-d's name, and a fig for the critical Unities! Yet (on the other side) I wou'd as soon write like *Durfey,* as live like *T———e*; whose beastly, yet merry

merry life, is (if you will excuse such a similitude) not unlike a F--t, at once nasty and laughable. For the generality of men, a true modern life is like a true modern play, neither Tragedy, Comedy, nor Farce, nor one, nor all of these: every Actor is much better known by his having the same Face, than by keeping the same Character; for we change our minds as often as they can their parts, and he who was yesterday *Cæsar*, is to day Sir *John Dæw*. So that one might ask the same question of a modern life, that *Rich* did of a modern play; "Pray do me the favour, Sir, to inform me; "Is this your Tragedy or your Comedy?

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I persuade myself it might be useful, at a time when we have no other Theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing Comedy of Fools, at which every man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an uneoncern'd Spectator. This (to our singular comfort) neither my Lord Chamberlain, nor the Queen herself can ever shut up, or silence. While that of *Drury* (alas!) lies desolate, in the profoundest peace: and the melancholy prospect of the Nymphs yet lingring about its beloved avenues, appears no less moving than that of the *Trojan* Dames lamenting over their ruin'd *Ilium!* What now can they hope,

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hope, dispossess'd of their antient seats, but to serve as Captives to the insulting Victors of the *Hay-market*? The afflicted subjects of *France* do not, in our *Post-man*, so grievously deplore the obstinacy of their arbitrary Monarch, as these perishing people of *Drury* the obdurate heart of that *Pharaoh*, *Rich*, who like him, disdains all Proposals of peace and accommodation. Several Libels have been secretly affix'd to the great gates of his imperial palace in *Bridges-street*; and a Memorial representing the distresses of these persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we are credibly inform'd by a person of quality) out of his first Minister the chief Box-keeper's pocket, at a late Conference of the said Person of quality and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majesty on his own part. Of this you may expect a copy as soon as it shall be transmitted to us from a good hand. As for the late Congress, it is here reported, that it has not been wholly ineffectual; but this wants confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring prayers and tears of so many wretched Ladies may induce this haughty Prince to reason.

I am, &c.

October

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October 19, 1709.

I MAY truly say I am more oblig'd to you this summer than to any of my Acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind letters you sent me, I had been perfectly, *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis.* The only companions I had were thoſe Muſes of whom *Tully* says, *Adoleſcentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium ac ſolatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.* Which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muſes, if you take them as Companions, are very pleaſant and agreeable; but whoever ſhould be forc'd to live or depend upon 'em, would find himſelf in a very bad condition. That Quiet, which *Cowley* calls the *Companion of Obſcurity*, was not wanting to me, unleſs it was interrupted by thoſe fears you ſo juſtly gueſs I had for our Friend's welfare. 'Tis extremely kind in you to tell me the news you heard of him, and you have deliver'd me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinc'd by his long ſilence.

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ſilence. However the love of ſome things rewards itſelf, as of Virtue, and of Mr. *Wycherley*. I am ſurpriz'd at the danger you tell me he has been in, and muſt agree with you, that our nation would have loſt in him alone, more wit and probity, than would have remain'd (for ought I know) in all the reſt of it. My concern for his friendſhip will excuſe me, (ſince I know you honour him ſo much, and ſince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneaſineſs to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one to inſinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr. *Wycherley*, which I fear may have had ſome effect upon him. If ſo, he will have a greater puniſhment for his credulity than I cou'd wiſh him, in that fellow's acquaintance. The loſs of a faithful creature is ſomething, tho' of ever ſo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my Dog for ſuch a Man as the aforeſaid, I ſhou'd think my Dog undervalu'd: (who follows me about as conſtantly here in the country, as I was us'd to do Mr. *Wycherley* in the Town.)

Now I talk of my Dog, that I may not treat of a worſe ſubject which my ſpleen tempts me to, I will give you ſome account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, ſince *Montaigne* (to whom I am but a Dog

in

in compariſon) has done the very ſame thing of his Cat. *Dic mihi quid melius defidioſus agam?* You are to know then, that as 'tis Likeneſs begets affection, ſo my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the fineſt ſhap'd. He is not much a Spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any man's while to imitate from him) a dumb ſurly ſort of kindneſs, that rather ſhows itſelf when he thinks me ill-us'd by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourſelves. If it be the chief point of Friendſhip to comply with a friend's Motions and Inclinations, he poſſeſſes this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I ſit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good friends can pretend to, witneſs our walk a year ago in St. *James*'s *Park*.—Hiſtories are more full of examples of the Fidelity of Dogs than of Friends, but I will not inſiſt upon many of 'em, becauſe it is poſſible ſome may be almoſt as fabulous as thoſe of *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, &c. I will only ſay for the honour of Dogs, that the two moſt antient and eſteemable books ſacred and prophane extant, *(viz.* the *Scripture* and *Homer)* have ſhewn a particular regard to theſe animals. That of *Toby* is the more remarkable, becauſe there was no manner of reaſon to take notice of the Dog, beſides the great humanity

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manity of the Author. *Homer*'s account of *Ulysses*'s Dog *Argus* is the most pathetick imaginable, all the Circumstances consider'd, and an excellent proof of the old Bard's Good-nature. *Ulysses* had left him at *Ithaca* when he embark'd for *Troy*, and found him at his return after twenty years, (which by the way is not unnatural as some Critics have said, since I remember the dam of my dog was twenty-two years old when she dy'd: May the omen of longævity prove fortunate to her successor!) You shall have it in verse.

ARGUS.

When wise Ulysses *from his native coast*
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen, unknown,
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own Palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestick crew;
The faithful Dog alone his rightful Master knew!

Unfed,

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Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his antient Lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Plutarch relating how the *Athenians* were oblig'd to abandon *Athens* in the time of *Themistocles*, steps back again out of the way of his History, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor Dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that follow'd his Master across the Sea to *Salamis*, where he dy'd and was honour'd with a Tomb by the *Athenians*, who gave the name of the *Dog*'s *Grave* to that part of the Island where he was buried: this respect to a dog in the most polite people of the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a Dog (tho' we have but few such) is, that the chief Order of *Denmark* (now injuriously call'd the Order of the *Elephant*) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog nam'd *Wild-brat*, to one of their Kings who had been deserted

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by his ſubjects: He gave his order this motto, or to this effect, (which ſtill remains) *Wild-brat was faithful.* Sir *William Trumbull* has told me a ſtory which he heard from one that was preſent: King *Charles* I. being with ſome of his Court during his troubles, a diſcourſe aroſe what ſort of dogs deſerv'd pre-eminence, and it being on all hands agreed to belong either to the Spaniel or Greyhound, the King gave his opinion on the part of the Greyhound, becauſe (ſaid he) it has all the *Good-nature* of the other, without the *Fawning*. A good piece of ſatire upon his Courtiers, with which I will conclude my Diſcourſe of Dogs. Call me a Cynick, or what you pleaſe, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me when I ſay a bold word for a chriſtian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than

Your, &c.

April 10, 1710.

I Had written to you ſooner, but that I made ſome ſcruple of ſending prophane things to you in Holy week. Beſides our Family wou'd have been ſcandaliz'd to ſee me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly Verſes. I aſſure you I am

am look'd upon in the Neighbourhood for a very well-dispos'd person, no great Hunter indeed, but a great Admirer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that, and Drinking. They all say 'tis pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that may destroy their good opinion of me: I have not quoted one *Latin* Author since I came down, but have learn'd without book a Song of Mr. *Thomas Durfey*'s, who is your only Poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our Entertainments, and but for him, there would be so miserable a dearth of Catches, that I fear they would put either the Parson or me upon making some for 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best Topeing-Table of our Gentry, who can roar out some Rhapsodies of his works: so that in the same manner as it was said of *Homer* to his Detractors, What? Dares any man speak against Him who has given so many men to *Eat?* (Meaning the Rhapsodists who live by repeating his verses) thus may it be said of Mr. *Durfey* to his Detractors; Dares any one despise Him, who has made so many men *Drink?* Alas, Sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your *Ovid*, nor I with my

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Statius, can amuſe a whole board of Juſtices and extraordinary 'Squires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration! Theſe things (they wou'd ſay) are too ſtudious, they may do well enough with ſuch as *love Reading*, but give us your antient Poet Mr. *Durfey!* 'Tis mortifying enough, it muſt be confeſs'd; but however, let us proceed in the way that nature has directed us—*Multi multa ſciunt, ſed nemo omnia*, as it is ſaid in the Almanack. Let us communicate our works for our mutual comfort; ſend me Elegies, and you ſhall not want Heroicks. At preſent, I have only theſe *Arguments in Proſe* to the *Thebaid*, which you claim by promiſe, as I do your Tranſlation of *Pars me Sulmo tenet*——and the *Ring*: the reſt I hope for as ſoon as you can conveniently tranſcribe 'em, and whatſoever orders you are pleas'd to give me ſhall be punctually obey'd by

Your, &c.

May 10, 1710.

I Had not ſo long omitted to expreſs my acknowledgments to you for ſo much good-nature and friendſhip as you lately ſhow'd me; but that I am but juſt return'd to my own Hermitage, from Mr. *Caryl*'s, who

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who has done me so many favours, that I am almost inclin'd to think my Friends infect one another, and that your conversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can assure you he has a sincere respect for you, and this I believe he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon those I converse with. But I must now be contented to converse only with the Dead of this world, that is to say, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their intellects as well as their persons: Or else have recourse to the living Dead, the old Authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from *Virgil* down to *Aulus Gellius*, whom I do not think a Critic by any means to be compar'd to Mr. *Dennis:* And I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this opinion, till you become a little more civil to *Atticus*. Who cou'd have imagin'd, that he who had escaped all the misfortunes of his Time, unhurt even by the Proscriptions of *Anthony* and *Augustus*; shou'd in these days find an Enemy more severe and barbarous than those Tyrants? and that Enemy the gentlest too, the best-natur'd of mortals, Mr. *C*——*?* Whom I must in this compare once more to *Augustus*; who seem'd not more unlike himself, in the Severity of one part of his life and the Clemency of the other, than you.

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I leave you to reflect on this, and hope that time (which mollifies rocks, and of ſtiff things makes limber) will turn a reſolute critic to a gentle reader; and inſtead of this poſitive, tremendous, new-faſhion'd Mr. *C*—, reſtore unto us our old acquaintance, the ſoft, beneficent, and courteous Mr. *C*—.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical capacity, from the innocent Air and Tranquillity of our Foreſt, when you do me the favour to viſit it. In the mean time, it wou'd do well by way of Preparative, if you wou'd duly and conſtantly, every morning read over a Paſtoral of *Theocritus* or *Virgil*; and let the Lady *Iſabella* put your *Macrobius* and *Aulus Gellius* ſomewhere out of your way, for a month or ſo. Who knows, but Travelling and long Airing in an open field, may contribute more ſucceſsfully to the cooling a Critic's ſeverity, than it did to the aſſwaging of Mr. *Cheek*'s Anger, of old? In theſe fields you will be ſecure of finding no enemy, but the moſt faithful and affectionate of your friends, *&c.*

May,

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May 17, 1710.

AFTER I had recover'd from a dangerous Illness which was first contracted in Town, about a fortnight after my coming hither I troubled you with a letter, and a paper inclos'd, which you had been so obliging as to desire a sight of when last I saw you, promising me in return some translations of yours from *Ovid*. Since when, I have not had a syllable from your hands; so that 'tis to be fear'd that tho' I have escaped Death, I have not Oblivion. I shou'd at least have expected you to have finish'd that Elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was sick in *London*; if you will but do so much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forc'd like many learned Authors, to write my own Epitaph, if I wou'd be remember'd at all. *Monsieur de la Fontaine*'s wou'd fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of Sacrilege, (do you think it is not?) to steal Epitaphs. In my present, living dead condition, nothing wou'd be properer than *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis*, but that unluckily I can't forget my friends, and the civilities I receiv'd from yourself,

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and ſome others. They ſay indeed 'tis one quality of generous minds to forget the obligations they have conferr'd, and perhaps too it may be ſo to forget thoſe on whom they conferr'd 'em? Then indeed I muſt be forgotten to all intents and purpoſes! I am, it muſt be own'd, dead in a natural capacity, according to Mr. *Bickerſtaff*; dead in a poetical capacity, as a damn'd author; and dead in a civil capacity, as a uſeleſs member of the Common-wealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholy effects may enſue, if Dead men are not civil to one another? If he who has nothing to do himſelf, will not comfort and ſupport another in his Idleneſs? If thoſe who are to die themſelves, will not now and then pay the charity of viſiting a Tomb and a dead friend, and ſtrowing a few flow'rs over him? In the ſhades where I am, the Inhabitants have a mutual compaſſion for each other: Being all alike *Inanes*, and *Umbratiles*, we ſaunter to one another's habitations, and daily aſſiſt each other in doing nothing at all; this I mention for your edification and example, that *Tout plein du vie* as you are, yet you may not ſometimes diſdain—*deſipere in loco*. Tho' you are no Papiſt, and have not ſo much regard to the dead as to addreſs yourſelf to them, (which I plainly perceive by your ſilence) yet I hope you are not one of thoſe

Here-

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Heterodox, who hold them to be totally insensible of the good offices and kind wishes of their living friends, and to be in a dull State of Sleep, without one dream of those they left behind them? If you are let this Letter convince you to the contrary, which assures you, I am still, tho' in a State of Separation,

Your, &c.

P. S. This letter of Deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr. *Betterton*'s; over whom I wou'd have this Sentence of *Tully* for an Epitaph.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est Recordatio.

June 24, 1710.

'TIS very natural for a young Friend, and a young Lover, to think the persons they love have nothing to do but to please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other engagements before. This was my case when I wonder'd I did not hear from you; but I no sooner receiv'd your short letter, but I forgot your long silence; and so many fine things as you said of me cou'd not but have wrought a cure on my own Sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that, which is deaf to the Voice of the Charmer. 'Twas impossible you cou'd

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cou'd have better tim'd your compliment on my Philoſophy; it was certainly propereſt to commend me for it juſt when I moſt needed it, and when I cou'd leaſt be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. 'Tis not eaſy to expreſs what an exaltation it gave to my Spirits, above all the cordials of my Doctor; and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that your Compliments were ſweeter than the ſweeteſt of his Juleps and Syrups. But if you will not believe ſo much,

Pour le moins, votre Compliment
M'a ſoulage dans ce moment;
Et des qu'on me l'eſt venu faire,
J'ay chaſſe mon Apoticaire,
Et renvoye mon Lavement.

Nevertheleſs I wou'd not have you entirely lay aſide the thoughts of my Epitaph, any more than I do thoſe of the probability of my becoming (ere long) the ſubject of one. For Death has of late been very familiar with ſome of my Size; I am told my Lord *Lumley* and Mr. *Litton* are gone before me; and tho' I may now without vanity eſteem myſelf the leaſt thing like a man in *England*, yet I can't but be ſorry, two Heroes of ſuch a make ſhou'd die inglorious in their beds; when it had been a fate

fate more worthy our size, had they met with theirs from an irruption of Cranes, or other warlike Animals, those antient enemies to our *Pygmæan* Ancestors! You of a superior species little regard what befals us *Homunciolos Sesquipedales*; however you have no reason to be so unconcern'd, since all Physicians agree there is no greater sign of a Plague among Men, than a Mortality among Frogs. I was the other day in company with a Lady, who rally'd my Person so much, as to cause a total subversion of my countenance: Some days after, to be reveng'd on her, I presented her among other company the following *Rondeau* on that occasion, which I desire you to show *Sapho*.

You know where you did despise
(T'other day) my little Eyes,
Little Legs, and little Thighs,
And some things of little Size,
You know where.

You, 'tis true, have fine black Eyes,
Taper Legs, and tempting Thighs,
Yet what more than all we prize
Is a thing of little Size,
You know where.

This

This ſort of writing call'd the *Rondeau* is what I never knew practis'd in our Nation, and I verily believe it was not in uſe with the *Greeks* or *Romans*, neither *Macrobius* nor *Hyginus* taking the leaſt notice of it. 'Tis to be obſerv'd, that the vulgar ſpelling and pronouncing it *Round O*, is a manifeſt Corruption, and by no means to be allow'd of by Critics. Some may miſtakenly imagine that it was a ſort of *Rondeau* which the *Gallick* Soldiers ſung in *Cæſar*'s Triumph over *Gaul*—*Gallias Cæſar ſubegit*, &c. as it is recorded by *Suetonius* in *Julio*, and ſo derive its original from the antient *Gauls* to the modern *French*: but this is erroneous; the words there not being rang'd according to the Laws of the *Rondeau*, as laid down by *Clement Marot*. If you will ſay, that the Song of the Soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of Poem, and ſo conſequently imperfect, neither *Heinſius* nor I can be of that opinion; and ſo I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this Buffoonry, which I could not addreſs to any one ſo well as to you, ſince I have found by experience, you moſt eaſily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to ſhow you that I am mindful of you at all times; that I write at all times; and as nothing I can ſay can be worth your reading, ſo I may as well

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well throw out what comes uppermoſt, as ſtudy to be dull. I am, *&c.*

Mr. C..... *to Mr.* POPE.

July 15, 1710.

AT laſt I have prevail'd over a lazy humour to tranſcribe this Elegy: I have chang'd the ſituation of ſome of the *Latin* Verſes, and made ſome Interpolations, but I hope they are not abſurd, and foreign to my author's ſenſe and manner; but they are refer'd to your cenſure, as a debt; whom I eſteem no leſs a Critic than a Poet: I expect to be treated with the ſame rigour as I have practis'd to Mr. *Dryden* and you,

—*Hanc veniam petimuſq; damuſq; viceſſim.*

I deſire the favour of your opinion, why *Priam,* in his ſpeech to *Pyrrhus* in the ſecond *Æneid,* ſays this to him,

At non ille ſatum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He wou'd intimate (I fancy by *Pyrrhus*'s anſwer) only his degeneracy: but then theſe following lines of the Verſion (I ſuppoſe from

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from *Homer*'s Hiſtory) ſeem abſurd in the mouth of *Priam*, viz.

He chear'd my ſorrows, and for ſums of gold,
The bloodleſs carcaſe of my Hector *ſold.*

I am,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Anſwer.*

July 20, 1710.

I Give you thanks for the Verſion you ſent me of *Ovid*'s Elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableneſs that charms us without correctneſs, like a miſtreſs whoſe faults we ſee, but love her with them all. You have very judiciouſly alter'd his method in ſome places, and I can find nothing which I dare inſiſt upon as an error: What I have written in the margins being merely Gueſſes at a little improvement, rather than Criticiſms. I aſſure you I do not expect you ſhou'd ſubſcribe to my private notions but when you ſhall judge 'em agreeable to reaſon and good ſenſe. What I have done is not as a Critic, but as a Friend; I know too well how many qualities are requiſite to make up the one, and that I want almoſt all I can

I can reckon up; but I am sure I do not want inclination, nor I hope capacity, to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amiss, that another dissents from my opinion: 'Tis no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every day a critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I cou'd be glad to know if you have translated the 11th Elegy of *Lib.* 2. *Ad amicam navigantem*, the 8th of Book 3, or the 11th of Book 3, which are above all others my particular favourites, especially the last of these.

As to the passage of which you ask my opinion in the second *Æneid*, it is either so plain as to require no solution; or else (which is very probable) you see farther into it than I can. *Priam* wou'd say, " that *Achilles* " (whom surely you only feign to be your " Father, since your actions are so different " from his) did not use me thus inhuman- " ly. He blush'd at his murder of *Hector* " when he saw my sorrows for him; and " restor'd his dead body to me to be buried." To this the answer of *Pyrrhus* seems to be agreeable enough. " Go then to the shades, " and tell *Achilles* how I degenerate from " him:" granting the truth of what *Priam* had said of the difference between them.

Indeed

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Indeed Mr. *Dryden*'s mentioning here what *Virgil* more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of *Achilles*'s selling *for mony* the body of *Hector*, seems not so proper; it in some measure less'ning the character of *Achilles*'s generosity and piety, which is the very point of which *Priam* endeavours in this place to convince his Son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this Circumstance is no way to be question'd being expresly taken from *Homer*, who represents *Achilles* weeping for *Priam*, yet receiving the gold, *Iliad* 24: For when he gives the body, he uses these words, "O "my friend *Patroclus!* forgive me that I "quit the corps of him who kill'd thee; "I have great gifts in ransom for it, which "I will bestow upon thy funeral."

I am, *&c.*

Mr. C..... *to Mr.* POPE.

Aug. 3, 1710.

LOoking among some *French* Rhymes, I was agreeably surpriz'd to find in the *Rondeau* of * *Pour le moins* —— your

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* *In* Voiture's *Poems.*

Apoticaire

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Apoticaire and *Lavement*, which I took for your own; so much is your Muse of Intelligence with the Wits of all languages. You have refin'd upon *Voiture*, whose *Ou Vous Sçavez* is much inferior to your *You know where*——You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend says) but the whole reckoning; who can form such pretty lines from so trivial a hint.

For * my Elegy; 'tis confess'd, that the Topography of *Sulmo* in the *Latin* makes but an awkward figure in the Version. Your couplet of the *Dog-star* is very fine, but may be too sublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon *Paradise*; for to make *Ovid* talk of the Garden of *Eden*, is certainly most absurd: But *Xenophon* in his *Oeconomicks*, speaking of a garden finely planted and watered (as is here described) calls it *Paradisos*: 'Tis an interpolation indeed, and serves for a gradation to the *Cælestial Orb*; which expresses in some sort the *Sidus Castoris in parte Cæli*—how *Trees can enjoy*, let the naturalists determine; but the Poets make 'em sensitive, lovers, bachelors, and married. *Virgil* in his *Georgicks Lib.* 2. *Horace Ode* 15. *Lib.* 2. *Platanus cælebs evincet ulmos. Epod.* 2. *Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos.*

* Ovid's Amorum, *l.* 2. El. 16. Pars me Sulmo, *&c.*

Your Critique is a very *Dolce-piccante*; for after the many faults you juſtly find, you ſmooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who ſo much eſteems and admires you, and who ſhall ever be

Your, &c.

Auguſt 21, 1710.

YOUR Letters are a perfect charity to a man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his Friends but you; for ſince Mr. *Wycherley* left *London*, I have not heard a word from him; tho' juſt before, and once ſince, I writ to him, and tho' I know myſelf guilty of no offence but of doing ſincerely juſt what he * bid me.—*Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit!* But the greateſt injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very ſollicitous for, and very uneaſy in the fear of any Indiſpoſition that may befal him. In what I ſent you ſome time ago, you have not verſe enough to be ſevere upon, in revenge for my laſt criticiſm: In one point I muſt perſiſt, that is to ſay, my diſlike of your *Pa-*

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* *Correcting his Verſes. See the Letters in* 1706 *and the following Years, of Mr.* Wycherley *and Mr.* Pope.

radiſe,

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radise, in which I take no pleasure; I know very well that in *Greek* 'tis not only us'd by *Xenophon*, but is a common word for any Garden; but in *English* it bears the signification and conveys the idea of *Eden*, which alone is (I think) a reason against making *Ovid* use it; who will be thought to talk too like a Christian in your version at least, whatever it might have been in *Latin* or *Greek*. As for all the rest of my Remarks, since you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be so civil as not to lay any stress upon 'em (as I think I told you before) and in particular in the point of *Trees enjoying*, you have, I must own, fully satisfy'd me that the Expression is not only defensible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to see your Translation of the Elegy, *Ad Amicam navigantem*, as soon as you can; for (without a compliment to you) every thing you write either in verse or prose, is welcome to me; and you may be confident, (if my opinion can be of any sort of consequence in any thing) that I will never be unsincere, tho' I may be often mistaken. To use Sincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienc'd so much of it; and I need not tell you how much I really esteem you, when I esteem nothing in the world so much as that Quality. I know you sometimes say civil things to me in your Epistolary Style, but those I am to make al-

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lowance for, as particularly when you talk of *Admiring*; 'tis a word you are ſo us'd to in converſation of Ladies, that it will creep into your diſcourſe in ſpite of you, ev'n to your Friends. But as Women when they think themſelves ſecure of admiration, commit a thouſand Negligences, which ſhow them ſo much at diſadvantage and off their guard, as to loſe the little real Love they had before: ſo when men imagine others entertain ſome eſteem for their abilities, they often expoſe all their Imperfections and fooliſh works, to the diſparagement of the little Wit they were thought maſters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encourag'd by ſo much indulgence) ſome verſes of my Youth, or rather Childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of *Waller*) were intended in imitation of his manner; and are perhaps, ſuch imitations, as thoſe you ſee in awkward country Dames of the fine and well-bred Ladies of the Court. If you will take 'em with you into *Lincolnſhire*, they may ſave you one hour from the converſation of the country Gentlemen and their Tenants, (who differ but in Dreſs and Name) which if it be there as bad as here, is even worſe than my Poetry. I hope your ſtay there will be no longer than (as Mr. *Wycherley* calls it) to rob the Country,

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Country, and run away to *London* with your money. In the mean time I beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never ceaſe to be)

Your, &c.

October 12, 1710.

I Deferr'd anſwering your laſt, upon the advice I receiv'd that you were leaving the town for ſome time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a deſign of ſeeing my Friends there, among the firſt of which I have reaſon to account yourſelf. But my almoſt continual Illneſſes prevent that, as well as moſt other ſatisfactions of my life: However I may ſay one good thing of ſickneſs, that it is the beſt Cure in nature for Ambition, and deſigns upon the World or Fortune: It makes a man pretty indifferent for the future, provided he can but be eaſy, by intervals, for the preſent. He will be content to compound for his Quiet only, and leave all the circumſtantial part and pomp of life to thoſe, who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the Miſtreſſes of their deſires. I thank God, there is nothing out of myſelf which I would be at

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the trouble of ſeeking, except a Friend; a happineſs I once hop'd to have poſſeſs'd in Mr. *Wycherley*; but—*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*—I have for ſome years been employ'd much like Children that build houſes with Cards, endeavouring very buſily and eagerly to raiſe a Friendſhip, which the firſt breath of any ill-natur'd By-ſtander cou'd puff away.—But I will trouble you no farther with writing, nor myſelf with thinking, of this ſubject.

I was mightily pleas'd to perceive by your quotation from *Voiture*, that you had track'd me ſo far as *France*. You ſee 'tis with weak heads as with weak ſtomachs, they immediately throw out what they receiv'd laſt: and what they read, floats upon the ſurface of their mind, like Oil upon water, without incorporating. This, I think however, can't be ſaid of the Love-verſes I laſt troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is ſo puerile and ſo like the Author, that no body will ſuſpect any thing to be borrow'd. Yet you, (as a friend, entertaining a better opinion of 'em) it ſeems ſearch'd in *Waller*, but ſearch'd in vain. Your judgment of 'em is (I think) very right,—for it was my own opinion before. If you think 'em not worth the trouble of correcting,

pray

pray tell me so freely, and it will save me a labour; if you think the contrary, you wou'd particularly oblige me by your remarks on the several thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibling at your verses, and have not forgot who promis'd me *Ovid*'s Elegy *ad Amicam Navigantem?* Had *Ovid* been as long composing it, as you in sending it, the Lady might have sail'd to *Gades*, and receiv'd it at her return. I have really a great Itch of Criticism upon me, but want matter here in the Country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the Town,

Sic servat Studii Fœdera quisque sui.

I am oblig'd to Mr. *Caryl* (whom you tell me you met at *Epsom)* for telling you Truth, as a man is in these days to any one that will tell Truth to his advantage, and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you and I shou'd be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extreme Affection and esteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes,

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Unum Opus & Requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

By these *Epulæ*, as I take it, *Persius* meant the *Portugal Snuff* and *burn'd Claret, which* he took with his master *Cornutus*; and the *Verecunda Mensa* was, without dispute, some Coffee-house table of the antients.—I will only observe, that these four lines are as elegant and musical as any in *Persius*, not excepting those six or seven which Mr. *Dryden* quotes as the only such in all that Author.——I could be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction describ'd in them, being truly

Your, &c.

October 28, 1710.

I am glad to find by your last letter that you write to me with the freedom of a friend, setting down your thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own Trifles, which I assure you I never valu'd half so much as I do that Sincerity in you which they were the occasion of discovering to me; and which while I am happy in, I may be trusted with that dangerous weapon, Poetry; since I shall do nothing

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nothing with it but after asking and following your advice. I value Sincerity the more, as I find by sad experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; Writers rarely pardoning the executioners of their Verses, ev'n tho' themselves pronounce sentence upon them.—As to Mr. *Philips*'s Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is for the greatest part a Translation from *Virgil*'s *Daphnis*. I will not forestal your judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these lines, (speaking of the Musician's playing on the harp.)

Now lightly skimming o'er the Strings they pass,
Like Winds that gently brush the plying grass,
And melting Airs arise at their command;
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand,
He sinks into the Cords, with solemn pace,
And gives the swelling Tones a manly grace,

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for Pastoral, especially being put into the mouth of a Shepherd, as they are here; in the Poet's own person they had been (I believe) more proper. These are more after *Virgil*'s manner than that of *Theocritus*, whom yet in the character of Pastoral he rather seems to imitate.

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imitate. In the whole, I agree with the *Tatler*, that we have no better Eclogues in our language. There is a ſmall copy of the ſame Author publiſh'd in the *Tatler* N° 12. on the *Daniſh* Winter: 'Tis Poetical Painting, and I recommend it to your peruſal.

Dr. *Garth*'s Poem I have not ſeen, but believe I ſhall be of that Critic's opinion you mention at *Will*'s, who ſwore it was good: For tho' I am very cautious of ſwearing after Critics, yet I think one may do it more ſafely when they commend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your cenſure of the uſe of *Sea-terms* in Mr. *Dryden*'s *Virgil*; not only becauſe *Helenus* was no great Prophet in thoſe matters, but becauſe no Terms of Art or Cant-Words ſuit with the Majeſty and dignity of Style which *Epic* Poetry requires. —— *Cui mens divinior atque os magna ſoniturum.* —— The Tarpawlin Phraſe can pleaſe none but ſuch *Qui aurem habent Batavam*; they muſt not expect *Auribus Atticis probari*, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two phraſes of *Martial* here very dexterouſly.)

Tho' you ſay you did not rightly take my Meaning in the verſe I quoted from *Juvenal*, yet I will not explain it; becauſe tho' it ſeems you are reſolv'd to take me for a Critic,

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Critic, I wou'd by no means be thought a Commentator.——And for another reaſon too, becauſe I have quite forgot both the Verſe and the Application.

I hope it will be no offence to give my moſt hearty ſervice to Mr. *Wycherley*, tho' I perceive by his laſt to me, I am not to trouble him with my letters, ſince he there told me he was going inſtantly out of Town, and till his return was my Servant, *&c.* I gueſs by yours he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all truth and honour, that is, aſſure him I have ever borne all the Reſpect and Kindneſs imaginable to him. I do not know to this hour what it is that has eſtrang'd him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more ſafely my friend, ſince no invitation of his ſhall ever more make me ſo free with him. I cou'd not have thought any man had been ſo very cautious and ſuſpicious, as not to credit his own Experience of a friend. Indeed to believe no body, may be a Maxim of Safety, but not ſo much of Honeſty. There is but one way I know of converſing ſafely with all men, that is, not by concealing what we ſay or do, but by ſaying or doing nothing that deſerves to be conceal'd, and I can truly boaſt this comfort in my affairs with Mr. *Wycherley*. But I pardon

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don his Jealouſy, which is become his Nature, and ſhall never be his enemy whatſoever he ſays of me.

Your, &c.

Mr. C..... *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 5, 1710.

I Find I am oblig'd to the ſight of your Love-verſes, for your opinion of my ſincerity; which had never been call'd in queſtion, if you had not forc'd me, upon ſo many other occaſions to expreſs my eſteem.

I have juſt read and compar'd * Mr. *Row*'s Verſion of the 9th of *Lucan*, with very great pleaſure, where I find none of thoſe abſurdities ſo frequent in that of *Virgil*, except in two places, for the ſake of laſhing the Prieſts; one where *Cato* ſays——*Sortilegis egeant dubii*—and one in the ſimile of the *Hæmorhois*——*fatidici Sabæi*——He is ſo errant a Whig, that he ſtrains even beyond his Author, in paſſion for Liberty, and

* *Pieces printed in the 6th Vol. of* Tonſon's *Miſcellanies.*

averſion

averſion to Tyranny; and errs only in amplification. *Lucan* in *initio 9ni*, deſcribing the ſeat of the *Semidei manes*, ſays,

Quodq; patet terras inter Lunæq; meatus,
Semidei manes habitant —

Mr. *Row* has this Line,

Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray.

Pray your opinion, if there be an *Error-Sphæricus* in this or no?

Yours, &c.

Nov. 11, 1710.

YOU miſtake me very much in thinking the freedom you kindly us'd with my Love-verſes, gave me the firſt opinion of your ſincerity: I aſſure you it only did what every good-natur'd action of yours has done ſince, confirm'd me more in that opinion. The Fable of the Nightingale in *Philips*'s Paſtoral, is taken from *Famianus Strada*'s *Latin* Poem on the ſame ſubject, in his *Proluſiones Academicæ*; only the Tomb he erects at the end, is added from *Virgil*'s concluſion of the *Culex*. I can't forbear giving you a paſſage out of the *Latin* Poem I men-

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I mention, by which you will find the *Engliſh* Poet is indebted to it.

Alternat mira arte fides, dum torquet acutas
Inciditq; graves operoſo verbere pulſat—
Jamq; manu per fila volat; ſimul hos, ſimul illos
Explorat numeros, chordaq; laborat in omni.—
Mox ſilet. Illa modis totidem reſpondit, & artem
Arte refert; nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi,
Præbet iter liquidum labenti è pectore voci,
Nunc cæſim variat, moduliſque canora minutis
Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.

This Poem was many years ſince imitated by *Craſhaw*, out of whoſe Verſes the following are very remarkable.

From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels Muſick's Pulſe in all its Arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo *ſpreads,*
His fingers ſtruggle with the vocal threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good opinion of Mr. *Row*'s 9th book of

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of *Lucan*: Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as *Brebœuf*, the famous *French* imitator. If I remember right, he sometimes takes the whole Comment into the Text of the Version, as particularly in lin. 808. *Utq; solet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci*—And in the place you quote, he makes of those two lines in the *Latin*

Vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci.

no less than eight in *English*.

What you observe sure cannot be an *Error Sphæricus*, strictly speaking, either according to their *Ptolomaick*, or our *Copernican* System; *Tycho Brahe* himself will be on the Translator's side. For Mr. *Row* here says no more, than that he look'd down on the Rays of the Sun, which *Pompey* might do, even tho' the Body of the Sun were above him.

You can't but have remark'd what a journey *Lucan* here makes *Cato* take for the sake of his fine Descriptions. From *Cyrene* he travels by land, for no better reason than this:

Hæc eadem sua debat Hyems quæ clauserat æquor.

The

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The Winter's effects on the Sea, it seems were more to be dreaded than all the Serpents, Whirlwinds, Sands, &c. by Land, which immediately after he paints out in his speech to the soldiers: Then he fetches a compass a vast way round about, to the *Nasamones* and *Jupiter Ammon*'s Temple, purely to ridicule the Oracles: And *Labienus* must pardon me, if I do not believe him when he says—*fors obtulit, & fortuna viæ*—either *Labienus* or the Map, is very much mistaken here. Thence he returns back to the *Syrtes* (which he might have taken first in his way to *Utica*) and so to *Leptis Minor*, where our Author leaves him; who seems to have made *Cato* speak his own mind, when he tells his Army—*Ire fat est*—no matter whither. I am,

Your, &c.

Mr. C..... *to Mr.* POPE.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE System of *Tycho Brahe* (were it true, as it is *Novel*) cou'd have no room here: *Lucan*, with the rest of the *Latin* Poets, seems to follow *Plato*; whose order

order of the Spheres is clear in *Cicero, De Natura Deorum, De somnio Scipionis,* and in *Macrobius.* The Seat of the *Semidei manes* is *Platonick* too, for *Apuleius de Deo Socratis* assigns the same to the *Genii, viz.* the Region of the *Air* for their intercourse with Gods and Men; so that I fancy, *Row* mistook the situation, and I can't be reconcil'd to, *Look down on the Sun's Rays.* I am glad you agree with me about the latitude he takes; and wish you had told me, if the *sortilegi,* and *fatidici,* cou'd licence his invectives against Priests? But I suppose you think them (with *Helena*) undeserving of your protection. I agree with you in *Lucan*'s Errors, and the cause of 'em, his Poetic descriptions: for the *Romans* then knew the coast of *Africa* from *Cyrene* (to the South-east of which lies *Ammon* toward *Egypt*) to *Leptis* and *Utica:* But pray remember how your *Homer* nodded while *Ulysses* slept, and waking knew not where he was, in the short passage from *Corcyra* to *Ithaca.* I like *Trapp*'s Versions for their justness; his Psalm is excellent, the Prodigies in the first *Georgick* judicious (whence I conclude that 'tis easier to turn *Virgil* justly in blank verse, than rhyme.) The Eclogue of *Gallus,* and Fable of *Phaeton* pretty well; but he is very faulty in his

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Numbers; the fate of *Phaeton* might run thus,

—*The blaſted* Phaeton *with blazing Hair,*
Shot gliding thro' the vaſt Abyſs of Air,
And tumbled headlong, like a falling Star.

I am,

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE's *Anſwer.*

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make uſe of that freedom and familiarity of ſtyle which we have taken up in our Correſpondence, and which is more properly Talking upon paper, than Writing; I will tell you without any preface, that I never took *Tycho Brahe* for one of the Antients, or in the leaſt an acquaintance of *Lucan*'s; nay, 'tis a mercy on this occaſion that I do not give you an account of his Life and converſation; as how he liv'd ſome years like an inchanted Knight in a certain Iſland, with a tale of a King of *Denmark*'s Miſtreſs that ſhall be nameleſs.——But I have compaſſion on you, and wou'd not for the world you ſhou'd ſtay

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ſtay any longer among the *Genii*, and *Semidei Manes*, you know where; for if once you get ſo near the Moon, *Sapho* will want your preſence in the Clouds and inferior regions; not to mention the great loſs *Drury-lane* will ſuſtain, when Mr. *C*——is in the Milky way. Theſe cœleſtial thoughts put me in mind of the *Prieſts* you mention, who are a ſort of *Sortilegi* in one ſenſe, becauſe in their Lottery there are more Blanks than Prizes; the Adventurers being at beſt in an uncertainty, whereas the Setters-up are ſure of ſomething. Prieſts indeed in their Character, as they repreſent God, are ſacred; and ſo are Conſtables as they repreſent the King; but you will own a great many of 'em are very odd fellows, and the devil a bit of likeneſs in 'em. Yet I can aſſure you, I honour the good as much as I deteſt the bad, and I think, that in condemning theſe, we praiſe thoſe. I am ſo far from eſteeming e'en the worſt unworthy of my protection, that I have defended their Character (in *Congreve*'s and *Vanbrugh*'s Plays) ev'n againſt their own Brethren. And ſo much for Prieſts in general, now for *Trapp* in particular whoſe Tranſlations from *Ovid* I have not ſo good an opinion of as you; not (I will aſſure you) from any ſort of prejudice to him as a Prieſt, but becauſe I

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think he has little of the main Characteriſtick of his Author, a graceful Eaſineſs. For let the ſenſe be ever ſo exactly render'd, unleſs an author looks like himſelf, in his air, habit, manner, 'tis a Diſguiſe and not a Tranſlation. But as to the Pſalm, I think *David* is much more beholden to him than *Ovid*; and as he treated the *Roman* like a *Jew*, ſo he has made the *Jew* ſpeak like a *Roman*.

Your, &c.

Mr. C..... *to Mr.* POPE.

Decemb. 5, 1710.

THE ſame judgment we made on *Row*'s 9th of *Lucan* will ſerve for his part of the 6th, where I find this memorable line,

Parq; novum Fortuna videt concurrere, bellum
Atq; virum.

For this he employs ſix Verſes, among which is this,

As if on Knightly terms in Liſts they ran.

Pray can you trace Chivalry up higher than *Pharamond?* will you allow it an Anachroniſm?

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nism?—*Tickell* in his Version of the Phœnix from *Claudian*,

When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign.

Claudian thus,

Et clades te nulla rapit, soluſq; superstes,
Edomita Tellure manes—

which plainly refers to the Deluge of *Deucalion* and the Conflagration of *Phaeton*; not to the final Dissolution. You thought of the *Priests Lottery* is very fine; you play the Wit, and not the Critic, upon the errors of your brother.

Your observations are all very just: *Virgil* is eminent for adjusting his diction to his sentiments; and among the moderns, I find your Practice the Prosodia of your Rules. Your * Poem shews you to be, what you say of *Voiture, with Books well-bred:* The state of the Fair, tho' satirical, is touch'd with that delicacy and gallantry, that not the Court of *Augustus*, nor——But hold, I shall lose what I lately recover'd, your opinion of my Sincerity; yet I must say, 'tis as faultless as the Fair to whom 'tis address'd, be she never so perfect.

* *To a Lady, with the Works of* Voiture.

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The M. C. (who it ſeems had no right notion of you, as you of him) tranſcrib'd it by lucubration: From ſome diſcourſe of yours, he thought your inclination led you to (what the men of faſhion call Learning) Pedantry; but now he ſays he has no leſs, I aſſure you, than a Veneration for you.

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* C....

Decemb. 17, 1710.

IT ſeems that my late mention of *Craſhaw*, and my quotation from him, has mov'd your curioſity. I therefore ſend you the whole Author, who has held a place among my other books of this nature for ſome years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of thoſe whoſe works may juſt deſerve reading. I take this Poet to have writ like a Gentleman, that is, at leiſure hours, and more to keep out of idleneſs, than to eſtabliſh a reputation: ſo that nothing regular or juſt can be expected from him. All that regards Deſign, Form, Fable, (which is the Soul of Poetry) all that concerns exactneſs, or conſent of parts, (which is the Body)

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Body) will probably be wanting; only pretty conceptions, fine metaphors, glitt'ring expreſſions, and ſomething of a neat caſt of Verſe, (which are properly the dreſs, gems, or looſe ornaments of Poetry) may be found in theſe verſes. This is indeed the caſe of moſt other Poetical Writers of *Miſcellanies*; nor can it well be otherwiſe, ſince no man can be a true Poet, who writes for diverſion only. Theſe Authors ſhou'd be conſider'd as *Verſifiers* and *witty Men*, rather than as *Poets*; and under this head will only fall the Thoughts, the Expreſſion, and the Numbers. Theſe are only the pleaſing parts of Poetry, which may be judg'd of at a view, and comprehended all at once. And (to expreſs myſelf like a Painter) their *Colouring* entertains the ſight, but the *Lines* and *Life* of the Picture are not to be inſpected too narrowly.

This Author form'd himſelf upon *Petrarch*, or rather upon *Marino*. His thoughts, one may obſerve, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetch'd, and too often ſtrain'd and ſtiffned to make them appear the greater. For men are never ſo apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconſiderate Authors wou'd rather be admir'd than underſtood. This ambition of ſurpriſing a reader, is the true natural cauſe of all Fuſtian, or Bombaſt in

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Poetry. To confirm what I have ſaid you need but look into his firſt Poem of the *Weeper*, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21ſt ſtanza's are as ſublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th and 23d ſtanza's of the ſame copy, are ſoft and pleaſing: And if theſe laſt want any thing, it is an eaſier and more unaffected expreſſion. The remaining thoughts in that Poem might have been ſpared, being either but repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this example in the firſt one may gueſs at all the reſt, to be like this; a mixture of tender gentle thoughts and ſutiable expreſſions, of forc'd and inextricable conceits, and of needleſs fillers-up to the reſt. From all which it is plain, this Author writ faſt, and ſet down what came uppermoſt. A reader may skim off the froth, and uſe the clear underneath; but if he goes too deep will meet with a mouthful of dregs: either the Top or bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his *own, natural, middle-way*, is beſt.

To ſpeak of his *Numbers* is a little difficult, they are ſo various and irregular, and moſtly Pindarick: 'tis evident his heroic Verſe (the beſt example of which is his *Muſick's Duel*) is careleſly made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that

that had he taken more care, it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extremely majestic, but sweet: And the time consider'd of his writing, he was (ev'n as uncorrect as he is) none of the worst Versificators.

I will just observe, that the best Pieces of this Author are, a Paraphrase on Psal. 23. On *Lessius*, Epitaph on Mr. *Ashton*, Wishes to his suppos'd Mistress, and the *Dies Iræ*.

I am, *&c.*

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* C....

Decemb. 30, 1710.

I Resume my old liberty of throwing out myself upon paper to you, and making what thoughts float uppermost in my head, the subject of a letter. They are at present upon *Laughter*, which (for ought I know) may be the cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a friend, when I was most intirely so; for I am never so inclin'd to mirth as when I am most pleas'd and most easy, which is in the company of a friend like yourself.

As

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As the fooling and toying with a miſtreſs is a proof of fondneſs, not diſreſpect, ſo is raillery with a friend. I know there are Prudes in friendſhip, who expect diſtance, awe and adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worſhipper, tho' a Papiſt. If I were to addreſs *Jupiter* himſelf in a heathen way, I fancy I ſhou'd be apt to take hold of his knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like *Dionyſius*; I was juſt going to ſay of his buttons, but I think *Jupiter* wore none (however I won't be poſitive to ſo nice a Critic as you, but his robe might be *Subnected* with a *Fibula.*) I know ſome Philoſophers define Laughter, *A recommending ourſelves to our own favour, by compariſon with the weakneſs of another:* but I am ſure I very rarely laugh with that view, nor do I believe *Children* have any ſuch conſideration in their heads, when they expreſs their pleaſure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the moſt part, and as ſillily. There is a difference too betwixt laughing *about* a thing and laughing *at* a thing: One may find the inferior Man (to make a kind of caſuiſtical diſtinction) provok'd to folly at the ſight or obſervation of ſome *circumſtance of a thing*, when the *thing itſelf* appears ſolemn and auguſt to the ſuperior Man, that is, our Judg-

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Judgment and Reason. Let an Ambassador speak the best Sense in the world, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the *Tail* of *his Shirt* happen (as I have known it happen to a very wise man) to hang out behind, more people shall laugh at that than attend to the other; till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a jot the less respect for the Minister. I must confess the iniquity of my countenance before you; several Muscles of my Face sometimes take an impertinent liberty with my Judgment, but then my Judgment soon rises, and sets all right again about my mouth: And I find I value no man so much, as he in whose sight I have been playing the fool. I cannot be *Sub-Persona* before a man I love; and not to laugh with honesty, when Nature prompts, or Folly (which is more a second Nature than any thing I know) is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a mask of one's own Face. —— To conclude, those that are my friends I *laugh with*, and those that are not I *laugh at*; so am merry in company, and if ever I am wise, it is all by myself. You take just another course, and to those that are not your friends, are very civil, and to those that are, very endearing and complaisant: Thus when you and I meet, there will be the

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the *Risus & Blanditiæ* united together in conversation, as they commonly are in a verse: But without Laughter on the one side, or Compliment on the other, I assure you I am with real esteem

Yours, &c.

Mr. C.... *to Mr.* POPE.

October 26, 1711.

MR. *Wycherley* visited me at the *Bath* in my sickness, and express'd much affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his Letters would be, he presently writ to you; in which I inserted my Scrall, and after a second. He went to *Glouceſter* in his way to *Salop*, but was disappointed of a boat and so return'd to the *Bath*; then he shew'd me your answer to his letters in which you speak of my good nature, but I fear you found me very froward at *Reading*; yet you allow for my illness. I cou'd not possibly be in the same house with Mr. *Wycherley*, tho' I sought it earnestly; nor come up to town with him, he being engag'd with others; but whenever we met we talk'd

talk'd of you. He praises your * Poem, and even outvies me in kind expressions of you. As if he had not wrote two letters to you, he was for writing every Post; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this wrong, I know not whither my talking so much of your great humanity and tenderness to me, and love to him; or whether the return of his natural disposition to you, was the cause; but certainly you are now highly in his favour; now he will come this Winter to your house, and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to town. — I arriv'd on *Saturday* last much wearied, yet had wrote sooner, but was told by Mr. *Gay* (who has writ a pretty Poem to *Lintot*, and who gives you his service) that you was gone from home. *Lewis* shew'd me your letter, which set me right, and your next letter is impatiently expected by me. Mr. *Wycherley* came to town on *Sunday* last, and kindly surpriz'd me with a visit on *Monday* morning. We din'd and drank together; and I saying, *To our Loves*, he reply'd, *'Tis Mr. Pope's health:* He said he would go to Mr. *Thorold*'s and leave a letter for you. Tho' I cannot answer for the event of all this, in

* *Essay on Criticism.*

respect

respect to him; yet I can assure you, that when you please to come you will be most desirable to me, as always by inclination so now by duty, who shall ever be

Your, &c.

Mr. POPE *to Mr.* C....

Nov. 12, 1711.

I Receiv'd the entertainment of your Letter the day after I had sent you one of mine, and I am but this morning return'd hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from *Bath*, gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our Friends in their mixt adventures; for methinks I see you labouring thro' all your inconveniencies of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprize wou'd it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident, (which I was within an ace of doing) and to have carry'd you off triumphantly, set you on an easier Pad, and reliev'd the wandring Knight with a Night's lodging and rural Repast, at our Castle in the Forest? But these are only the

the pleasing Imaginations of a disappointed Lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muses for want of your better company; the Muses, *Quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rusticantur.* Those aerial Ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me on in a wand'ring Maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from 'em, which they confer on their more happy Admirers. We grasp some more beautiful Idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first Imagination. The gay Colouring which Fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the Execution; like those various figures in the gilded clouds which while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary Image, the whole faints before the eye and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleas'd with the knowledge you give me of Mr *Wycherley*'s present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a Fund of Affection for him as to be agreeable to myself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay

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gay when he's in good humour, as the ſurface of the Earth (if you will pardon a poetical ſimilitude) is clearer or gloomier, juſt as the Sun is brighter, or more overcaſt.——I ſhould be glad to ſee the Verſes to *Lintot* which you mention, for methinks ſomething oddly agreeable may be produc'd from that ſubject.——For what remains, I am ſo well, that nothing but the aſſurance of your being ſo can make me better; and if you wou'd have me live with any ſatisfaction theſe dark days in which I cannot ſee you, it muſt be by your writing ſometimes to

Your, &c.

Mr. C.... *to Mr.* POPE.

Dec. 7, 1711.

MR. *Wycherley* has, I believe ſent you two or three letters of invitation; but you, like the Fair, will be long ſollicited before you yield, to make the favour the more acceptable to the Lover. He is much yours by his talk; for that unbounded Genius which has rang'd at large like a libertine, now ſeems confin'd to you: and

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and I shou'd take him for your Mistress too by your simile of the Sun and Earth: 'Tis very fine, but inverted by the application; for the gaiety of your fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your lustre, perswades me it wou'd be juster by the reverse. Oh happy Favourite of the Muses! how *per-noctare*, all night long with them? but alas! you do but toy, but skirmish with them, and decline a close Engagement. Leave Elegy and Translation to the inferior Class, on whom the Muses only glance now and then like our Winter-Sun, and then leave 'em in the dark. Think on the Dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater Poetry, as *Dennis* says, and foil him at his other weapon, as you have done in Criticism. Every one wonders that a Genius like yours will not support the sinking *Drama*; and Mr *Wilks* (tho' I think his Talent is Comedy) has expres'd a furious ambition to swell in your Buskins. We have had a poor Comedy of *Johnson*'s (not *Ben*) which held seven nights, and has got him three hundred pounds, for the Town is sharp-set on new Plays. In vain wou'd I fire you by Interest or Ambition, when your mind is not susceptible of either; tho' your Authority (arising from the General esteem, like that of *Pompey*) must infallibly assure you of success; for

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which in all your wiſhes you will be attended with thoſe of

Yours, &c.

Mr POPE *to Mr* C.....

Decemb. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you ſo ſoon as I ought, let my writing now attone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a Sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my eyes are employ'd upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the fineſt Faces in the univerſe. But indeed 'tis ſome conſolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period. I eſcape ſome hundred fatal Darts from thoſe unerring Eyes, and about a thouſand Deaths, or better. Now you, that delight in dying, wou'd not once have dreamt of an abſent Friend in theſe circumſtances; you that are ſo nice an Admirer of Beauty, or (as a Critic wou'd ſay after *Terence*) *ſo elegant a Spectator of Forms*: You muſt have a ſober diſh of Coffee, and a ſolitary candle at your ſide, to write an Epiſtle Lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that out-ſhine the golden God

radiant

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of Day and ſilver Goddeſs of Night with all the refulgent Eyes of the Firmament.— You fancy now that *Sapho*'s eyes are two of theſe my Tapers, but it is no ſuch matter, Sir; theſe are eyes that have more perſwaſion in one glance than all *Sapho*'s Oratory and Geſture together, let her put her body into what moving poſtures ſhe pleaſes. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you cou'd never have found ſo improper a time to tempt me with Intereſt or Ambition: let me but have the Reputation of theſe in my keeping, and as for my own, let the Devil, or let *Dennis*, take it for ever. How gladly wou'd I give all I am worth, that is to ſay, my *Paſtorals* for one of them, and my *Eſſay* for the other? I wou'd lay out all my *Poetry* in *Love*; an *Original* for a *Lady*, and a *Tranſlation* for a *waiting Maid!* alas! what have I to do with *Jane Grey*, as long as Miſs *Molly*, Miſs *Betty*, or Miſs *Patty* are in this world? Shall I write of *Beauties murder'd long ago*, when there are thoſe at this inſtant that *murder me?* I'll e'en compoſe my own Tragedy, and the Poet ſhall appear in his own perſon to move Compaſſion: 'Twill be far more effectual than *Bays*'s entring with a rope about his neck, and the world will own, there never was a more miſerable Object brought upon the Stage.

Now

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Now you that are a Critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this Letter with that which is to follow, according to the Rules? I would willingly return Mr *Gay* my thanks for the favour of his Poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hop'd, when I heard a new Comedy had met with ſucceſs upon the Stage, that it had been his, to which I really wiſh no leſs; and (had it been any way in my power) ſhould have been very glad to have contributed to it's Introduction into the world. His * Verſes to *Lintot* have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the oppoſite page †: Take it as you find it, the production of half an hour t'other morning. I deſign very ſoon to put a taſk of a more ſerious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deſerve Criticiſm; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in perſon with how much fidelity I am,

Your, &c.

A. POPE.

* *A Receipt to make a Miſcellany.* † *This Copy of Verſes will be found in our ſecond Volume.*

The End of the First Volume.

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